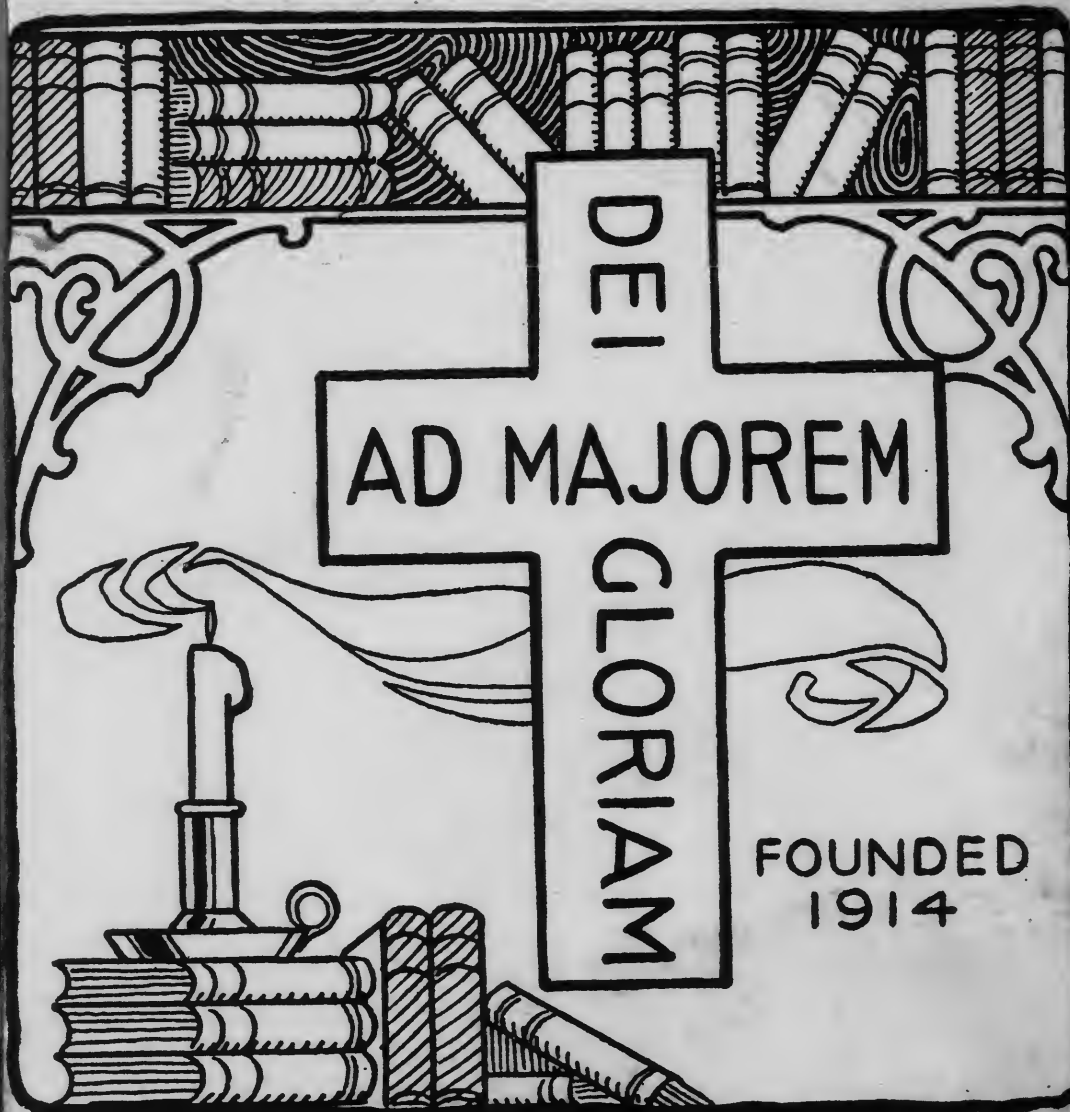


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The Rev.^d Sam^l Wesley A. M.
Late Master of the Grammar School
at Tiverton.

Elder Brother of the Rev.^d John Wesley.

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POEMS
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M., JUN.

A NEW EDITION,

INCLUDING MANY PIECES NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED.

EDITED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH COPIOUS NOTES,

BY THE LATE

JAMES NICHOLS.

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

WILLIAM NICHOLS.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

1862.

BW166

P6

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PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS,
HOXTON SQUARE.

Wes. 2127

PREFACE.

THIS edition of the Poems of Samuel Wesley the younger has been produced under circumstances both of advantage and disadvantage, which it is necessary to state.

By far the greater part of the volume (pages 37 to 648) was printed under my father's personal superintendence; and is enriched with numerous notes and introductory remarks from his pen. He was enabled to render the Poems which had been previously published as perfect as possible by collation with manuscript copies, in the author's own characteristic handwriting, and which had received his last corrections.

The first edition of Mr. Wesley's Poems was published in quarto in 1736; and met with good success. After his death, a second edition was published in 1743, in duodecimo, "with Additions;" and "some Account of the Author, by a Friend,"—very brief, but elegantly written. The pieces contained in that volume are embodied in the present edition; but are accompanied with a very large number of poems which have not been published before. For the perusal of some of the author's manuscripts my father was indebted to the kindness of friends connected with the Wesley family, and especially of his venerable friend, the Rev. Thomas Jackson.

Failing health, family affliction, the many cares of a harassing business, interrupted my father in the completion of his plan; and it has devolved upon me to finish a task for which he was so well fitted, both by his manifold know-

ledge, and by the sympathy which specially bound him to the author of these Poems. For, like Samuel Wesley, though his conversation overflowed with wit and humour, generally playful, sometimes keen and caustic, no heart more tender and loving ever beat in human breast. Steadiness of attachment in good or bad fortune, and conscientious thoroughness, were also characteristics of both; and it was the very excess of the latter virtue which prevented this volume from seeing the light many years ago.

The Life of the Author is almost all for which I am personally responsible. It has been derived from various sources, including Dr. Clarke's "Wesley Family," in which is given an account of Samuel the younger, very rambling and disorderly, but valuable for the documents and memoranda which it embraces. Should this volume meet with success, I may hope to present a more complete biography on a future occasion.

Of the Poems themselves I shall not say more than that they well deserve the attention both of the lover of poetry and of the student of history. The former will not despise the productions of the man who wrote that beautiful hymn,

"The morning flowers display their sweets,"

and whom Pope and Addison treated as a friend and equal; and the latter will turn with interest to the many illustrations of our national and party history, which this volume contains. Both will make ample allowance for such plainness of speech as was usual to the age in which Wesley wrote.

WILLIAM NICHOLS.

South Hackney, March 17th, 1862.

LIFE OF SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.

SAMUEL WESLEY, the author of the poems contained in this volume, was a member of a remarkable family. His two younger brothers, John and Charles, became famous as the founders of the Society of "People called Methodists." His father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, A.M., was a man of no ordinary talent, who, though by birth a Dissenter *pur sang*, had reasoned himself into the conviction that Conformity was just and proper, and that the Nonconformity for which his father and grandfather had suffered so much was simply a mistake. Right or wrong, Samuel Wesley the elder was sincere in his opinions; and, having a ready pen both for verse and prose, he was invaluable to the party to which he had given in his adherence, though too unbending and conscientious ever to become a mere political tool. When about eight-and-twenty, he met with a young lady singularly fitted to be his companion for life; inasmuch as she, though the daughter of an excellent Nonconformist divine, Dr. Samuel Annesley, had, with precocious independence and energy of mind, mastered the ecclesiastical controversy of the day, and decided *for* the Establishment at the mature age of *thirteen*. It is a noble feature in the character of the learned and eloquent Doctor, that he not only tolerated the waywardness of this juvenile

dissenter from established family authority, but also allowed her to marry a man after her own heart, though belonging to the highest party in the dominant Church; and bore none but kindly feelings and relations to them and theirs, to the day of his death.

I shall not here enter into an analysis of the various motives which may have weighed down the judgment of these young people in favour of the Church arrangements which had borne so heavily on their forefathers. I shall not attempt to determine whether the husband, fresh from the ultra-loyal air of Oxford, might not, on returning to London, and mixing with old Dissenting schoolfellows, feel a stronger disgust at their rough jokes and symbolic banquets than had been excited by coarser scenes at the old Tory university; nor whether the wife's yet more remarkable decision did not result partly from an unconscious bias of self-will, which rebelled against trudging on in the beaten track, and which, had her father been a High-Church clergyman, would have led her direct to the lowest form of Dissent. Whatever the precise proportion in which, unobserved by themselves, passions, and impressions, and constitutional infirmities mingled with what they believed to be a purely philosophic discussion on church government, the issue was good, in more aspects than one. Not only did it give to the Church of England (what she very much needed just then) a sound, hardworking parson, with a notable wife, both of holy life, and of such a stamp of character as seldom in those days made its mark

on the rough flock of a country parish ; but it also prepared for special service in that Church, and throughout the nation, a reviver and reformer who could not have effected the same amount of good, had his training and connexions been other than they were. It is not, however, with John that we have now to do, but with Samuel Wesley the younger ; whose career was signally affected by the principles and prejudices of his parents.

SAMUEL, the first child of Samuel and Susannah Wesley, was born in London on February 10th, 1690 ; and was probably baptized by his good grandfather, Dr. Annesley. Little is recorded of his childhood ; but we learn (from his brother John's statement in the "Arminian Magazine") that he had the mark of a mulberry on his neck, which varied in size and colour according to the season of the year. "Every spring it was small and white : it then grew larger, exactly as real mulberries do, being greenish, then red, then a deep purple, as large and of as deep a purple as any real mulberry on the tree." He made no attempt to speak until he was nearly five years old ; and the family began to fear he would remain dumb. But he gave tongue all at once, in a memorable manner. Having, one day, missed him some time, and sought him to no purpose, his mother, becoming seriously alarmed, went through all the rooms, calling "Samuel" loudly ; and at last was startled by a voice from under a table, crying, in tones she had never heard before, "Here am I, mother." She was, of course, delighted to find that the sound pro-

ceeded from her little son, who had chosen this convenient retirement for meditation, in the company of a favourite cat; and made then and there a maiden speech very much to the purpose.

Now that he could talk, his mother took him in hand, to teach him to read; and by her sedulous care, and daily precept and example, laid in his mind the foundation of that sound scholarship and sterling probity which characterized his manhood.

In 1704, when about fourteen years of age, (his father having meanwhile become Rector of Epworth,) Samuel was sent to Westminster School, where he was admitted King's Scholar in 1707. This famous school had but recently lost its redoubtable head, Dr. Busby, who, during his long tenure of office, by physical and intellectual activity, turned out a larger number of eminent statesmen and churchmen than, probably, any other pedagogue in any age or country; but who owes no small portion of his posthumous renown to Sir Roger de Coverley's admiring apostrophe at his tomb.* Here Samuel made good progress in classical learning; and, sitting on the same benches on which Ben Jonson, and Dryden, and Prior had sat, no doubt he early began to essay something in English verse.

* "As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner,—‘Dr. Busby! a great man! He whipped my grandfather;—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead;—a very great man!’”—*Spectator*, No. 329.

In the course of a few years, spent in the regular drill of an Elizabethan school, Sam's talents and learning attracted the attention of Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester,—himself an old Westminster scholar, and Busby's favourite pupil,—who took him occasionally to his seat at Bromley, and got him to read to him in an evening. The bishop, a man of many accomplishments, and a neat and lucid writer, was well qualified to form the taste and polish the style of a tyro. But young Wesley, being weak-chested and short-sighted, and enthusiastically devoted to Latin and Greek, did not esteem as he should have done the opportunity thus afforded for conversation with one who knew English literature thoroughly, and was master of modern arts and sciences. The following curious fragment has been preserved of a Latin letter of complaint, which the youth wrote to his father in August, 1710:—

“Ille mihi et in sacris et in profanis rebus semper erit infestissimus: studia enim intermitti cogit, quibus pro virili incubueram. Ultimo anno in Collegio agendo, ubi non mihi seniori opus est amicorum hospitio, a studiis et a schola me detraxit, non modo nullam ad utilitatem, sed ne ad minimam quidem vel utilitatis vel voluptatis speciem me vocavit. Ipse hodie foras est, aliter vix otium foret quo has scriberem. Me ex omnibus discipulis elegit ut perlegerem ei noctu libros: me raucum, me *μωπα*. Gaudeo vos valetudine bonâ frui. Tuam et maternam benedictionem oro. Episcopus jussit me illius in literis mentionem facere. Da veniam subitis.

Aviam ultimis festis vidi; his venientibus non possum, quia ab inimico amico detineor.”*

In 1711, Mr. Wesley was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, and carried with him a reputation for classical learning and great facility in composition. While at the University, he employed his pen on various subjects, and made himself known among its wits and scholars. He entered with eagerness into the Whistonian controversy, and (as we learn from a letter to Robert Nelson) prepared, on the subject of the Ignatian Epistles, two Dissertations, which do not appear ever to have seen the light. Meantime his *inimicus amicus*, Dr. Sprat, died, and was succeeded in his bishopric by Dr. Francis Atterbury, who was also Dean of Westminster, and appears to have taken much interest in our author, and to have had his advancement at heart. It was

* Which schoolboy sentences we may freely translate thus :—

“He will always be a great bore to me, both in sacred and in secular matters: for he compels me to leave my studies for a time, to which I had applied myself with all my energies. Though I am passing my last year at College, where, as a senior, I have no lack of hospitality from friends, he has taken me away from my studies and from school, and has invited me here not only for no useful end, but not even for any semblance of advantage or pleasure. To-day he is out, else I should scarcely have leisure to write this. From among all the scholars he has chosen me to read him books of a night,—*me*, who am hoarse and purblind. I am glad you enjoy good health; and I beg your blessing, and my mother’s. The bishop desired me to remember him in my letter to you. Excuse haste. I saw my grandmother in my last holidays, but cannot in my next, because I am detained by an unfriendly friend.”

probably through Atterbury's influence that Mr. Wesley, having taken his A.M. degree, was summoned from Oxford to officiate as usher in his old school at Westminster; and it was by the bishop's advice and urgency that he entered soon afterwards into holy orders. His connexion with this energetic prelate had an important influence on his whole future life; for, while opening at first a prospect of rapid preferment, it ultimately shut him out from all chance of rising in his profession. At the same time it brought out brightly some of the noblest features of our poet's character,—his manly constancy in either fortune, and his tenderness and chivalry of affection. Being thoroughly convinced of the worth and uprightness of the clever churchman, he clave to him through good and through evil report, and spoke and wrote of him more kindly and warmly than ever when he was in banishment and disgrace.

Atterbury was an old Christ Church man; and in that capacity had thrown off, with much dash and spirit, the wonderful defence of the "Epistles of Phalaris," to which the Hon. Charles Boyle had lent the ornament of his name; and which, after amusing the fashionable and confounding the learned world for a time, was finally demolished by the redoubtable Bentley,—notwithstanding all the assistance of the dons of Christ Church, and spite of Garth's crushing couplet which was for a time in every one's mouth:

"Thus diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle."

Two lines from Samuel Wesley's "Pig," slightly

altered, are far nearer the truth, as regards both the *pseudo* and the *real* author of the attack on Bentley :

“ He made his little wisdom go
Farther than wiser critics do.”

Atterbury was a smart, stirring, mischief-making man,—as ready for an intellectual row as the bygone Donnybrook Irishman for a physical one. It is difficult to understand how he came to make such an impression of honesty and holiness on straightforward Samuel Wesley; who evidently believed him persecuted without a cause, and banished simply through the rancorous jealousy of corrupt politicians. The bishop himself, however, when in exile, did his best to justify his enemies' proceedings by paying open court to the Pretender,—who first patronized and then neglected him; and since his death his letters have shown that he really escaped with very lenient punishment for flagrant treason.* Nevertheless there was nothing dishonourable in our poet's connexion with this restless schemer. He believed him true and thorough like himself; and held that his renown would be lasting as time. As witness the last verse of some lines to Pope, which Dr. Clarke attributes to our author:—

“ Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.”

* In 1717, some years before his banishment, he wrote thus to the Pretender: “ My daily prayer is, that you may have success. May I live to see that day; and live no longer than I do what is in my power to forward it ! ”

(Further particulars respecting Atterbury will be found in my father's introduction to the "Lines on the Death of Mrs. Morice," p. 437, *et seq.*)

At Westminster Mr. Wesley spent the greater part of his life; and, while there, enjoyed much intercourse with the Tory poets and politicians. He was on familiar terms with Harley, Earl of Oxford; and numbered among his friends and correspondents Pope, Swift, and Prior. Associating chiefly with wits of this party, (though Addison was also among his intimates,) he was naturally led to employ his talents in squibs against Sir Robert Walpole, Whiggish statesmen, and Low Church divines. In the wordy warfare of those days every kind of missile was allowed. If one man differed from another as to a treaty or a piece of preferment, it was plainly his duty to blacken the character of his opponent, and to be as personally insulting as he could. To a politician of that era our author's verses would not seem especially severe, nor too highly spiced with invective. We may be thankful that with the decay of the old party barriers, the pillory and the pelting with abuse have, in great measure, died away also. An amusing comparison and contrast might be drawn between the notabilities of Wesley's times and those of our own,—letting Palmerston stand as a much improved version of Walpole,—Derby, of Oxford,—S. Wilberforce,* of Atterbury,—and Denison, of Sacheverell.

His intimacy with the Earl of Oxford was in some respects very burdensome to Mr. Wesley; for it involved not only acting as poet-laureate to

* I mean no impeachment of his lordship's loyalty.

the Harleian family, and celebrating in decasyllabics their births, marriages, and deaths, but also the paying "vales" to the livery servants, who, according to the custom of the day, drew up in line on each side of the lobby, and taxed the temper and the pockets of the departing guests that had had the honour of dining with their lord. Honest Samuel, after being many times fleeced by these flunkies, at length made bold to propose a "composition" to them, in these words: "My friends, I must make an agreement with you, suited to my purse; and shall distribute" so much "once in the month, and no more." No doubt the footmen grumbled, and their grumblings reached their master's ear; but not with the effect they intended; for he ordered them in future to "*stand back* in their ranks when a gentleman retired," and by no means to beg.*

Of Prior's style the influence may be traced in several of our author's pieces; though he had not the patience requisite for filing and refiling his verses to such a smoothness as seemed natural to the author of "Alma." Perhaps it was partly from the high estimation in which Prior held Samuel Wesley and was held by him, that John Wesley cherished his memory, and often quoted his poems. Indeed, if the reader will refer to the "Arminian Magazine" for 1779, (pp. 481-496,) he will there find "Henry and Emma" at full

* It is amusing to read Dr. Clarke's comment upon this incident. Evidently the worthy Doctor had a lively recollection of kindred extortions, though not practised in such a nobly constitutional form and with such regimental precision.

length, and will see that the Founder of Methodism was not, as some of his followers seem to suppose, averse to imaginative literature,—a fact confirmed by his editing a downright novel, Brookes's "Fool of Quality."

It was probably in or before 1715 that Mr. Wesley entered into the marriage-state. He seems to have been—as he deserved to be—especially fortunate in his choice. The lady was Miss Berry, daughter of a clergyman who afterwards became vicar of Watton, but at that time boarded boys at Westminster, and whose character our poet has depicted in his "Parish Priest." Like her husband, she was the grandchild of an ejected minister. It proved a very happy match. Mr. Wesley, indeed, from his tenderness of feeling and constancy of friendship, was just the man to make a good husband. A very pretty delineation of his betrothed will be found in a short poem on p. 356; and after marriage she still formed a favourite theme for his verse, under the pet name of "Nutty." In one instance, however, Mrs. Wesley would seem to have remonstrated against the too impartial attitude which he assumes in defending his choice and expounding her worth, in the piece called "Slander Answered;" in which he might be misunderstood as conceding that she was neither "a beauty nor a wit." But the poet makes ample reparation for the seeming wrong in his rejoinder, "A Defence of Slander Answered." (See pp. 341, 342.)

While resident in Dean's Yard, Westminster,

his life was diversified by but little incident.* Engaged in the routine of his scholastic duties, he found pleasant relaxation in celebrating the birthdays of his wife and children, or the marriages of his friends. His poems, indeed, form the best record of his uneventful career. What time and money he had to spare was devoted to helping all about him who were in distress of any kind; and we have the testimony of the friend who wrote the brief Life prefixed to the second edition of his Poems, that with limited means he, by steadily active benevolence, effected an almost incredible amount of good. The establishment and success of the first Infirmary in Westminster (now St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner) were in a great measure due to our poet. And his private charities were innumerable. However keen the shafts of his wit, his heart, like Tom Bowling's, was "kind and soft." To his dutiful care his aged father owed much comfort, and his brothers their education. In all public measures for the relief of the distressed, and the improvement of the condition of prisoners, he took especial interest; and his pen was ever ready to encourage and commend those who had such measures at heart.

He found a kindred soul in that energetic philanthropist, James Oglethorpe, Esq.; who,

* I ought undoubtedly to except an accident by which his leg was broken. This occurred in the summer of 1724, and was the occasion of a playful letter from his brother John, who was then at Oxford, a sprightly young fellow, just of age.

bound by many sympathies of nature and taste, became one of his intimate friends. This worthy man, after enjoying a liberal education, had entered the army, and, at the recommendation of the Duke of Marlborough, had been appointed secretary and aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene, with whom he saw much service in Germany and Hungary. On returning to England, he entered into Parliament, and proved himself a true patriot and statesman, by introducing and carrying several measures for the increase of commerce, and the mitigation of the severe laws then in existence. Wesley found a congenial subject for his muse in Oglethorpe's efforts for reforming the administration of the Fleet prison, and putting a stop to the extortions and cruelties practised upon the poor debtors. And when the indefatigable soldier founded the Colony of Georgia, his friend the poet celebrated the event in fitting strains.*

Another dear friend was his fellow-uscher, Vincent, or "sweet Vinny," Bourne; who was anything but sweet in his habits, but possessed the rare gift of composing graceful Latin verse, and adequately translating the best English poetry into the same dead language. To him were addressed some marriage verses (see p. 400) which contain much good sense seasoned with wit; from his Latin the poem "Melissa" was translated; (p. 415;) and it was in conjunction with him that the "Song of the Three Children" was written; (p. 382;) Bourne's last effort being to render into Latin his friend's version of the

* Of S. Wesley's poem, "Georgia," published in quarto, I have not as yet been able to obtain a complete copy.

apocryphal fragment,—a labour of love, which was cut short by sickness and death.*

In 1731, Mr. Wesley lost his only son, Samuel; and received a letter on the sad event from his venerable father, who, desiring to comfort him under this irreparable loss, (which he himself felt keenly,) nevertheless speedily reverted to the

* Vinny Bourne had the honour of teaching another and more famous poet,—the gentle Cowper, who, like his accomplished editor, Southey, was an old Westminster boy. Cowper's account of his eccentric usher is so characteristic that I cannot refrain from giving the greater portion of it here:—"I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to *him*. I love him too with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster, when I passed through it. He was so good-natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for everything that could disgust you in his person; and indeed in his writings he has almost made amends for all. His humour is entirely original; he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all this drollery there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection at times; and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and yet always harmless; and who, though always elegant, and classical to a degree not always found even in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse; yet such was poor Vinny. I remember seeing the Duke of Richmond set fire to his greasy locks, and box his ears to put it out again."—COWPER'S Works, edited by SOUTHEY, vol. iv., pp. 97, 98.

topic which was then uppermost in his mind,—the completion of his Dissertations on the Book of Job. It begins as follows:—

—“LETTER TO MY SON SAM, ON THE DEATH OF HIS ONLY SON SAM.

“*June* 18, 1731.

“DEAR SON,

“YES, this is a thunderbolt indeed to your whole family; but especially to me, who now am not likely to see any of my name in the third generation (though Job did in the fourth) to stand before God. However, this is a new demonstration to me that there must be a hereafter; because, when the truest piety and filial duty have been showed, it has been followed by the loss of children, which therefore must be restored and met with again, as Job’s first ten were, in another world. As I resolve from hence, as he directs, to stir up myself against the hypocrite, I trust I shall walk on my way, and grow stronger and stronger, as well as that God will support you both under this heavy and unspeakable affliction. But when and how did he die? and where is his epitaph? Though, if sending this now will too much *refricare vulnus*, I will stay longer for it. And now for the two letters.”

The poor old gentleman, now nearly worn out with hard work and many cares, here leaves the subject of the bereavement, and proceeds to discuss the proper placing of his *Poetica Descriptio Monstri*, essay *De Carmine Pastoritio*, and *Periplus Rubri Maris*. In reading this and

other of his epistles, one is strongly reminded at once of the immortal Vicar of Wakefield, with his "Sanchoniatho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus,"—and of a more modern but no less genial and beautiful conception, the Austin Caxton of Sir B. Lytton, with his strange yet not unnatural mixture of shrewdness and simplicity,—his quaint learning and sudden obliviousness of domestic troubles. Of the homely life of a country parson and his daughters, our poet has given an admirable Dutch painting in the piece entitled "Wroote: a heroic Poem;" (p. 421;) and he has done justice to his father's worth in the admirable "Verses" upon him which will be found on p. 104.

Early in 1732, when Mr. Wesley had been Head Usher of Westminster School twenty years, the chair of Under-Master became vacant, by the promotion of Dr. John Nicoll to the Head-Mastership, on the retirement of Dr. Freind. Our author naturally expected to be placed in the vacant post, to which none had so good a right as he. But his political opinions had been too decided and too openly expressed, his rhymes had been too caustic, and his friendship for Atterbury too constant. His Toryism outweighed his hard and successful service for so many of the best years of his life; and he was denied his due, ostensibly for the reason that he was a married man,—an objection which one would have thought equally to apply to his retention of the ushership. How deeply he was wounded by this mortifying slight, and yet in what a piously resigned spirit he regarded it, may be seen in his "Verses written

under severe Disappointment;" in connexion with which I commend to the reader's attention my father's introductory observations. (Pp. 348-354.)

His aged sire now urged him to "make an interest," in order to succeed him in the living of Epworth, which, full of grateful love and sympathy, he was wishful to resign in his behalf. But a better opening presented itself in the Head-Mastership of Tiverton Free Grammar School, which was tendered to him,—perhaps through Lord Oxford's influence,—and very properly accepted by him. It is obvious that if our poet had taken the step his father proposed, it would have tended to the impoverishment of the whole family, who would then have been almost entirely dependent on the proceeds of this rectory,—that of Wroote (which his father also held) yielding little or nothing. Whereas, while at Westminster, Samuel had devoted a good portion of his income to the support of his needy relatives; and had every prospect of being able to continue his benefactions, when at Tiverton. So in 1732 he left classic Westminster,—not without strong yearnings for the place where he had spent so many happy years of boyhood, and so many active years of manhood,—and betook himself to the pleasant shire of Devon.

At Tiverton he met with hearty appreciation. He was, in fact, a model schoolmaster. His sound learning, great abilities, and kind yet sprightly disposition, had here freer scope than at Westminster; and his complete success is marked by the fact, that the large number of

forty boys was added to this country grammar-school during the first year of his connexion with it,—children being sent thither from all parts, to enjoy the advantage of his careful teaching. We gain a few particulars as to his house and mode of life at Tiverton from his poetical epistle to Mr. Davy; as from that to W. Colman, Esq.,* we learn what sort of a schoolmaster he neither was nor wished to be.

Meanwhile, his poems had accumulated sufficiently to cause him to entertain the idea of collecting and publishing them by subscription. He received ample encouragement in this undertaking; and in 1736 issued a portly quarto, (after the manner of the day,) ushered in with a goodly list of subscribers, and dedicated to his friend and patron, the Earl of Oxford. It will raise the envy of many a bard of our own degenerate age to learn, that by this publication (as we are assured in the short Life prefixed to the 12mo edition of his Poems) Mr. Wesley was fortunate enough to realize a handsome sum for his wife and child, who were too soon to be deprived of their best friend by death. Well might he strenuously defend the principle and practice of subscription for books, (see p. 213,)—a plan much more satisfactory for the poor author than the present one of venturing into print at his own cost.

The volume deserved all its success. Though not containing his “Georgia,” (which was published separately the same year,) and several of

* See pp. 653, 655. These pieces have never before been published.

his shorter pieces, it satisfied the expectations which had been raised, and proved Mr. Wesley to be a true poet, skilled to express the passions, pourtray character, and tell a good tale, in various metres. It was, indeed, a godsend in an age when books at once sound and readable were comparatively scarce; when, if you left the high ground of divinity and philosophy, you had little choice, except between secret histories, amorous and political, (almost equally authentic,) loose poetry, and looser translations from Scarron, &c.

Pope had kindly interested himself to help his brother author; and the following letter, which, though without date, evidently has reference to Wesley's subscription list, does as much credit to the little man as any of his more polished and sparkling compositions:—

“DEAR SIR,

“YOUR letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a journey of some weeks, when it arrived at this place. You may depend on the money for the Earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Eckershall; which I will pay beforehand to any one you shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delany, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since, to tell you this. It was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry, that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it to you for me. I agree with you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance, which does not deserve the

benefit of the Clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle, my body. The soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it harbours much good-will for her husband and herself; no man being more truly,

“Dear Sir,

“Your faithful and affectionate servant,

“A. POPE.”

Mr. Wesley appears to have been a diligent correspondent, in those famous days for letter-writing. His letters, however, have not been so carefully preserved as those of his brothers John and Charles; but the few that are extant bear marks of sterling common-sense. When at Westminster, (in 1716–17,) he applied to the various members of his father's family for precise information with regard to the mysterious noises heard in the parsonage at Epworth, which they attributed to a spirit whom they called “Jeffrey;” and whose existence our poet was willing to admit,—but only on very strong and consistent testimony. So he was very particular in his inquiries, and carefully cross-examined the witnesses by letter. Amongst other sensible observations, he tells his mother, “As to the devil's being an enemy to King George,—were I the King myself, I should rather Old Nick should be my enemy than my friend.” His father promises him, “When I see you here, you shall see the whole account, which I wrote down. It would make a glorious penny-book for Jack Dunton;”

[his book-making brother-in-law ;] “but while I live, I am not ambitious for anything of that nature.”

When he had been at Tiverton a few years, Mr. Wesley had a long correspondence with his brother John on the doctrine of “assurance.” I have neither space nor inclination for the insertion of these controversial letters. Dr. Clarke (with a partiality which may well be forgiven to one who had had frequent and enviable intercourse with John Wesley in his genial old age) evidently thinks that the younger brother not only had the best of the argument, but showed the best temper. In this respect, however, both these good men conducted themselves admirably, considering all the circumstances of the case. For it is certain that theological controversy, even on such a calm subject as “assurance,” does not commonly tend to “quietness;” and when the disputants happen to be nearly related, the affinity still more seldom leads to unity. John, naturally keen and ardent in attack and defence, (and this was one of those special gifts by which he was fitted for his great work, and of which he was afterwards called to make almost constant use till old age,) and eager to convince his elder brother of the truth of the doctrine which he himself had but recently embraced, was liable to forget how hard it would seem to Samuel to be taught new views by one whom he had regarded—and rightfully—rather as a son than as a brother and equal; and that the very kindness of tone with which he expressed his wishes for his enlightenment might grate harshly on the ear of

his elder, as if proceeding from a self-satisfied conceit of his own superior state and wisdom. However this might be, John ever retained deep affection for his brother; and many years after defended his memory, with vigour and success, from the imputation of Jacobitism.*

In the last letter of this series, dated September 3d, 1739, our author tells his brother that "it has pleased God to visit him with sickness;" and desires him to "pray to Him for us, 'That He would give us patience under our sufferings, and a happy issue out of all our afflictions; granting us in this world knowledge of His truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.'" The "happy issue" was soon granted; for, though he concludes the letter with an assurance that he was "on the mending hand in spite of foul weather," his days were then nearly ended. Two months after, he was taken ill in the night-time, and expired within a few hours.

His health had been materially impaired, before he left Westminster, as well by the confinement of his unhealthy occupation, as by his voluntary studies, and constant labours in the cause of humanity. The change to Tiverton was probably beneficial for a time, till new connexions and engagements wound a fresh chain of toil about this willing worker. His life was in many respects an enviable one: what he had to do, he did well and heartily: and his death was just such as a thoroughly active man would desire,—
"ceasing at once to work and live."

* See Gentleman's Magazine, December, 1785, p. 932.

The following letter from a faithful friend details to Charles Wesley the circumstances of his brother's death:—

“Tiverton, November 14th, 1739.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“YOUR brother, and my dear friend (for so you are sensible he was to me), on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed—as he thought—as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill, when your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could; but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take anything, nor to speak to us; only yes, or no, to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bed-side till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him. But, blessed be God, He hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf; and in a great measure calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon; and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time; for which reason I hope you will excuse him, who

is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity,

“Yours in all things,

“AMOS MATTHEWS.”

His brothers John and Charles, on receiving the sad news, went to Tiverton, to comfort the bereaved wife and daughter; and the former, in his Journal, expresses his joy “at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!” A well-intended wish, awkwardly expressed, and not conveying accurately the writer’s meaning. He seems, indeed, to have been too ready to believe that his brother had changed his views. In the absence of other evidence on the subject, it is probable that the change alluded to was not so much one of opinion as the advent of that Divine calm which fills a good man’s breast, when, his troubled course nearly ended, the clouds of care flit away, and the mists of misapprehension melt, and he sees, through the opened heavens, the smiling face of his Saviour and Judge, and, humbly trusting in *His* merits alone, hears His voice addressing him in accents of approval,—“Come, thou blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for thee from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and thou gavest Me meat: I was thirsty, and thou gavest Me drink,” &c.

Mr. Wesley was buried in Tiverton church-yard, where his tombstone bears this inscription :—

Here lye interred

The remains of the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.

Sometime Student of Christ-Church, Oxon :

A man, for his uncommon wit and learning,

For the benevolence of his temper,

And simplicity of manners,

Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all :

An excellent preacher :

But whose best sermon

Was the constant example of an edifying life.

So continually and zealously employed

In acts of beneficence and charity,

That he truly followed

His blessed Master's example

In going about doing good :

Of such scrupulous integrity,

That he declined occasions of advancement in the world,
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances ;

And avoided the usual ways to preferment

As studiously as many others seek them.

Therefore, after a life spent

In the laborious employment of teaching youth,

First for near twenty years

As one of the ushers in Westminster School,

Afterwards for seven years

As head master of the Free-School at Tiverton,

He resigned his soul to God

November 6th, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

This epitaph, contrary to the wont of such inscriptions, contains, I believe, no exaggeration whatever. I have been unable to obtain details as to Mr. Wesley's preaching powers, which are here so highly spoken of: but we may safely conclude from his writings that his pulpit talent was of no mean order.

W. N.

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DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE FIRST
EDITION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD
AND EARL MORTIMER.

MY LORD,

THE invariable favour which your Lordship has expressed for Westminster-School, a place no power can hinder me from loving, would have determined me to desire the honour of the same patronage, even though I had not been influenced by superior considerations, such as I shall never be afraid to glory in, while I retain any memory of duty towards one of the best Sovereigns, or of esteem for one of the greatest Ministers our nation ever enjoyed; a Minister, who extorted public applause from his bitterest enemies, and who, in his lowest ebb of fortune, feared the mightiest thirsters for his blood much less than he was feared by them.

The hereditary regard for learning, and the seats and professors of it, which descends to your Lordship from so excellent a father, makes me hope even the following Poems will not be altogether unacceptable; especially since they are chiefly calculated to promote the truest interests of mankind, religion and virtue: for that is a merit I shall never give up, as I shall never claim any other: as far as the intention reaches, they are not quite undeserving the noblest patron.

It is with reluctance I wave the mention of many personal obligations received from your Lordship; but I

can by no means resist this opportunity of returning my acknowledgments on my father's account, who is past expressing his own gratitude on earth, being now happy in that world which alone is worthy of him. Neither obscurity of condition, nor distance of place, could prevent your Lordship from distinguishing and encouraging a worthy Clergyman in his indefatigable searches after truth, and his unfashionable studies in divinity; which perhaps might have been left unfinished without that encouragement: and it will be no small recommendation of the work itself, that its author was favoured and approved by an Earl of Oxford.

That your Lordship may continue a blessing and ornament to your country, eminent for strictest honour in public, for unspotted probity in private life; steadfast and unwearied in every good work; and after a venerable old age, crowned with all the prosperity of this mortal state, may enjoy the eternal felicity of a better; is, and shall be, the sincere prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful,

Obliged, and obedient

Humble servant,

S. WESLEY.

Tiverton, January, 1735-6.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

TO THE READER.

IF the following pieces should meet with any courteous reader among those who are strangers to the writer, it is proper he should be informed, that it was not any opinion of excellency in the verses themselves that occasioned their present collection and publication, but merely the profit proposed by the subscription.

It is obvious to suppose that many people may expect several things of quite a different nature from any they will here find; but as the sheets have exceeded the number engaged for in the proposals, there is more reason to fear that the best judges will blame the book for being so long, rather than censure it for being no longer.

The author hopes nobody who knows him thinks him capable of undutifulness to his earthly Sovereign, or of treason against the King of kings: and whatever ludicrous copies may be attributed to him by common fame, if they do not transgress those bounds, how severe soever upon particular crimes, he neither owns nor disowns them;—Fear was made for the guilty only; or, as Hamlet better expresses it in a scrap of an old song,

“Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play.”

There are a few verses in this collection which the author of the rest cannot lay claim to as his own; for the insertion of which, if the writers will pardon, he is persuaded the readers will have occasion to thank him.

Tiverton, January, 1735-6.

Asperius si

*Dixero quid, si fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniā dabis, insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.*

HOR.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ON HAPPINESS.

I.

WHAT art thou, Happiness, or where?
In mirth, or wisdom of the mind,
In hermit's peace, or hero's war,
To cots, or palaces confined?
In Friendship's breast, or Beauty's eye,
In madness, or in piety?

II.

Did peace in rural shades abide,
Were groves and fields the seat of rest,
The conqueror, punish'd for his pride,
Thrown from a monarch to a beast,
Had found, when grazing in the field,
The bliss his palace could not yield.

III.

Whose mind with loneliness can suit,
Who makes in caves his dark abode,
Is unreflecting as a brute,
Or self-sufficient as a God.
But care no desert can exclude ;
We haunt ourselves in solitude.

IV.

Mischance can reach the high-enthroned ;
Nor power, nor fame, can fill the thought :
This weeping Alexander own'd,
And, falling, mighty Julius taught :
And who than Julius hopes to rise
More brave, or generous, or wise ?

V.

Transported if our spirits grow,
Obeying wine or music's call,
The higher at their rise they flow,
The lower at their ebb they fall :
And finest wit affords delight
As short as lightning, though as bright.

VI.

With knowledge sorrows will increase,
If Solomon himself we hear :
And who would grasp at hopes like these,
And length of toil and watching bear,
Merely by length of toil to gain
A farther usury of pain ?

VII.

But friendship, that can fate disarm,
Exerts in life a power divine ;
Yet, often impotent to warm,
The meteor can no more than shine :
And noblest friends sometimes, we find,
Are cold, uneasy, or unkind.

VIII.

Love, when mutual passions rise,
Sweetest happiness below !
See, the pleasing vision flies !
See, the end of joy is woe !
Either cloy'd, or else but tasting ;
'T is not great, or 't is not lasting.

IX.

Suppose no boding inward stings,
Repentant sighs, or guilty tears ;
Or Jealousy, that frequent brings
Himself the mischief that he fears ;
Or falsehood, or fantastic jar,
Or fainting swooning of despair.

X.

The madman, merry monarch, raves,
While pleasing frenzy soothes his brain ;
He wars and revolutions braves,
Of fear insensible and pain :
Yet friends the lunatic bemoan,
Cursed in misfortunes not his own.

XI.

Where Piety, celestial born,
Her genuine influence bestows,
Unpointed is the sharpest thorn,
And brighten'd is the fairest rose.
She care from greatness can exclude,
And gild the gloom of solitude.

XII.

Every loss she turns to gain,
Joys, unclogg'd with guilt, assuring,
Pleasures void of after-pain,
Love well-grounded and enduring ;
Knowledge bless'd, presenting still
Truth to wit, and good to will.

XIII.

Lo ! the friend a brother makes !
Heighten'd love disdains to fly !
Every bliss the present lacks
Heaven hereafter will supply !
Never cloy'd, though more than tasting,
Ever great, and ever-lasting.

THE COBBLER.

A TALE.

YOUR sage and moralist can show
Many misfortunes here below ;

A truth which no one ever miss'd,
Though neither sage nor moralist.
Yet, all the troubles notwithstanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen
Tortured with vapours and with spleen ;
Transform'd (at least in their own eyes)
To glass, or china, or goose-pies.
Others will to themselves appear
Stone-dead, as Will. the Conqueror ;
And all the world in vain might strive
To face them down, that they 're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down ;
As fearing, that to ease their pain
May puzzle Doctor Chamberlain.
Imaginary evils flow
Merely for want of real woe ;
And, when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous, wild absurdities
Are, every hour, and every minute,
Found without Bedlam, as within it :
Which if you farther would have shown,
And leisure have to read,—read on.

There lived a gentleman, possess'd
Of all that mortals reckon best :
A seat well-chose in wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair :

His land from debt and jointure free ;
His money never in South-Sea :
His health of body firm and good,
Though pass'd the hey-day in his blood :
His consort fair, and good, and kind ;
His children rising to his mind :
His friends ingenuous and sincere ;
His honour, nay, his conscience, clear :
He wanted nought of human bliss,
But power to taste his happiness.

Too near, alas ! this great man's hall
A merry cobbler had a stall ;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue ;
Cheerful at working as at play,
He sung and whistled life away :
When rising morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high ;
When evening shades the landscape veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Though pence came slow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;
Though patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd with discontent
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment ;
With envy grudged and pined to see
A beggar pleasanter than he ;
And, by degrees, to hate began
The intolerable happy man,

Who haunted him like any sprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanced, when once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the cobbler at his sport,
Amidst his music stopping short :

Whether his morning-draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted smoke,
The squire suspected, being shrewd,
This silence boded him no good ;
And, 'cause he nothing saw or heard,
A Machiavilian plot he fear'd.

Straight, circumstances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous brain :

Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and staring eyes ;

And straining wistful both his ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears

One skip and caper up the stairs,
Sees the door open quick, and knew

His dreaded foe in red and blue,

Who, with a running jump, he thought,

Leap'd plumb directly down his throat,

Laden with tackle of his stall,—

Last, ends, and hammer, strap, and awl :

No sooner down, than with a jerk

He fell to music, and to work.

If much he grieved our Don before,

When but o' th' outside of his door,

How sorely must he now molest,
When got o' th' inside of his breast !
The waking dreamer groans and swells,
And pangs imaginary feels ;
Catches and scraps of tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his ears ;
Ill-savour'd smells his nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese :
He feels him, when he draws his breath,
Or tug the leather with his teeth,
Or beat the sole, or else extend
His arms to th' utmost of his end,—
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The ribs of any mortal side.
Is there no method then to fly
This vile intestine enemy ?
What can be done in this condition,
But sending instant for physician ?

The Doctor, having heard the case,
Burst into laughter in his face ;
Told him, he needs no more than rise,
Open his windows and his eyes,
Whistling and stitching there to see
The cobbler, as he used to be.
“ Sir,” quoth the patient, “ your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses :
How should I rise ? the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot :
Though *seeing* for belief may go,
Yet *feeling* is the truth, you know.

I *feel* him in my sides, I tell ye !
Had you a cobbler in *your* belly,
You scarce would flee as now you do ;
I doubt your guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh ? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir !
Thou quack, that never hadst degree
In either University !
Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge,
The shame and scandal of the College !
I'll call my servants if you stay ;
So, Doctor, scamper while you may !”

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal skill, and greater fame ;
Who swore him mad as a March hare ;—
For Doctors, when provoked, will swear.
To drive such whimsies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window straight.
But jilting fortune can devise
To baffle and outwit the wise ;
The cobbler, e'er exposed to view,
Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
Not dreaming 't would his neighbour hurt
To sit in fresco in his shirt.
“ Ah ! ” quoth the patient, with a sigh,
“ You know him not so well as I ;
The man who down my throat is run,
Has got a true-blue jerkin on.”
In vain the Doctor raved and tore,
Argued and fretted, stamp'd and swore ;

Told him he might believe as well
The giant of Pantagruel
Did oft, as break his fast or sup,
For poach'd eggs swallow windmills up ;
Or that the Holland dame could bear
A child, for every day i' th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and sly,
Mistook for truth each rapping lie ;
And drew conclusions such as these,
Resistless from the premisses :—

“ I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a stall :
And since the lady brought alive
Children three hundred sixty-five,
Why should you think there is not room
For one poor cobbler in my womb ? ”
Thus every thing his friends could say
The more confirm'd him in his way ;
Farther convinced, by what they tell,
'T was certain, though impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
Was grown, and almost desperate :
Yet, still the utmost bent to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old physician, sly and shrewd,
With management of face endued,
Heard all his tale ; and ask'd, with care,
How long the cobbler had been there ;
Noted distinctly what he said ;
Lift up his eyes, and shook his head,

And grave accosts him, on this fashion,
After mature deliberation,
With serious and important face :—
“ Sir, yours is an uncommon case :
Though I’ve read Galen’s Latin o’er,
I never met with it before ;
Nor have I found the like disease
In stories of Hippocrates.”
Then, after a convenient stay,—
“ Sir, if prescription you’ll obey,
My life for yours I’ll set you free
From this same two-legg’d tympany.
'T is true, you’re gone beyond the cure
Of famed worm-powder of John Moor ;
Besides, if downwards he be sent,
I fear he’ll split your nether vent.
But then your throat, you know, is wide,
And scarcely closed, since it was tried ;
The same way he got in, ’t is plain,
There’s room to fetch him out again :
I’ll bring the forked worm away,
Without a *disenteria* :
Emetics strong will do the feat,
If taken *quantum sufficit* :
I’ll see myself the proper dose,
And then hypnotics to compose.”
The wretch, though languishing and weak,
Revived already by the Greek,
Cries, “ What so learn’d a man as you
Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do ! ”

The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler sent for to the spot,
 And taught to manage the deceit,
 And not his doublet to forget.
 But first the operator wise
 Over the sight a bandage ties :
 For vomits always strain the eyes.

“ Courage ! I ’ll make you disembogue,
 Spite of his teeth, the unlucky rogue !
 I ’ll drench the rascal, never fear,
 And bring him up, or drown him there ! ”
 Warm water down he makes him pour,
 Till his stretch’d guts could hold no more ;
 Which doubly swollen, as you may think,
 Both with the cobbler and the drink,
 What they received against the grain
 Soon paid with interest back again.—
 “ Here comes his tools ! he can’t be long
 Without his hammer and his thong.”—
 The cobbler humour’d what was spoke,
 And gravely carried on the joke ;
 As he heard named each single matter,
 He chuck’d it souse into the water ;
 And then, not to be seen as yet,
 Behind the door made his retreat.
 The sick man now takes breath a while,
 Strength to recruit for farther toil :
 Unblinded he, with joyful eyes,
 The tackle floating there espies ;

Fully convinced within his mind,
The cobbler could not stay behind,
Who to the alehouse still would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do :
Nor could he like his present place,—
He ne'er loved water in his days.
At length he takes a second bout,
Enough to turn him inside out ;
With vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's brains.
“ Ay ! here the cobbler comes, I swear ! ”
And truth it was, for he was there,
And, like a rude, ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.
The patient, now grown wondrous light,
Whipp'd off the napkin from his sight,
Briskly lift up his head, and knew
The breeches and the jerkin's hue ;
And smiled to hear him grumbling say,
As down the stairs he ran his way,
He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more :
No ; while he lived, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.

Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
Cured of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful his gratitude expresses,
With thousand thanks and hundred pieces :
And thus, with much of pains and cost,
Regain'd the health he never lost.

MORAL.

Taught by long miseries, we find
Repose is seated in the mind ;
And most men soon or late have own'd,
'T is there, or no where, to be found.
This real wisdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes ;
Nor needs instructive smart to see,
That all on earth is vanity.
Loss, disappointment, passion, strife,
Whate'er torments or troubles life,
Though groundless, grievous in its stay,
'T will shake our tenements of clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem ;
And pain, like pleasure, is but dream.

THE
BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

.....*Paribus se legibus ambæ
Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.*

VIRGIL.

[As Mr. Wesley's Preface to the following poem would be nearly unintelligible without a knowledge of the paper in the Guardian to which he specially refers, I now subjoin it in a complete form, for the sake of those readers who have never perused it, as well as for those who, in the lapse of years and of memory, may have forgotten it. The date is "Friday, September 4, 1713."—EDIT.]

*Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus.....* VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 99.

"Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite."

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity,

to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say, with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakspeare's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman, Spenser, is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive ; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from being new and uncommon ; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and, in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes, contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other ; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by FORTITUDE ; that of the female by BEAUTY. FORTITUDE began the onset on BEAUTY, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not

WISDOM come to his aid : this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by CUNNING, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. CUNNING was the chief engineer of the fair army ; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of WISDOM. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists ; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal contest. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time, the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called PATIENCE, and on the female side by a general known by the name of SCORN. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day ; but, being quite tired out with the long pursuits and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding ; when, on a sudden, a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a Drawcansir,* sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was LUST.

* A character drawn in "the Rehearsal."

On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of MODESTY. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by men, HONOUR, and by the gods, PRIDE. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by REASON, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against the common foe ; and, in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of VIRTUE, who in a little time drove this foul, ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was LOVE, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them ; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The

two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was HYMEN, who marched immediately after LOVE, and, seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. LOVE generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, AMBITION and AVARICE had taken on them the garb and habit of LOVE, by which means they often imposed on HYMEN, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.]

THE
BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first edition of the following poem was printed more correctly than could have been reasonably expected, since it was published without the writer's knowledge, and a great many undeserved compliments were passed upon him in the preface; so that he now is utterly prevented from alleging, what is usual in such cases,—the necessity of doing justice to himself. But there is a much better reason for giving the reader this trouble, which is, the doing justice to another. Mr. Addison, in the *Guardian*, Number 152, has printed an allegory, which is the argument of these stanzas. He designed to have written a whole canto, in the spirit of Spenser, upon the contention for superiority between the two sexes, which gave the hint to a meaner hand to build upon that foundation; who has found it much easier to imitate the stanza, than the spirit, of that excellent poet.

It would be a mortifying consideration for any man, who hoped to establish a reputation by composition, to reflect, that a production of one of our finest wits should be so much unknown to the world, as to be mistaken for new, and attributed to a wrong person, a little while after it had been dispersed in loose papers in coffee-houses, nay, and reprinted even with the author's name. The fable was plainly intended, as that great man's Works generally were, to promote the interest of virtue ; for which very reason, perhaps, it sunk in oblivion, while several other pieces, far less valuable, have been more frequently read, and more loudly applauded. There are never wanting miscreants, (it is an authorized term,) who admire no part of Milton so much as his political prose, and who would prefer a Marvel to a Spenser.

It is hoped it will not be thought arrogance, to have made a few alterations in the plan, which seems not altogether finished. The war is carried on chiefly by auxiliaries not belonging to either sex, though there seems a necessity they should be either male or female, and consequently they might as well have been mustered as such. The sexes of the combatants are seldom marked ; nay, Modesty, the peculiar character of women, is called a hero, which supposes it a virtue of the masculine gender. The sexes here are always distinguished, and maintain their own cause ; since people generally fight their own battles best : for he must be a consummate

politician indeed, who, by forming barriers and alliances, can make men more concerned for others than for themselves.

There is but one other change of Mr. Addison's expression, which need be taken notice of. The gods and Hymen are left out, and angels and Marriage substituted in their places. As long as the heathen polytheism was established, and, according to Hobbes's definition of religion, "tales feigned in private were believed publicly," those machines might reasonably contribute to the marvellous in poetry, without appearing monstrous and incredible ; but having been long universally disbelieved, they now transgress all bounds of probability. Besides, they are necessarily obscure to most readers, since it requires a competent share of learning to understand the allusions to antiquated fables ; not to insist upon what Bossu grants, that the shell of the ancient allegories was more calculated to do mischief than the moral was to do service to mankind ; though it is a very doubtful point whether, generally speaking, the poetical fictions were at first designed to have any moral at all. Neither is it impracticable to be a complete poet upon a Christian scheme ; if any one thinks so, let him read "Paradise Lost." Yet the majority of modern poets stand up stiffly for an indefeisible right to their old Heathenism ; and some of them seem by their writings to take in the *agenda*, as well as *credenda*, of that no-religion ; and to be Pagans in practice, as well as belief.

If the following lines should be peremptorily pronounced to have nothing poetical in them, because utterly destitute of gods and goddesses, the author will be very easy upon that head, if it may be allowed him to have given any hints not unprofitable for the conduct of life. To this end he has expatiated in drawing the characters much farther than was requisite, merely with a view to the Battle of the Sexes. For he had rather be of some use to a single reader, than, without that degree of usefulness, to be esteemed the best poet that ever wrote.

I.

THOU, for whose view these numbers were design'd,
A while with favour, Hamilton, attend ;
Smile, and begin not now to be unkind,
But though the poet please not, spare the friend !
And thou, dear object of my growing love,
Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,
Approve my verse, which shines if you approve !*
Let giddy madmen court delusive fame ;
Let your acceptance sweet o'erpay my toil ;
Let age and rigour frown, so youth and beauty
smile !

* This is an apostrophe to Miss Berry, to whom Mr. Wesley was soon afterwards united in marriage.—EDIT.

II.

Of arms, which fierce contending sexes bore,
I sing ; and wars, for fame and empire made.
Despotic man ruled with tyrannic power,
Obey'd, but with reluctance still obey'd ;
With words his long-disputed cause he tries,
But woman's equal wit disdains to yield ;
At length to arms ungenerously he flies ;
As quick the female takes the proffer'd field ;
Each their superior merit to maintain :
For man was learn'd and proud, and woman fair and
vain.

III.

A plain there was, call'd LIFE, extended wide,
To which a single painful passage led,
With numerous outlets placed on every side ;
Scenes smiling fair the prospect overspread.
Flowerets, and myrtles fragrant, seem'd to rise :
All was at distance sweet, but, near at hand,
The gay deceit mock'd the desiring eyes,
With thorns, and desert heath, and barren sand.
Severest change afflicts the uncertain air,
Exposed to summer suns, to blasts of winter bare.

IV.

'T was here each sex their field of battle chose,
The narrow entrance by consent they past ;
But, enter'd, soon their enmity disclose,
And to their different standards march with haste.

Before directing Reason yet awoke,
 Was Passion taught them even in infant age,
 While ancient sires the kindling sparks provoke,
 And warning dames impertinently sage.
 Thus either sex in mutual feuds combined,
 As tho' for wars and hate by nature's God design'd !

V.

Brigades of crafty neuters hovering lay
 Camp'd on the margin of the spacious plain,
 To wait the doubtful fortune of the day,
 And public loss improve to private gain :
 Detested prudence ! Others, nobler far,
 Their unresolving march to neither bend,
 Purposed in friendship to compose the jar,
 Or timely succour to the oppress'd to send.
 Here MARRIAGE chaste, there LOVE the conqueror
 lies,
 Adverse to ranging LUST, and grovelling AVARICE.

VI.

The women first, quick to revenge, were seen
 In shining, rich-enamell'd arms advance ;
 Like ancient Spartans, o'er the level green,
 To breathing flutes they trod a measured dance.
 Dreadful to man so moving ! Straight in air
 Male banners wave, while sounding trumpets'
 breath
 Kindles in martial breasts stern love of war,
 Deliberate valour, and contempt of death.

Furious they charge, while FORTITUDE, their
guide,
Conspicuous in the van, his female foes defied.

VII.

In freshest pride of life and strength of years,
The male battalions worthy to command,
In times of danger unappall'd with fears,
A chieftain swift of foot, and strong of hand :
Nor tired with labours, nor dismay'd with pains,
Arm'd at all points, a stranger to despair,
He dreads not treason, and he force disdains ;
In bitter taunts he thus accosts the fair :—
“ By women charged, shall warriors back recoil ?
Sharp swords and pointed spears shall feeble distaffs
foil ? ”

VIII.

BEAUTY, great general of the female war,
Sprung from the front with FORTITUDE to engage.
Too slight for toil her tender limbs appear,
Yet stoutest heroes trembled at her rage.
Stiff ribs of whale her coat of mail composed ;
Composed with art, her taper waist to show :
A beaver wrought with black her helmet closed,
Which by the name of “mask” the moderns
know.
Each step, each motion, shot an artless grace ;
She seem'd of conquest sure, sure e'en without her
face.

IX.

The warlike virgin and the hero chose
In different ways to wage an equal fight ;
With giant strength he heaps redoubled blows ;
Of force inferior, she depends on sleight.
Eluding furious strokes by quick retreat,
Long time she wards, and wary shifts her place ;
At length her helm his sword descending met,
And of her sable vizard cut the lace ;
Millions of sudden charms discover'd lie,
Her skin, her hair, her brows, her cheeks, her lip,
her eye.

X.

Disdainful frowns and smiles alternate rise,
Swift to her cheeks the lovely crimson streams,
While kindling rage darts lightning from her eyes,
And adds new brightness to their native beams.
“ Nor shalt thou boast,” the undaunted virgin said,
“ Nor am I yet defenceless and o'erthrown.”
His forward foot the shrinking warrior stay'd,
Damp'd with resistless fear, till then unknown ;
The enchanting voice his utmost nerves unstrung,
And what her eyes began she perfects with her
tongue.

XI.

But WISDOM next, slow-marching to his aid,
In heavy armour took the doubtful field ;
Temper'd his helm, by wondrous magic made ;
And proof to witchcraft was his ponderous shield.

Calm without fear, and fervent without rage,
In action quick, and wary to advise,
He seem'd advanced to more than middle age ;
For when had youth the leisure to be wise ?
Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly,
Resolved his lifted arm, and quick his piercing eye.

XII.

Now BEAUTY small avails, for WISDOM knows
How soon her transitory glories fail ;
That age brings languid eyes and wither'd brows,
Her hairs all hoary, and her face all pale.
The more he view'd, he view'd with less applause,
Whom rage distorted, and whom pride deform'd :
Sternly his unrelenting sword he draws,
Nor by her looks, nor by her language warm'd.
Scarce could frail BEAUTY stand his awful view,
When timely to her aid deep-mining CUNNING flew.

XIII.

Artful her bosom heaved, her rolling eyes
Allured with glances whom in heart she scorn'd ;
Sweet flow'd her words with ever-pleasing lies,
An infant lisp her double tongue adorn'd.
Her feet, half dancing, negligently paced ;
Her motion, nay, her rest was all design ;
Her arms a scarf and riband bridle graced,
Whose colours glorious in the sun-beams shine ;
Their hue still varying with the changing place,
Yet each alternate die was suited to her face.

XIV.

The springs and passions of the secret mind
The wily sorceress could surely move ;
Now cruel false, now seeming faithful, kind,
With well-dress'd hate, and well-dissembled love :
Fast fell her tears, obedient to her will,
A side-long glance her roving eyes would throw ;
Simple in show, and innocent of skill,
Observing most what least she seem'd to know :
Then farthest off when most approaching near,
Was never fraud so deep in semblance so sincere !

XV.

A fierce and dubious conflict now began :
CUNNING, great engineer of womankind,
WISDOM, main champion for contending man,
Met, wondering each their match in arms to find.
Equal the fight, while both their station held,
While neither chief the adverse camp invades :
But furious onsets either part repell'd,
By warlike wiles and viewless ambuscades :
Their safety not in strength, but flying, stood ;
They conquer'd who retired, they yielded who pursued.

XVI.

Mean time, far to the left, great PATIENCE fought,
Experienced veteran, harden'd in alarms ;
His mail seem'd proof 'gainst mortal fury wrought,
Yet furrows deep indent his batter'd arms ;

Loss with persisting diligence he retrieved,
Arm'd by his present ills for future wars ;
Leader of men, wounds had he oft received,
Nobly deform'd with honourable scars :
A branching palm the chieftain's target bore,
Whose boughs, the more oppress'd, superior rise the
more.

XVII.

Him SCORN opposed, an Amazonian fair,
Whose haughty eyes were ever glanced askew ;
Her neck writhed backward with disdainful air,
As some distasteful sight offends her view.
That silly maid incurr'd her steady hate
That could to man, tyrannic fawner, bow :
At distance let the menial spaniel wait,
Or cringing at her feet his duty know.
Studious of flight, she fear'd to trust her feet,
But rode a Moorish barb, than eastern winds more
fleet.

XVIII.

Though man, as trodden dirt, her soul despised,
Yet ill her habit and her words agree ;
A manlike hunter's dress her form disguised,
Shafts at her back, and buskins to her knee ;
She fought like ancient Parthians, flying fast,
And frequent stopp'd her swift pursuers' speed ;
Still as she shot, redoubling straight her haste,
Quick borne far distant by her light-foot steed,
Ere on her casque her foe-man's sword descends,
Who 'gainst impassive air his idle fury bends.

XIX.

At length, oft-wounded by her backward dart,
Dismounted PATIENCE headlong greets the plain ;
The boastful conqueress glories in his smart,
Stops, and alights, to view and mock his pain.
The seeming breathless champion light arose,
By wounds unweaken'd, fiercer for his fall ;
Nor could astonish'd SCORN his force oppose,
Debarr'd of wonted flight, a sudden thrall.
So dear the unwary, short-lived bravery cost ;
What hours with toil preserved, with ease a moment
lost.

XX.

But now the neutral troops to move began,
Threatening the wearied host with fatal war,
Led by their chieftain LUST, a giant-man,
With boastful voice, loud shouting from afar ;
Like mountain-torrents swell'd by winter-showers,
Resistless, fierce he sweeps along the plain :
His leprous mouth a flame infectious pours,
Darting slow death and strength-consuming pain ;
His ever-rolling eyes like beacons glare,
Shagg'd as the goat his limbs, and black his bristling
hair.

XXI.

Still to new conquest eager he aspired,
Leaving with scorn whom he subdued in fight ;
'Gainst all repulses steel'd, nor ever tired
With toilsome day or ill-succeeding night.

Active whene'er the lucky moment call'd,
And least advantage obstinate to press,
His harden'd front, unblushing, unappall'd,
Laugh'd at reproaches, and enjoy'd disgrace ;
Sporting with oaths, unmoved with parents' moans,
With rifled virgins' shrieks, or infants' dying groans.

XXII.

His shield was painted with lascivious lies,
Whoredoms divine, devised to veil his shame,
Of Jove the thunderer, and of Phœbus wise,
The bull, the goat, the serpent, and the flame :
Diana, midwife prude, by day-light chaste,
Asleep lay pictured in Endymion's arms ;
There Bacchus' feasts and Venus' rites were placed,
With philters base, and lust-compelling charms,
A crest obscene o'ershades the monster's head,
A Jove in eagle's form, with ravish'd Ganymede.

XXIII.

'Gainst LUST the rash coquets their forces bent,
But sunk beneath the fury of the storm ;
When MODESTY, from the main army sent
To oppose his rage, advanced her angel-form ;
Skilful with darts to wage an equal fight,
Her arm resists not, but prevents the blow ;
A guiltless blush crimsons her snowy white ;
Her voice reservedly soft, and sweetly low.
Few women-chiefs did like perfection share,
Scarce CUNNING more of might, or BEAUTY's self
more fair.

XXIV.

The championess quick seized a rising ground,
Where ramparts high by parent hands were
wrought,
Whose fence the giant traversing around,
Now here, now there, in vain an entrance sought.
Upwards he press'd with unavailing speed,
Ardent in equal fight his foe to assail ;
Her ready lance meets his aspiring head ;
Strongly rebuff'd, he tumbling strikes the vale ;
But, undismay'd, up-starting from the plain,
Again he rises fierce, disgraced, to fall again.

XXV.

Stunn'd with the shock, the scarcely-conquering fair
Now wisely meditates a distant blow ;
A ponderous stone hurl'd through the whistling air,
Prevents the grappling of her stronger foe ;
Full on his helm the rocky fragment fell,
And soil'd in humble dust his lofty crest ;
But wounds on wounds his course in vain repel,
For ten-fold fury fires his stubborn breast ;
His glaring eyes shot red, revengeful flame ;
He roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of
shame.

XXVI.

His fraud the artificer of falsehood tried,
In borrow'd shape to elude her wary eye ;
His shield and well-known casket thrown aside,
Disguised like Love, he march'd as an ally.

With unsuspecting faith the maid believed,
Till now the ramparts' top the foe had gain'd ;
Too late the lurking treason she perceived,
Surprised un'wares, she scarce his force sustain'd ;
Courage her heart, and strength her arm, forsook ;
Weak, sinking by degrees ; faint, yielding to the
shock.

XXVII.

The self-sufficient prudes embattled stood
Near hand, but none to assist the vanquish'd flies ;
Their neighbour ranks they saw with joy subdued,
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes ;
With scoffs and sage reproaches they upbraid
Those that, o'erpower'd, for help or pity call :
“ And can they yield to Lust ? ” in rage they said,
“ Unaided, friendless, let the wretches fall ! ”
Themselves were now assail'd, the rest o'erthrown,
And weakness, scorn'd so late, too soon became their
own.

XXVIII.

At length the chieftain prude obstructs his speed,
By men call'd Honour, but by angels Pride.
On lowly earth her foot disdain'd to tread,
High in a martial car she chose to ride ;
The load six dappled courses proudly drew,
Their harness bright with tinsel overcast ;
Still as she rode, a conscious glance she threw,
To mark what gazers view'd her as she past.

Studded with burnish'd brass the chariot shined,
And dragg'd with useless pomp six glittering slaves
behind.

XXIX.

She clanks her rattling arms, and shouts aloud,
Strengthen'd by numerous troops that gazed
around ;
While LUST, half-faint, amidst the thronging crowd,
Himself on foot a match unequal found :
He leaves the field, as desperate of success ;
But, with recruited rage and strength, returns ;
Drawn by eight steeds, he breaks the wondering
press ;
With gold his slaves are bright, his chariot burns.
PRIDE turn'd her reins, soon as his car she view'd ;
The monster shouts, " She yields ; she flies to be pur-
sued."

XXX.

Now sable-mantled night, advancing nigh,
Colours, distinct before, confusedly blends ;
While far from either host the chariots fly,
Till HONOUR, tired, to parley condescends,
And deigns submit her haughty crest to lower ;
For privacy, she deems, her shame will screen :
No more defying, striking now no more,
Since nor her vaunts are heard, nor prowess seen,
She yields a willing captive to his might,
Obscured in guilty clouds of all-concealing night.

XXXI.

From yielded HONOUR, LUST returning flew
Where, camp'd in rest, the male battalions lay,
And roused their wearied host with battle new,
With rage still fiercest when remote from day.
Not all the noontide heat and toil of war
Equall'd the dangers of this midnight hour :
The sentry sink, unnerved with sudden fear,
And groans of wretches speak the victor's power ;
Till, spread from rank to rank, the alarm was heard,
Where REASON, wakeful chief, his utmost tent
uprear'd.

XXXII.

From courts and cities frequent he retired ;
Reverend his hoary head, in council sage ;
Scorn'd in extremes, and in extremes admired ;
Decried in youth, and idolized in age.
His voice was small, and still, and rarely known
Where direful trumpets vex the troubled air.
He starts from earth, where arm'd his limbs were
thrown,
His squadron's fate or to revenge or share :—
“ Your enter'd camp from swift destruction keep !
Or, instant roused, awake ! or, slain, for ever
sleep ! ”

XXXIII.

He spake ; they rise obedient to his call,
Who near their chief their ready tents had placed ;
Yet, baffled soon, the conqueror's prey they fall,
Their leader standing but to yield the last.

A while unconquer'd proved his aged arm,
A while his fortune hung in equal scale :
He sunk, enfeebled as he grew more warm ;
But Lust press'd on, accustom'd to prevail,
With strength un'bated by laborious sweat,
Greatest when most opposed, increasing with his heat.

XXXIV.

Now ruddy morn purpled the glowing East,
And show'd the waste the monster's rage had
made ;
Whose force nor floods nor mountains could resist,
Nor brass, nor diamond barriers, could have
stay'd.
At length both shatter'd hosts their councils bent,
How surest to revenge their common foil ;
Made wise by smart, a championess they sent,
Whose arm alone was equal to the toil ;
Sometimes on earth by VIRTUE's title famed,
By wiser angel-minds DIVINE RELIGION named.

XXXV.

Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood ;
Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free ;
Against example resolutely good,
Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity :
Who ne'er forsook her faith for love of peace,
Nor sought with fire and sword to show her zeal ;
Duteous to princes, when they most oppress ;
Patient in bearing ill, and doing well :

In prayers and tears she sought and found defence,
Nor raised rebellious arms to strengthen Providence.

XXXVI.

Her prudent care was fix'd on heaven's height,
Yet by her steps on earth that care was shown ;
Fearless of harm in darkness, as in light ;
Fearful of sin at midnight, as at noon !
A bloody cross was portray'd on her shield,
Whose sight the monster scarcely could sustain,
Feeble to gain, yet loath to quit, the field ;
Blasted and thunder-struck with chilling pain,
When 'gainst his head her sacred arms she bent,
—Strict watch, and fast severe, and prayer omnipotent.

XXXVII.

Murmuring he fled, yet backward turn'd his face,
Whom step by step the angelic maid pursued ;
Yet oft, as slackening he observed her pace,
He stay'd his flight, and battle fierce renew'd.
Meanwhile the yet-remaining neutral bands
Advanced with open look and friendly mind ;
Whose timely march a glorious pair commands,
MARRIAGE and LOVE ; unhappy when disjoin'd ;
Who over LUST the surest triumph gain'd ;
Friends to RELIGION firm, by wisest God ordain'd.

XXXVIII.

LOVE, the most general conqueror here below,
 Whose subtle nature hard is to be told ;
 Whom all can feel, but few aright can know ;
 Who cheats the crafty, and who fools the old :—
 He seem'd of jarring contraries composed,
 To-day sharp-sighted, and to-morrow blind ;
 His beaver, lifted up, his face disclosed,
 Where simple faith and winning sweetness shined.
 High on his crest sat perch'd a gall-less dove,
 Emblem of changeless truth, and chastity, and love.

XXXIX.

The immortal glories of the *Nut-brown Maid* *
 Emblazon'd lively on his shield appear :
 The various parts the shifting lover play'd ;
 The test for human frailty too severe.
 Wealth, ease, and fame, and sex she cast behind ;
 Where friendship leads, determined to pursue :
 Not falsehood's self could shake her steady mind,
 Firm to the base, and to the perjured true.
 All but her virtue, she for Henry leaves ;
 LOVE stands the sore assault, though rivall'd woman
 grieves.

XL.

Sometimes more fleet the swift-foot power would go
 Than morning light, or quicker thought can fly ;

* Prior's celebrated poem, "Henry and Emma."—EDIT.

Sometimes with stealing motion, silent, slow ;
Unseen, unmark'd, but by the jealous eye :
Dauntless, resolved, mindless of perils past,
Rewarded in an hour for years of pain ;
Trembles his eye, with modest awe downcast,
Falters his tongue, scarce daring to complain ;
Yet, when grown bold, their moving force he tries,
Manna is on his tongue, and witchcraft in his eyes.

XLI.

Of winged boys a numerous troop he led,
Whose shafts both sexes wound with certain aim ;
The wounds not pain, but doubtful pleasure, bred ;
For not from hostile bows the arrows came.
Forgetting feuds, they long to be allied,
And softer passions on their bosoms seize :
Down from their hands their wrathful weapons slide,
Changed is their hatred, for desire to please :
In sudden peace the jarring kinds agree,
With reconciliation dear, and cordial amity.

XLII.

Transform'd by magic Love, the males appear,
New-cast their natures in a finer mould ;
Prudent the fool, well-natured the severe,
The wise grew humble, and the coward bold.
Nor less his friendly darts improve the fair ;
Was none or loosely free, or coyly rude ;
The gay coquet now lived not to ensnare,
To meekest passive woman sunk the prude :

Nor could the brave resist, or fearful run,
For Heaven made man to win, and woman to be
won.

XLIII.

Next close to LOVE, well-suited MARRIAGE came,
Who hand in hand their social steps advance ;
Kindly as warmth of life her even flame,
Not fever's heat, nor fluttering spirits' dance ;
Who pleasure tasted with reflecting thought,
Nor life upbraided for avoidless pains
Entail'd on mortal state ; but wisely sought
Too-flitting LOVE, with long-enduring chains
Of interest and of duty, fast to bind ;
Fountain of chaste delight, great parent of mankind.

XLIV.

Where LOVE had touch'd the hearts, she joins the
hands,
And grants an holier and a stronger tie ;
For death alone could disunite her bands,
Nor shorter space could friendship satisfy.
While thus she join'd the pairs, the matron
spoke :—
“ Attend, ye sexes, and my words approve !
My doom nor male nor female shall revoke ;
Since nature form'd the kinds for mutual love,
Your battle vain, vain is your anger shown,
For more distinguish'd hate mere dotage shall
atone.

XLV.

“ Though man shall awful rule o’er woman bear,
Not sprung from greater worth, but right divine ;
Yet she shall in her turn dominion share,
Ere to his will her empire she resign.
But, while she reigns, her mercy let her show,
And well employ the quickly-fleeting time ;
Not unrewarded shall her mildness go,
And strictest justice shall o’ertake her crime.
Gently shall those be ruled who gently sway’d ;
Abject shall those obey who, haughty, were
obey’d.”

XLVI.

AMBITION proud, and sordid AVARICE,
Two mighty troublers of the world, were near :
Abhorr’d by all men, when without disguise ;
But now the garb of LOVE they chose to wear.
AMBITION, stooping popularly low,
Still pleaded *public* welfare, *not his own* ;
Dissembling deep, yet unreserved in show,
Imposing all things, but believing none :
Whose subtle wit could cross-events command,
Scorner of heaven and earth, his God his own right
hand.

XLVII.

Skill’d in the various turns of giddy tides,
With dexterous time-ing of his watchful skill,
With cool disdain, the preacher he derides,
Who marks the eternal bounds of good and ill.

By him were princes barr'd of equal love,
 And lost to quiet, if they greatness prize ;
 Oppress'd with state unwillingly they move,
 Crown'd are the victims dragg'd to sacrifice.
 Absent, unknown, and unendear'd they wed,
 Meanwhile the naked sword divides the loveless bed.

XLVIII.

Next, close to him crept Avarice the old,
 Quick to receive, but ever slow to pay ;
 Wanting for fear of want, adoring gold,
 Nearer his inn, more careful for his way :
 His flinty breast could ne'er compassion show,
 He *pity* " weakness," *virtue* " folly," calls ;
 Friendless, and to himself the deadliest foe,
 Harden'd he lives, and unrepenting falls !
 He blooming youth to palsied age would tie ;
 To raise and to enrich, would end his family.

XLIX.

These traitors, mask'd like Love, in marriage
 join'd
 Thousands by nature form'd to disagree ;
 While thoughtless youth the future list not mind,
 And age, dim-sighted, help'd their treachery.
 Their pairs were soon distinguish'd by the
 event ;—
 Unkind reproach, too biting to endure,
 Pining distrust, and brawling discontent,
 Cursed jealousy, which Heaven alone can cure,

Foul perjured guilt, sad causer of divorce,
And late repentance vain, of hell itself the source.

L.

Forgive the voice that useful fiction sings ;—
Not impious tales of deities impure,
Not faults of breathless queens or living kings,
In open treason, or in veils obscure !
What here I write, each knowing eye will see,
To all but brutes and angels must belong :
Still will the sexes jar, and still agree,
And each day's truth shall moralize my song.
Still will each sex for sovereignty contend :
Wars, with the world begun, with that alone shall
end.

VERSES ON ISAIAH XL. 6, 8.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

“ All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.”

I.

THE morning-flowers display their sweets,
And, gay, their silken leaves unfold ;
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

II.

Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

III.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.

IV.

Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day ;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

V.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

VI.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,

WHO COMPLAINED OF HIS CONDITION, AND ADMIRING
HIGH SPIRITS IN LOW FORTUNES.

I.

THIS still would be my wish, could I
Such bitter curse allow :
“ Let those I hate have spirits high
With fortunes that are low ! ”

II.

But, surely, when we vapour most,
If angry Fortune frown,
She'll pull, in spite of all our boast,
Our lofty spirits down.

III.

Even I—but I can laugh and sing,
Though fetter'd and confined,—
My mind I may to fortune bring,
Not fortune to my mind.

IV.

How seldom is our good enjoy'd,
Our ill how hardly borne,
When all our fancies are employ'd
To kick against the thorn !

V.

A lowly heart and little eye,
Kind Heaven, on me bestow !
Let those I hate have spirits high,
With fortunes that are low !

VI.

“These maxims sage and dry,” you ’ll say,
“These rigid moral rules,
Take our superior sense away,
And sink us into fools.

VII.

“Whoe’er can ease by folly get,
With justice may despise
The thoughtful, unenjoying wit,
The miserable wise.”

VIII.

But, sure, ourselves aright to see,
True wisdom well may bear :
’T is nobly great to dare to be
No greater than we are.

IX.

Think not I envy courts and kings,
Or, peevish, hate mankind ;
Think not this declaration springs
From meanness of my mind.

X.

Even I perhaps—if Heaven would deign
 High place on me to shower—
 As well as any lord might reign,
 As equal to my power.

XI.

My mind, with weight of business charged,
 Of course would bigger grow ;
 As rivers, lengthening when enlarged,
 Enlarge their channels too.

XII.

Till then, a lowly heart and eye,
 Kind Heaven, on me bestow ;
 Let those I hate have spirits high,
 With fortunes that are low !

 FROM MARTIAL.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

PLEASANTEST companion this,
 This in life is happiness :—
 Timely an estate to gain,
 Left, not purchased by your pain :
 Grounds that pay the tiller's hire,
 Hearths with ever-during fire ;
 Safe from law to enjoy your own,
 Seldom view the busy town ;

Health, with moderate vigour join'd ;
True, well-grounded peace of mind ;
Friends, your equals in degree,
Prudent, plain simplicity ;
Easy converse mirth afford,
Artless plenty fill the board :
Temperate joy your evenings bless,
Free from care as from excess :
Short the night by sleep be made ;
Chaste, not cheerless, be the bed :
Choose to be but what you are ;
Dying, neither wish nor fear.

THE ELECTIONEER.

THERE once lived in repute a substantial freeholder,
No Briton on earth could be braver or bolder,
A party-man stanch and resolved, though the story
Does not call him directly a whig or a tory.
But the reader, to this way or that as inclined,
May his party, perhaps, by his honesty find.
His head was still full of the law and the right,
So he never would bribe, but he sometimes would
fight :
For when mobs grew unruly, he always stood bluff,
And could play well at foot-ball, a kick and a cuff.
Our patriot strait-laced was in that way of thinking,—
That no bribe should go farther than eating and
drinking :

So he kept open house for all comers to feast,
And made never a knave, but made many a beast ;
Though even in drinking he kept a decorum,
Men might do as they pleased with the liquor before
'em,

He all under-hand dealing and tricking defied,
And was always a thorn in his enemy's side.
He answer'd their truth, and detected their lies,
He their bullies outbraved, and outwitted their
spies.

He made many a good, but despised a bad, vote,
And they never could pick any hole in his coat.
To avoid all suspicion of bribing and largess,
He was nobly determined to bear his own charges.
So small his discretion, so large his affection,
That he dipp'd his whole freehold-estate in election.
He every day went more and more down the wind,
And his party dropp'd off as his fortune declined.
His enemies crow'd, and triumphantly swore
They would stick on his skirts, and pay off his old
score.

From his friends but a faint commendation he got,
" A well-meaning man, but a little too hot ! "
He found small effect of his cost and his pother,
When by one side forsook, and oppress'd by the
other.

He ran upon tick, while he credit could meet ;
And the bread he had squander'd, he wanted to eat :
Till, hard-pinch'd, and unable to fast any longer,
A purse he attempted, to satisfy hunger ;

But was ta'en in the fact, being raw at the trade,
And before the next Justice that instant convey'd.

The member, against whose election he stirr'd,
By the dint of demerit was gotten preferr'd ;
One that all sorts of business went readily thorough,
And was chose by good votes, but not those of the
borough.

One, who swore to his friends he would never
deceive 'em,

Yet, in their distress, thought it prudent to leave
'em :

Convinced,—though, be sure, no preferment he
courted,—

That a ministry ought to be always supported :
In Commission of Peace a most notable man,
In the first of king George, or the last of queen
Anne.

When his foe brought before him the magistrate
spied,

Quoth his Worship, “ Was this the best man of his
side ?

He that virtue and justice had still in his eye,
Whom no army could fright, and no treasury
buy ? ”

These upbraidings the wretch in misfortune provoke,
Who replied :—“ You your friendships and pro-
mises broke,

Were forsworn, by ambition and avarice led ;
And I, when half-starved, would have robb'd for my
bread :

We are both rogues ; but, if you'll allow me my
due,
You must own, I'm the honestest rogue of the two."

A SONG

TO A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

Tune of, "What beauties does Flora disclose!"

I.

YE loves and ye graces so sweet,
That sport on the Tweed and the Tay,
Fly southward my Philly to meet,
She'll play with you all the long day.
Our turf is as verdant and soft,
Our prospect as beautiful springs,
The finches—they trill it aloft,
And melting the nightingale sings.

II.

When Heaven looks smiling above,
And Flora her treasure forth pours,
Does Philly abroad never rove?
Say, does she not pick a few flowers?
Does she find out the king-cup so gay?
Do cowslips their odours disclose?
Or the violet, sweeter than they,
That only can yield to the rose?

III.

All nature does joyous appear,
 And frolics at Philly's command ;
 See flies how they buz at her ear,
 And lady-birds dance on her hand !
 See butterflies floating along,
 With colours to pleasure the fair ;
 The bees—they fly humming a song,
 And "chirp" goes the grass-hopper there !

IV.

Ye two-legg'd, unfeather'd folk,* sing,
 Lay hold on the fast-flying time ;
 Your smooth-flowing madrigals bring,
 Nor lose the soft hour of her prime.
 Melodious, O chant while you may,
 Your musical passions unfold :
 For she'll be too wise for your lay
 Before she is seven years old.

* In allusion to the old definition of man, not in burlesque of a pretty phrase, "feather'd folk," which I admired, the first time I remember I met with it, in that beautiful triplet "on the evening :"—

"The bat with leathern wings flits through the grove,
 The winds scarce rustle, nor the aspens move,
 And all the feather'd folk forbear their lays of love."

TO SIR HERBERT POWELL, BART.,

UPON HIS GOING TO TRAVEL.

IN friendly part a well-meant gift receive,
The best, though small, that I have power to give.
Boldly without reluctance lend an ear,
Nor flattering verse nor dedication fear,
Which only tells us, what we guess'd before,—
How rich the patron, and the bard how poor.
If wisely covetous of precious time,
You dread the long impertinence of rhyme,
These lines with patience may be over-past,
My first, and, what is more, perhaps my last.
From all such danger shortly you'll be free,
If not on this side, yet beyond, the sea.

Religion, first, be made your utmost care,
Nor drop your native faith in foreign air ;
Nor, like the fluttering triflers of the town,
Go forth with little, and come back with none.
“Mother of errors” ROME we well may call,
Parent of too much faith,—and none at all ;
Where lying miracles and monkish dreams
Fright thoughtless fools to contrary extremes ;
Who their twelve articles of faith give o'er,
Because the Trental Creed has twenty-four ;
And count the flames of hell a fabled story,
Because they see the frauds of purgatory.
In vain you boast from Popery you are free,
If tinged with unbelief in Italy :

As justly desolate Marseilles may brag,
That she has no disease, except the plague.

Foe to their church, O copy not their vice,
Nor envy their Italian liberties ;
Nor aim so much in breeding to excel,
To think it worth the price of certain hell.
The devil's labourers must receive their hire ;
There's no insurance from eternal fire.
In vice we Tramontanes must quit the field,
And Wy——rn sure to Elephantis yield.
With far-fetch'd lust our modish closets shine,
But Britain ne'er produced an Aretine ;
Nor vile intrigues avow'd, as lawful flame,
Nor e'er by statutes authorized her shame ;
Though large returns the public might take in
From licensed practice of imported sin,
Might British rakes Dutch music-houses use,
And build them Roman or Venetian stews.

Next, travel not for nought through distant lands :
Be wise, and just, and diligent as Sands,*

* Sir Edwin Sandys (frequently written Sands) was one of the famous sons of the archbishop of York, and the pupil of Hooker. While on his travels he wrote a celebrated treatise, to which Mr. Wesley alludes in these verses, and the title of which was, "*Europæ Speculum : or a View or Survey of the State of Religion in the Western Parts of the World ; wherein the Roman Religion, and the pregnant Policies of the Church of Rome to support the same, are notably displayed : with some other memorable Discoveries and Commemorations.*" It was addressed "to the most reverend father in Christ, John Whitgift, archbishop of Canterbury ;" and is quoted by Chillingworth, and by all subsequent writers, as a work of great research and undoubted authority.—EDIT:

Whose penetrating eye distinctly sees
Religions, governments, and polities.
Some only learn the difference all the while
Betwixt an English and a German mile ;
What nation's reckonings, at their inns, are least,
If coaches or post-chaises travel best ;
That Adria's isles are pleasing to behold ;
That Spain is hot, and Switzerland is cold.
Your party politicians will aspire
A little, and indeed but little, higher :—
Fired with their country's love, they range abroad,
To find, by toils, that liberty is good.
Dauntless, for this the free-born Briton goes
O'er Danish ice, and Pyrenean snows.
So round the globe on foot great Coryat strays,
To search how long the roads, and deep the ways ;
To know where meat was good, and liquor fine,
How strong the sign-post, and how gay the sign.
Nor doat on antique pieces, nor despise :
Oft view, but seldom purchase, rarities.
Trust not their medals lately dug from dust,
With modern soil, and imitated rust.
Your virtuoso travels, with design
To heap up treasures of uncurrent coin ;
Doats on the letters round a Grecian head,
Half rased ; which, were they plain, he could not
read ;
Pays weight for weight, new gold for ancient
stone,
And for an Otho's head would give his own.

Curious abroad, forget not all the while
The matchless beauties of your native isle ;
In British Straits what mighty navies ride,
What wealth flows in with each returning tide.
Our callow youth for paintings visit Rome,
And know not the Cartoons they left at home.
Strange sights o'er Alps and Apennines they seek,
But stare with silence if you name the Peak.
The famed Venetian arsenal they explore,
But slight the armoury in the London Tower.
With floods of speech the Vatican they praise,
But never heard of Bodley in their days.
Ashamed of home, of foreign climes they boast,
And Thames and Humber are in Tiber lost.

When back return'd, let not your whole discourse
Assert the privilege of travellers ;
Nor strange relations of adventures give,
Which few delight to hear, and none believe.
Throw not your country's manners quite aside,
Nor taint our honest air with foreign pride.
An Englishman, (the proverb tells you true,)
Who turns Italian, turns a devil too :
And none, unless distracted, would forego
The British substance for the Gallic show.
Own that a man of worth may justly shine,
Who never Paris view'd, or pass'd the Rhine.
Such was your grandsire,* glory of your name,
(O might your virtue merit equal fame !)

* Sir John Powell, one of the Judges of the King's-Bench,
who acquitted the seven Bishops.

Friend to religion fix'd, and true to laws,
 When suffering prelates propp'd the church's cause.
 Like him accomplish'd, Britain few can boast;
 And yet the narrow seas he never cross'd.

Observe these rules, till others, better skill'd,
 More useful lessons to your youth shall yield.
 When far from home, or from a wiser friend,
 These rules, though mean, may some assistance lend,
 If aught of common sense I understand,
 Who ne'er saw Dover cliffs, or Calais sand.

THE PARISH PRIEST.*

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest
 from their labours, and their works do follow them."
 Rev. xiv. 13.

ACCEPT, dear sire, this humble tribute paid,
 This small memorial, to a parent's shade.
 Tho' fair the hope thou reign'st enthroned on high,
 Where sin can never stain, nor sorrow sigh;
 Yet still a son may duteous mourning wear,
 And nature, unreprieved, may drop a tear.

* This "poem upon a clergyman lately deceased," was originally published in a separate form in 1731, price six-pence; and was intended as an affectionate delineation of the character of his father-in-law, the Rev. John Berry, A. M., vicar of Watton, in Norfolk. The elegaic verses on his own father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, A. M., vicar of Epworth, are immediately subjoined, page 104.—EDIT.

No glosing falsehood on thy name is thrown,
Which oft pollutes the monumental stone.
Plain truth shall speak, which thou thyself might'st
hear,

As far from flattery, as it is from fear.

A parish priest—not of the pilgrim kind,
But fix'd and faithful to the post assign'd—
Through various scenes with equal virtue trod,
True to his oath, his order, and his God.

Wise without art, he shone in doubtful days
Of fear, of shame, of danger, and of praise.

When zealous James, unhappy, sought the way
To establish Rome by arbitrary sway,

Whose crime from fondness for religion springs ;
(A crime ne'er pardon'd in the lives of kings !)

'T was then the Christian priest was nobly tried,
When hireling slaves embraced the stronger side,
And saintly sects and sycophants complied. }

In vain were bribes shower'd by the guilty Crown,
He sought no favour as he fear'd no frown.

Nor loudest storms his steady purpose broke,
Firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke.

Secure in faith, exempt from worldly views,
He dared the "Declaration" to refuse :

Then from the sacred pulpit boldly show'd

The dauntless Hebrews true to Israel's God,

Who spake regardless of their king's commands,—*

"The God we serve can save us from thy hands !

* He preached on Dan. iii. 17, 18.

If not, O monarch, know we choose to die :
Thy gods alike, and threatenings, we defy ;
No power on earth our faith has e'er controll'd ;
We scorn to worship idols, though of gold."
Resistless truth damp'd all the audience round,
The base informer sicken'd at the sound ;
Attentive courtiers, conscious, stood amazed,
And soldiers, silent, trembled as they gazed.
No smallest murmur of distaste arose ;
Abash'd and vanquish'd seem'd the church's foes.
So when like zeal their bosoms did inspire,
The Jewish martyrs walk'd unhurt in fire.

Nor yet could Romish faith so dreadful seem,
To fright his judgment to a worse extreme ;
To throw up creeds for fear of papal power,
And blame St. Peter for his successor.
For when the church her danger had subdued,
And felt on earth the usual gratitude ;
When favour'd sects o'erspread Britannia's plains,
Like frogs thick-swarming after summer rains ;
Against far different foes alike prepared,
No wild disputer found him off his guard.
Nor those who, following late Socinus' plan,
Degraded God incarnate to a man ;
Nor those who, wresting texts with greater sleight,
With Heaven, as taught by elder Arius, fight ;
Reasoners, who no absurdity can see
In a new-made, dependent Deity.
Amongst his corn no tares neglected spring ;—
That free-born subjects ought to rule their king,

That sense and revelation disagree,
That zeal is still at war with charity ;
That dust-born reptiles may their God disown,
And place their foolish reason in his throne.
No colours false deceived his wary eye,
Nor lukewarm peace, nor atheist liberty.
Scripture and Fathers guide his footsteps right ;
For truth is one, but error infinite.
With love to souls and deepest learning fraught,
His Master's Gospel undisguised he taught.
He show'd the power of kings, the mitre's sway,
Which earth can neither give nor take away ;
That duty from divine command is known,
Fix'd on the Almighty's will, and not our own ;
That unbelievers must receive their hire,—
The sure allotment of eternal fire :
And God the faithful sower pleased to bless,
And crown'd his harvest with a vast success.
While forty years his heavenly doctrine charms,
No single son forsakes the church's arms :
No Romish wolf around his fences prowl'd,
Nor fox Dissenter earth'd within his fold.*

Not but when parties fierce in feuds engage,
When moderation spurs her sons to rage,
When all elect or reprobate have been,
In these no virtue dwells, in those no sin ;
Then their low scandals on his head they shower,
As friend to papal and despotic power.

* There was not a Dissenter or Papist in his parish.

E'en those who once were tools to Popish aims,
 The treacherous darlings of deluded James,
 Who now the purest Reformation boast,
 Though then their tender consciences were lost,—
 E'en those far off with lies his fame assail,
 And their bad patrons help the wicked tale.
 'Tis thus the serpent to his cavern glides,
 And safe his wily head from Winter hides ;
 But when returning seasons warmth inspire,
 And wake his sleeping poison into fire,
 With youth renew'd, behold the reptile rise,
 He waves and glitters in the dog-day skies,
 Shoots cross the road, when sounding steps draw near,
 And springs to assault the way-beat traveller ;
 Who durst his course in rains and whirlwinds hold,
 And pass'd unshelter'd through December's cold.

Grieved for the church's shame, with pitying eye,
 He saw the worthless abjects lifted high ;
 Empty alike of learning and of brain,
 As if the pope had re-assumed his reign,
 And brought our ancient *mumpsimus* again. }
 With fruitless toil let midnight scholars pore,
 And dig the mine, while others gain the ore ;
 Proud of demerit, claiming as their own
 The stall prebendal, or prelatic throne :
 While Johnson from his Cranbrook ne'er shall part,
 And Fiddes pining sighs with broken heart ;
 While Grabe in vain to unthankful Britain flies, }
 And Wall neglected in a corner lies,
 And poor and unrewarded Bingham dies ;

While names obscure undue advancement meet,
And Tillotson could conquer Stillingfleet.
Nor yet on those preferr'd he cast the blame :
Far more the patrons than the clerks inflame ;
Patrons afraid of sense, but not of vice,
Elate with pride, or sunk with avarice ;
Patrons by villains sought, by slaves adored,
Scorn'd by the generous, by the good abhorr'd ;
Or *private rascals*, who, from conscience free,
Search every latent nook of simony ;
Who but on base conditions ne'er present,
And future tithes by present bonds prevent :
Or *knaves more public*, studious to promote
Elections, bartering benefice for vote.
“Is he self-will'd, or knows he to obey ?
Enough ! no farther tittle need you say :
An useful man may as he pleases live,
But worth 's a crime we never can forgive.”
So when the Roman Peter wants an heir,
If rogues of both religions we compare,
Though worthy candidates the popedom seek,
Expert in Latin, and well-read in Greek ;
The Conclave sly, with Machiavilian views,
One to be govern'd, not to govern, choose.
Like Quakers, human learning they forswear,
And ignorance best fills the unerring Chair.
The statesmen laugh,—“Let Bellarmine go fume,
No Perron famed the purple shall assume,
No, nor Baronius' self, the Atlas of their Rome !” }

When age, not hasten'd on by guilt or cares,
Graced him with silver crown of hoary hairs,
His looks the tenor of his soul express,
An easy, unaffected cheerfulness ;
Steadfast, not stiff ; and awful, not austere ;
Though courteous, reverend ; and though smooth,
sincere ;

In converse free, for every subject fit,
The coolest reason join'd to keenest wit ;
Wit, that with aim resistless knows to fly,
Disarms unthought-of, and prevents reply :
So lightning falls the mountain-oaks among,
As sure, as quick, as shining, and as strong.
Skilful of sportive stories forth to pour
A gay, a humorous, an exhaustless store,
With sharpest point and justest force applied,
The purport never dark and never wide.
Not adversaries selves applause forbore,
And those who blamed him most, admired him
more.

Scarcely the Phrygian, famed for moral tales,
Who useful truth in pleasing fiction veils,
Who wisdom deep in plants and brutes can find,
And makes all creatures tutors to mankind,
In apter fable solid sense convey'd,
With sounder substance, or with finer shade.

He mourn'd with those who pain or want endure,
A guardian angel to the sick and poor ;
Where the two best of charities he join'd,—
To cure the body, and to heal the mind.

Across his path no wretch expiring lies,
Nor querulous blind bewail their loss of eyes ;
No mangled cripple there exposed his maim,
The shock of nature, and the nation's shame.
The stranger's view no startling object meets,
And no complaining grieved his happy streets.*
Oft as the year brought back the glorious day
When infant Jesus in a manger lay,
Or when from death the God triumphant came,
Or when the Holy Ghost descends in flame,
Around his board the welcome needy sate,
And crowd his parlour, not besiege his gate ;
To obey their word his children waited near,
And learnt their Saviour's image to revere.
'This charity perform'd, the wealthier guest
Was call'd to share his hospitable feast :
The poor, invited first, his table grace,
And riches only held the second place.

While silken courtiers and embroider'd lords,
To whom the earth her mines in vain affords,
Too oft their need unable to supply,
In spite of wealth are pinch'd with poverty ;
His scanty rent sufficed for every call,
Large was his plenty, though his income small ;
Alike in prudence and in bounty skill'd,
He never drain'd his purse, nor ever fill'd.
None e'er did twice his ready alms desire,
Nor lack'd the labourer his expected hire.

* There were no beggars in his town.

Enrich'd by doing good a thousand-fold,
He rarely gain'd, and never wanted, gold.
Well-stored to give, and furnish'd still to lend,
To raise the friendless, and support the friend,
With ceaseless streams his well-placed treasure
flows,

When spent increases, and by lessening grows.
So, when Elijah dwelt on earth, (as far
As miracle with conduct we compare,)
Sarepta's widow, hoping no supply,
Thought on her little store to eat and die :
Soon as she welcomed her prophetic guest,
The cruse flow'd liberal, and the corn increased ;
The Almighty Power unfailing plenty sent,
The oil unwasted, and the meal unspent.

Such was the man by friends and foes confest,
Worthy the glorious name of PARISH PRIEST.
Had not kind Heaven some champions pleased to show,
In merit high, though in preferment low ;
Whose prayers and tears might stop the Almighty's
hand,

Protecting angels to a guilty land,
From earth's vain hopes and base ambition free,
Whose slighted but effectual piety
Stood like a mound unshaken, to repress
The o'erbearing floods of prosperous wickedness ;
The Christian faith had left Britannia's coast,
Her lamp extinguish'd, and her Gospel lost ;
Our eyes ere this had seen religion fall,
And black apostasy had deluged all ;

Nor more remains of truth had flourish'd here,
 Than where poor Asia's ruins scarce appear,
 And Unitarian Turks their impious Crescent rear. }
 O could the PRIEST, by God and angels prized,
 By fiends insulted, and by fools despised,
 His fight well-fought, when summon'd hence to go,
 Not then regardless of his charge below,
 Though sudden snatch'd from our desiring eyes,
 Bequeath his mantle, as he mounts the skies!

O may his friends, at the last dreadful day,
 When all the frail creation fades away,
 When God Incarnate fills the judgment-throne,
 Crown'd with his Father's radiance and his own,
 Arise with gladness, bliss ordain'd to share,
 And I, transported, meet a father there!
 See him lead up his flock with happy boast,—
 "These sheep thou gavest me, and not one is lost!"
 Exulting hear the final *Euge* given,—
 "Enter, thou faithful servant, to my heaven!"
 Glory, which here though faith may well believe,
 No speech can utter, and no thought conceive;
 When weary time his utmost race has run,
 Glory through endless ages but begun, }
 Beyond the glimmering spark of our meridian sun. }

VERSES UPON MY FATHER,

THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M., RECTOR OF EPWORTH.

ARISE, my song, with utmost vigour rise,
 And bear a long-tried virtue to the skies;

Ere yet his soul released from mouldering clay,
Springs from the slighted earth, and wings away,
Essay thy strength ! Let praise salute his ear,
The only truth he never wish'd to hear.

Let but a father read with favouring eyes,
And bless me yet again before he dies.

Paid are the strains ! his blessing far outweighs
A courtier's patronage, or critic's praise,
Or a Young's pension, or a Dryden's bays.

With opening life, his early worth began ;
The boy misleads not, but foreshows the man.
Directed wrong, though first he miss'd the way,
Train'd to mistake, and disciplined to stray ;
Not long :—for reason gilded error's night,
And doubts, well-founded, shot a dawn of light.
Nor prejudice o'ersway'd his heart and head,
Resolved to follow truth where'er she led,
The radiant track audacious to pursue,
From fame, from interest, and from friends he
flew.

Those shock'd him first who laugh at human sway,
Who preach, " Because commanded, disobey ;"
Who law's and gospel's bonds in sunder rend,
And blush not Bradshaw's saintship to defend ;
Alike the crown and mitre who forswore,
And scoff'd profanely at the martyr's gore ;
Though not in vain the sacred current flow'd,
Which gave this champion to the church of God.

No worldly views the real convert call ;
He sought God's altar when it seem'd to fall ;

To Oxford hasted, e'en in dangerous days,
 When royal anger struck the fated place ;
 When senseless policy was pleased to view
 With favour all religions but the true ;
 When a king's hand stretch'd out, amazed, they saw,*
 And troops were order'd to supply the law.
 Then luckless James possess'd the British throne,
 And for the papal grandeur risk'd his own ;
 Enraged at all who dared his schemes oppose,
 Stern to his friends, but ductile to his foes.
 Then Jesuits' wiles our Church's fall combined,
 Till Rome, to save her, with Geneva join'd.†

* This phrase was familiar to all the children of the venerable rector of Epworth, who, on receiving holy orders in the church of England, had imbibed principles nearly allied to those of the Nonjurors. But he soon found reason to modify and change them, in consequence of some public transactions, of which he was not an unconcerned spectator. In reference to the tyrannical acts of king James II., which his eldest son has, in these lines, so tersely and poetically described, the sturdy old clergyman was accustomed to declare: "When I heard him say to the Master and Fellows of Magdalen College, lifting up his lean arm, *If you refuse to obey me, you shall feel the weight of a king's right hand*; I saw he was a tyrant; and though I was not inclined to take an active part against him, I was resolved from that time to give him no kind of support."—EDIT.

† This line will be imperfectly understood, unless the reader be reminded of *the royal declaration for the entire liberty of conscience*, which was issued by king James II. in 1687, and repeated in 1688; and which, while it was intended principally for the benefit of the Papists, was refused by only a few among the moderate Dissenters. This politic *declaration*

Lo ! Orange sails, the prudent and the brave,
Our fears to scatter, and our rights to save.
This Briton's pen first pleaded William's cause,
And pleaded strongly for our faith and laws.

Nor yet unmention'd shall in silence lie
His slighted and derided poetry ;
Should Brown revile, or Swift my song despise,
Should other Garths and other legions rise.
Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,—
Faith to assert, and virtue to defend.
He sung how God the Saviour deign'd to expire,
With Vida's piety, though not his fire ;
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page.
Not cursed, like syren Dryden, to excel,
Who strew'd with flowerets fair the way to hell ;
With atheist doctrines loosest morals join'd,
To rot the body, and to damn the mind ;
All faith he scoff'd, all virtue bounded o'er,
And thought the world well barter'd for a whore !
Sworn foe to good, still pleading Satan's cause,
He crown'd the devil's martyrs with applause.
No Christian e'er would wish that dangerous height,
“ Nor would I write like him :—like him to write,
If there 's hereafter, and a last great day,
What fire's enough to purge his crimes away ?

excited such a powerful Protestant spirit throughout the nation, as conduced, in its results, to the salvation of the church of England, and to the Revolution of 1688.—EDIT.

How will he wish each lewd, applauded line,
That makes vice pleasing, and damnation shine,
Had been as dull as honest Quarles' or mine !”
So chants the bard his unapplauded lays,
While Dunton's prose a golden medal pays,
And Cibber's forehead wears the regal bays.
Though not inglorious was the poet's fate,
Liked and rewarded by the good and great ;
For gracious smiles not pious Anne denied,
And beauteous Mary bless'd him when she died.

TO A FRIEND, UPON HIS MARRIAGE.

THOUGH sly at first your marriage-knot you tied,
A secret bridegroom and unthought-of bride ;
Lest military tunes might shock your ear,
Of drums hoarse-sounding, or of trumpets clear,
Music will come at length, though not so soon,
You still shall be saluted with a tune :
Some sport at least I'll to your wedding bring,
And though I might not dance, yet shall I sing.

Bless'd may your marriage prove ! I joy'd at none
With gladness more intense, except my own.
Of envy void, your happy state I see ;
And may you ne'er have cause to envy me.
No jarring discord of domestic strife
Disturb the well-set harmony of life !

By deeds, not words, your higher power defend,
And seldom come so far as to contend :
For husbands 'gainst their wives to take the field,
Is the most base of all things—but to yield.
If numerous offspring should your wishes bless,
O may they never break your household peace,
Never of nature's rights their parents tell,
And, free-born, plead their privilege to rebel.

Some think that vows were made for man alone,
And mind his promise, but neglect their own.
“Love, honour, worship,” perfectly they say,
But treacherous is their memory—“to obey.”
May that “cursed vice” your union ne'er divide,
By fools call'd “spirit,” but by wise men “pride ;”
Whence perjured wives, rebellious, slight their head,
And bosom-vipers gnaw the marriage-bed ;
The deadliest plague that can inflicted be,
Except adultery and jealousy.

Pleased with your lot, contented and resign'd,
Let mean ambition never taint your mind ;
Nor seek preferment's broad but dirty road,
True to yourself, your country, and your God.
Would you, to rise, profess yourself agreed
In each vile tittle of the “Craftsman's” creed?—
To murder kings, if subjects they displease,
No matter for your oaths and Homilies ;*

* Long since the writing [of] this, the Craftsman has said,
“Passive obedience lies skulking in the Homilies :” an
expression of great propriety, since politicians are not used to
read such books.

The sacred right of bishops to disown,
No matter for your Gospel or your gown !
No freedom to dissent the tyrants gave,
Who with pretence of liberty enslave :
And Moderation's finger heavier weighs
Than Persecution's loins in Tory days.

Prize much each other's company ; 't is fair
They join in pleasure, who must join in care.
While, of your presence fond, she decks the board,
And pleased and smiling caters for her lord ;
Treats him with wine and wild-fowl, if he please,
—She'll find it cheaper far than bread and cheese.
If friends abroad should once the man engross,
She'll find the gain on't will not pay the loss.
For, most from home will naturally fly,
When forced at home to fast and mortify.
Who spares for meat and drink in keeping house,
May save her substance, but may lose her spouse ;
Then may she rave, and pine, and fret in vain ;
No art on earth can bring him back again.

Whoe'er a conscience void of guilt can share,
Has cause to laugh, and cast away old care ;
May slight the evil of the future day,
And till misfortune comes,—why, let it stay.
A time for all things is ordain'd on high,
A time to love and live, to part and die.
In mutual love the allotted season spend,
Pleased with the way, nor mindless of the end.
Let gayest mirth and strictest reason meet ;
When old be cheerful, as when young discreet ;

In serious hours nor levity betray,
Nor frown precisely, nor be grave at play.
In short, two little common words comprise
Your duty and your bliss,—“Be MERRY and be
WISE.”

THE PIG :

A TALE.

SOME husbands, on a winter's day,
Were met to laugh their spleen away.
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their consorts to the skies.
Obedient wives were seldom known ;
Yet all could answer for their own ;
Acknowledged each as sovereign lord,
Abroad, at home, in deed, in word ;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Grand Signior's over his sultanas.

For pride or shame to be outdone,
All join'd in the discourse but one ;
Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career :—
“'T is mighty strange, sirs, what you say !
What ! all so absolutely sway
In England, where Italians wise
Have placed the woman's paradise ?
In London where the sex's flower
Have of that Eden fix'd the bower !

Fie, men of sense to be so vain !
You're not in Turkey or in Spain ;
True Britons all,—I'll lay my life
None here is master of his wife ! ”

These words the general fury rouse,
And all the common cause espouse ;
Till one with voice superior said,
(Whose lungs were sounder than his head,)
“ I'll send my footman instant home,
To bid his mistress hither come ;
And if she flies not at my call,
To own my power before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-peck'd, if you please,
As Sherlock or as Socrates.”

“ Hold there,” replies the objector sly,
“ Prove first that matrons never lie ;
Else, words are wind. To tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you :
No ; we'll be judged a surer way,—
By what they do, not what they say.
I'll hold you severally that boast,
A supper at the loser's cost,
That, if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A trick I'll tell you by and by ;
Send straight for every wife quite round,
One mother's daughter is not found,
But what before her husband's face
Point-blank his order disobeys.”

To this they one and all consent ;
The wager laid, the summons went.

Meanwhile he this instruction gives :—
“ Pray, only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleasure is to invite
These friends to a boil'd pig to-night ;
The commoner the trick has been,
The better chance have you to win :
The treat is mine, if they refuse ;
But if they boil it, then I lose.”

The first to whom the message came
Was a well-born and haughty dame ;
A saucy independent she,
With jointure and with pin-money,
Secured by marriage-deeds from wants,
Without a separate maintenance.
Her loftiness disdain'd to hear
Half through her husband's messenger ;
But cut him short with,—“ How dare he
'Mong pot-companions send for me ?
He knows his way, if sober, home ;
And, if he wants me, bid him come.”
This answer, hastily return'd,
Pleased all but him whom it concern'd.
For each man thought, his wife on trial
Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
Who loved to visit, dress, and play ;
To sparkle in the box or ring,
And dance on birth-nights for the king ;
Whose head was busy wont to be
With something else than cookery.

She, hearing of her husband's name,
Though much a gentlewoman, came.
When half-inform'd of his request,
A dish as he desired it dress'd,
Quoth madam, with a serious face,
Without inquiring what it was,—
“You can't, sure, for an answer look;
Sir, do you take me for your cook?
But I must haste a friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her tea.”
So said, that minute out she flew:
What could the slighted husband do?
His wager lost must needs appear;
For none obey that will not hear.

The next for housewifery renown'd,
A woman notable was own'd,
Who hated idleness and airs,
And minded family affairs.
Expert at every thing was she,
At needle-work, or surgery;
Famed for her liquors far and near,
From richest cordial to small-beer.
To serve a feast she understood,
In English or in foreign mode;
Whate'er the wanton taste could choose,
In sauces, kickshaws, and ragous.
She spared for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guests to entertain.
Her husband fair accosts her thus:—
“To-night these friends will sup with us.”

She answer'd with a smile, "My dear,
Your friends are always welcome there."—
"But we desire a pig, and pray
You'd boil it."—"Boil it, do you say?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, sir, than so.
Why, ne'er in any book was yet
Found such a whimsical receipt.
My dressing none need be afraid of,
But such a dish was never heard of.
I'll roast it nice,—but shall not boil it;
Let those that know no better spoil it."
Her husband cried, "For all my boast,
I own the wager fairly lost;
And other wives, besides my love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
More chargeable than this to me,
To show their pride in housewifery."

Now the poor wretch who next him sat
Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat;
For well he knew his spouse's way;
Her spirit brook'd not to obey,
And never yet was in the wrong.
He told her, with a trembling tongue,
Where, and on what, his friends would feast,
And how the dainty should be dress'd.
"To-night!" quoth, in a passion, she;
"No, sirs, to-night it cannot be.
And was it *a boil'd pig* you said?
You and your friends, sure, are not mad!

The kitchen is the proper sphere,
Where none but females should appear ;
And cooks their orders, by your leave,
Always from mistresses receive.

Boil it ! was ever such an ass !

Pray, what would you desire for sauce ?

If any servant in my pay

Dare dress a pig that silly way,

In spite of any whim of yours,

I'll turn them quickly out of doors ;

For no such thing,—nay, never frown,—

Where I am mistress, shall be done.

Each woman wise her husband rules :

Passive obedience is for fools."

This case was quickly judged.—Behold,

A fair one of a softer mould ;

Good humour sparkled in her eye,

And unaffected pleasantry.

So mild and sweet she enter'd in,

Her spouse thought certainly to win.

Pity such golden hopes should fail !

Soon as she heard the appointed tale,—

"My dear, I know not, I protest,

Whether in earnest or in jest

So strange a supper you demand ;

Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,

But do't as freely as you bid it,

Prove but that ever woman did it."

This cause, by general consent,

Was lost for want of precedent.

Thus each denied, a several way ;
But all agreed to disobey.

One only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was and plain.
If now and then her voice she tries,
'T is not for rule, but exercise.
Unused her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for the right,
She made her little wisdom go
Farther than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,—
“ A roasted pig I boil'd would have,
And, to prevent all *pro* and *con*,
I must insist to have it done.”
Says she, “ My dearest, shall your wife
Get a nick-name to last for life ?
If you resolve to spoil it, do ;
But I desire you 'll eat it too :
For though 't is boil'd, to hinder squabble,
I shall not, will not, sit at table.”

She spoke, and her good man alone
Found he had neither lost nor won,
So fairly parted stakes. The rest
Fell on the wag that caused the jest :
“ Would your wife boil it? Let us see.”
“ Hold there ; you did not lay with me.
You find, in spite of all you boasted,
Your pigs are fated to be roasted.
The wager's lost ; no more contend,
But take this counsel from a friend ;

Boast not your empire, if you prize it ;
 For happiest he that never tries it.
 Wives unprovoked think not of sway ;
 Without commanding they obey.
 But if your dear ones take the field,
 Resolve at once to win or yield ;
 For Heaven no medium ever gave
 Betwixt a sovereign and a slave."

A LETTER FROM A GUARDIAN TO A YOUNG LADY.

SAY, shall I try your growing sense to improve
 With friendly counsel of a guardian's love ;
 On moral verse awhile your thoughts engage,
 Soft as your sex, and cheerful as your age ?
 Say, shall I try to suit with flowing rhyme
 The joyous season of your virgin prime ;
 Entreat you early to be wise and good,
 To rest and peace the sure and only road ?
 So may your pleasure with your life-time stay :
 Time unrepented wing its happy way,
 As every year *fifteen*, and every month were *May*. }

Look on embroidery ; not a sprig that's there
 Was made by chance, or finish'd without care.
 By art the flowers beneath the needle grow,
 The stems rise verdant, and the rose-buds blow.

Art governs life : who happiness attains,
Must spare no thinking, and refuse no pains ;
Nor fear from hence that trouble should arise ;
For thought is never trouble to the wise.
And few were ever bless'd by chance alone ;
It fails in thousands where it hits in one.

Of all the charms the female sex desire,
That lovers doat on, and that friends admire,
Those most deserve your wish that longest last,
Not, like the bloom of beauty, quickly past ;
Virtue the chief : this men and angels prize
Above the finest shape and brightest eyes.
By this alone, untainted joys we find,
As large and as immortal as the mind.
Whate'er your age would reap, your youth should

sow,

For the great seed-time of your life is now ;
When fancy's mimic power is warm and strong,
Engraving deeply, and retaining long,
What age can scarcely learn and hardly hold.
The signet, thus cast in the best-wrought mould,
Imprints no likeness when the wax is cold. }

'T is no disgrace a book to understand,
And spelling well becomes the fairest hand.
Boldly with knowledge stock your soul within ;
It adds no freckle to the whitest skin,
In song or dance mars not a single grace,
And spoils no feature in the loveliest face.
Could you like warbling Arabella sing,
With flying fingers wake the vocal string,

In sprightly dance the exactest judges please,
At once with fire, and decency, and ease ;
Age stiffens joints, and makes our motion weak,
And turns the sweetest quaver to a squeak :
Virtue and knowledge will for ever stay,
And cheer the life-blood when the hairs are grey.

One general caution through your youth be
shown,—

To trust nor man nor woman when unknown.
Let sure experience to esteem commend
Both the male suitor and the female friend ;
Or strict inquiry prove their conduct true
To God and man, else think them false to you.
Too oft unworthy wretches favour share ;
For bosom friends an auction they declare,
And to the highest bidder sell the fair. }
Too oft the trusted confidant prevails,
The handmaid conquering, where the lover fails.
'Tis hard for heedless youth the snare to shun,
By their own gold the fortunes are undone.
Unwary maids of their own sex are fond,
And diamond is cut with diamond.

To pass their time need mortals e'er be told,
Lost by the young, and wish'd-for by the old ?
Devotion's practice claims the earliest part,
And books, that clear the head and warm the heart.
Besides, brisk youth amusements may invent,
At once genteel, ingenious, innocent.
Behold, to please the eye if she incline,
Colours to limn, and pencils to design ;

Grave histories employment may supply,
Or the gay scenes of slighter poetry.
Nor need the fair the industrious needle shun,
Or hate the nun's-work, though she hates the nun.
When great Augustus ruled the world and Rome, }
The cloth he wore was spun and wove at home, }
His empress plied the distaff and the loom ;
And English laws the proudest beauty name,
When single, "spinster," and when married, "dame."
Nay, household cares to wisest women yield
A large, an useful, and a grateful field ;
To make the cleanly kitchen send up food,
Not costly vain, but plentifully good ;
To bid the cellar's fountain never fail,
Fill'd with the well-brew'd stores of native ale ;
To cheat the palate with domestic wines,
Though Norman William grubb'd up all our vines ;
To buy, to pay, to blame, or to approve,
Within, without, below-stairs, and above ;
To shine in every corner, like the sun,
Who ne'er pollutes his beams with looking on.
Or, grant such care no pleasure could produce,
'Tis prudent not to slight it for its use.
The greatest wealth needs care : a famous peer, }
With forty thousand pounds *per annum* clear, }
Has run beyond his income every year !
The nobles daily find it to their cost,
Though ancient hospitality is lost.
For no estate with negligence can hold ;
And those who count not, never keep, their gold.

One glorious scene of action yet behind,
The fair that likes it is secure to find :
Cordials and medicines *gratis* to dispense,
A beauteous instrument of Providence ;
Plasters, and salves, and sores to understand,
The surgeon's art befits a lady's hand ;
To friendless pain unhoped-for ease to give,
And bid the hungry eat and sickly live.
And thus, if we may credit fame's report,
The best and fairest in the Gallic court
An hour sometimes in hospitals employ,
To give the dying wretch a glimpse of joy ;
To attend the crowds that hopeless pangs endure,
And soothe the anguish which they cannot cure ;
To clothe the bare, and give the empty food,
As bright as guardian-angels, and as good.
Better import this custom out of France,
Than the last top-knot, or the newest dance.

I grant, these rules suit not the fashion now ;
Not thus our modern girls to women grow :
Their hours far different studies entertain ;
They learn to deal the cards, and throw the main ;
Whose mothers at a single stake will play
Their fame, their fortunes, and their souls away.
Perhaps a little farther Miss proceeds,
Writes without rule, and without spelling reads ;
Enters and leaves a room with perfect skill,
The fan can flutter, and the tea can fill.
But O ! if dear Mamma she can persuade
To change quadrille at night for masquerade,

Where she her pretty fancy may express
 In some unnatural and improper dress,
 She grows a woman straight, the work is done ;
 For hot-beds ripen faster than the sun.
 There dangerous converse to the virtuous fair,
 The scum and refuse of mankind are there ;
 (Yet, good or bad, this privilege they claim,
 To speak their thoughts without restraint of
 shame !)

The very vilest, both of rich and poor,
 From the lewd peeress to the hackney whore ;
 The lordly rakehell taints the chastest ear,
 And “fly-blows” all his wit and poison there ;
 Notorious profligates, whom none admit
 Of common prudence at their board to sit ;
 Scoundrels, who, if bare-faced they durst appear,
 Would kicks, and blanketing, and cudgels fear :
 As if the maid could be discreetly bred,
 Who minds the board, but never guards the bed !

But, lest too much your patience I offend,
 Like an old man, I’ll with a story end :—
 A celebrated lady once there was,*
 In Charles the Martyr’s and the Second’s days,
 Who foreign courts and princes had survey’d ;
 When ask’d what an accomplish’d woman made,
 With memorable answer, thus she said :—
 “She who her present business learns to do ;
 High without pride, and without meanness low ;

* Lady Fanshawe : Sir Richard was ambassador in Spain.

She only with complete desert is crown'd
Who, never at a loss for action found,
To scour a kettle knows, or set a diamond."

}

EPITAPH ON A GAMESTER AND FREE-
THINKER.

Jacta est alea.

HERE lies a sceptic, long in doubt
If death could kill the soul or not ;
Death ends his doubtfulness at last ;
Convinced,—but O ! the die is cast !

SONG.

I.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

II.

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent or alone ;
Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
And at every one's call but his own.

III.

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still ;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his power,
But accursed with his wanting the will.

IV.

For a year must be pass'd, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest ;
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
And then will have time to be blest.

V.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they
increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye.
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please ;
Let not even mine enemy die.

ON MR. HOBBS.

OCCASIONED BY A COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY THE
EARL OF MULGRAVE.

'T is justly thought, to praise is ever hard,
When real virtue fires the glowing bard ;
But harder far, whene'er the poet's mind,
Labouring, creates the worth he cannot find.

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'T will task a Cowley's genius, to commend
False Brutus cringing while he stabs his friend.
To make the trifler Hobbes unworthy shine,
Will ask the utmost of a wit like thine !

The reader's malice makes the satire please ;
Yet praises void of truth are flatteries,
Which steal from genuine worth the honours due ;
Romantic heroes thus obscure the true.

" The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside."

As " wise and good " no longer then must shine,
Good Socrates, or Plato the divine ;
On ancient Greece is pass'd a general doom,
And Tully pleading for the gods of Rome ;
All statues to their fame, are overthrown,
And Hobbes or Epicurus stands alone !

Shall Christian virtues, too, the slander share,
And wait, as captives, his triumphal car ?
As by superior excellence compell'd,
Shall Anna bow ? shall Charles the martyr yield ?
Hyde, wise in calms, and faithful in the storm,
Great to record, but greater to perform ?
Wide-conquering Raleigh, and far-searching Boyle,
And Newton, glory of our age and isle ?
Are these the vulgar, superstitious crowd,
That own the maxims of the incarnate God ?
Rather than heaven, let earth be disesteem'd,
And Hobbes exploded, than our God blasphemed !
Hobbes ! in whose every page display'd we see
His " privilege of man," absurdity !

'T is hard to point where most his merits shine,
In human learning, or in laws divine.

"All matter thinks, as such," he gravely says,
The smallest grain of sand, and spire of grass ;
Only to express their thoughts they wanted power,
Till he arose, their sweet-tongued orator.

Rome's wildest legends are excell'd at once,
With thinking blocks and philosophic stones.

Say, whence his far-famed politics began,
Whence his admired and loved "Leviathan?"
Wearied with exile, basely he complied,
And, coward, started from the suffering side ;
With abject lies usurping force adored,
And measured justice by the longest sword.
Bless'd moralist ! who taught even good and ill
To veer obsequious to the tyrant's will :
Prone to renounce his sense at Cromwell's nod,
And traitor to his prince as to his God.

Hear, all ye wits, his gospel !—"Tales received,
In private feign'd and publicly believed :
These are religion." He alike esteems
The prophets' visions and the rabbies' dreams ;
Nor matters who the rising sect begun,
Or Mary's offspring, or Abdallah's son.
No smallest difference can his wisdom find ;
For colours all are equal to the blind.

Yet tales, when once establish'd by the state,
He holds for sacred, and as fix'd as fate ;
Nor shall the Almighty Lord his pleasure show,
Without dependence on the gods below.

The civil creed no subject must deny,
Or disbelieve it, though 'tis own'd a lie.
Hither from farthest east, ye Brahmins, come !
Hither, ye western locusts, monks of Rome !
Behold this frontless, all-imposing man,
And match him with *your* priestcraft, if ye can !

Prodigious sage ! who taught mankind to know
The dangerous cheats of Robin Goodfellow !
Of fairies tripping light a moon-shine round,
Where rising verdure marks the circled ground !
Charm'd down by him, each airy spirit flies,
And grosser witches vanish from our eyes ;
Crones, untransform'd, their own bad figures keep,
And broomstaffs peaceful in their corners sleep.
Yet vulgar tales this mighty champion scare,
This foe to shades, this conqueror of the air !
Ghosts immaterial he as dreams decries,
Yet dreads their power, whose being he denies.
The noon-day boaster, straight a coward grown,
Shudders and trembles in the dark alone :
Spectres and phantoms glare before his sight,
Which, when the candle enters, cease to fright.
'T was thus he lived our nation's boasted pride !
And (O that truth could hide it !) thus he died !
Dreams, whimsies, fancies, nothings, then he fear'd ;
And "leap'd into the dark," and disappear'd !

Not thus his matchless wisdom Bacon show'd,
He found in all things, and he own'd, a God :
As farther learn'd, still readier to adore ;
And still the more he knew, believed the more ;

Glories to virtue due secure to find,
Unbounded and immortal as his mind.
Could Hobbes, alas! an equal prospect see
In the sad gloom of dark futurity?
Who dreamt, that man, once dust, shall never rise,
That when the carcass falls, the spirit dies;
If quite extinct, insensible of fame,
Yet barr'd the poor reversion of a name!
While yet alive, by vanity betray'd,
He saw his fleeting, groundless honours fade:
Nor sacred verse their lustre can prolong;
No, not a Cowley's nor a Mulgrave's song.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. MORGAN,
OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

If aught beneath them happy souls attend,
Let Morgan hear the triumph of a friend,
And hear well-pleased. Let libertines so gay,
With careless indolence, despise the lay;
Let critic wits and fools, for laughter born,
Their verdict pass with supercilious scorn;
Let jovial crowds, in wine their senses drown'd,
Stammer out censure in their frantic round;
Let yawning sluggards faint dislike display,
Who, while they trust to-morrow, lose to-day;—
Let such as these the pious strains condemn;
For 't is true glory to be hiss'd by them.

Wise in his prime, he waited not till noon,
Convinced that mortals never lived too soon.
As if foreboding then his little stay,
He made his morning bear the heat of day.
Fix'd, while unfading glory he pursues,
No ill to hazard, and no good to lose ;
No fair occasion glides unheeded by ;
Snatching the golden moments as they fly,
He by few fleeting hours insures eternity. }
Friendship's warm beams his artless breast inspire,
And tenderest reverence to a much-loved sire.
He dared for heaven this flattering world forego,
Ardent to teach, as diligent to know ;
Unwarp'd by sensual ends, or vulgar aims,
By idle riches, or by idler names ;
Fearful of sin in every close disguise ;
Unmoved by threatening or by glozing lies.
Seldom indeed the wicked came so far,
Forced by his piety to defensive war ;
Whose zeal, for other men's salvation shown,
Beyond the reach of hell secured his own ;
Gladdening the poor where'er his steps he turn'd ;
Where pined the orphan, or the widow mourn'd ;
Where prisoners sigh'd beneath guilt's horrid
stain,
The worst confinement and the heaviest chain ;
Where death's sad shade the uninstructed sight
Veil'd with thick darkness in the land of light.
Our Saviour thus fulfill'd his great design,
(For human may be liken'd to divine,)

Heal'd each disease that bodies frail endure,
And preach'd the unhoped-for Gospel to the poor.

Nor yet the priestly function he invades,
'Tis not his sermon, but his life, persuades,
Humble and teachable to church he flies,
Prepared to practise, not to criticise.
Then only angry, when a wretch conveys
The Deists' poison in the Gospel phrase.
To means of grace the last respect he show'd,
Nor sought new paths, as wiser than his God :
Their sacred strength preserved him from extremes
Of empty outside, or enthusiast dreams ;
Whims of Molinos, lost in rapture's mist,
Or Quaker, late-reforming Quietist.

He knew that works must here our faith employ,
And that 'tis heaven's great business to enjoy.
Fix'd on that heaven, he death's approaches saw,
Nor vainly murmur'd at our nature's law ;
Repined not that his youth so soon should go,
Nor grieved for fleeting pleasures here below.
Of sharpest anguish scorning to complain,
He fills with mirth the intervals of pain.
Not only unappall'd, but cheerful, sees
The dark, cold passage that must lead to peace ;
Strong with immortal bloom, secure to rise,
The tears for ever banish'd from his eyes.

Who now regrets his early youth would spend
The life so nobly that so soon should end ?
Who blames the stripling for performing more
Than doctors grave, and prelates of threescore ?

Who now esteems his fervour indiscreet,
 His prayers too frequent, and his alms too great ?
 Who thinks, where bless'd he reigns beyond the sky,
 His crown too radiant, and his throne too high ?
 Who but the fiend, who once his course withstood,
 And whisper'd, "Stay till fifty to be good ?"
 Sure, if believed, to obtain his hellish aim,
 Adjourning to the time that never came !

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER CHARLES.

APRIL 20TH, 1732.

THOUGH neither are o'erstock'd with precious
time—

If I can write it, you can read my rhyme :
 And find an hour to answer, I suppose,
 In verse harmonious, or in humble prose,
 What I, when late at Oxford, could not say,
 My friends so numerous, and so short my stay.
 Let useless questions first aside be thrown,
 Which all men may reply to, or that none :
 —As, whether doctors doubt the dean will die,
 Or F—— still retains his courtesy ;
 Or I——n dies daily in conceit,
 Dies without death, and walks without his feet ;
 What time the library completes its shell ;
 What hand revives the discipline of Fell ;

What house for learning shall rewards prepare,
Which orators and poets justly share,
And see a second Atterbury there? }

Say, does your Christian purpose still proceed
To assist, in every shape, the wretch's need?
To free the prisoner from his anxious jail,
When friends forsake him, and relations fail?
Or yet, with nobler charity, conspire
To snatch the guilty from eternal fire?
Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,
Without preciseness, singularly good?
Safe march they on, 'twixt dangerous extremes
Of mad profaneness, and enthusiasts' dreams?
Constant in prayer, while God approves their
pains,

His Spirit cheers them, and his blood sustains!
Unmoved by pride or anger, can they fear
The foolish laughter, or the envious flier?
No wonder wicked men blaspheme their care;
The devil always dreads offensive war.
Where heavenly zeal the sons of night pursues,
Likely to gain, and certain not to lose;
The sleeping conscience wakes by dangers near,
And pours the light in, they so greatly fear.

But, hold! perhaps this dry religious toil
May damp the genius, and the scholar spoil!
Perhaps facetious foes or meddling fools
Shine in the class, and sparkle in the schools;
Your arts excel, your eloquence outgo,
And soar like Virgil, or like Tully flow;

Have brightest turns and deepest learning shown,
And proved your wit mistaken, by their own !

If not, the wights should moderately rail,
Whose total merit, summ'd from fair detail,
Is, sauntering, sleep, and smoke, and wine, and ale !

How contraries may meet without design,
And pretty gentlemen and bigots join !
A pert young rake observes, with haughty airs,
That "none can know the world who say their
prayers ;"

And Rome, in middle ages, used to grant,
The most devout were still most ignorant.
So, when old bloody Noll our ruin wrought,
Was ignorance the best devotion thought.
His crop-hair'd saints all marks of sense deface,
And preach that learning is a foe to grace :
English was spoke in schools, and Latin ceased ;
They quite reform'd the language of the beast.

One or two questions more, before I end,
That much concern a brother and a friend.
Does John beyond his strength presume to go,
To his frail carcass literally foe ?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time to insure eternity ?
Does Morgan weakly think his time mis-spent ?
Of his best actions can he now repent ?
Others, their sins with reason just deplore,
The guilt remaining when the pleasure's o'er :
Shall he for virtue, first, himself upbraid,
Since the foundation of the world was laid ?

Shall he (what most men to their sins deny)
 Show pain for alms, remorse for piety?
 Can he the sacred eucharist decline?
 What Clement poisons here the bread and wine?
 Or does his sad disease possess him whole,
 And taint alike the body and the soul?

If to renounce his graces he decree,
 O that he could transfer the stroke to me!
 Alas! enough what mortal e'er can do
 For Him that made him, and redeem'd him too?
 Zeal may to man, beyond desert, be show'd;
 No super-erogation stands with God.
 Does earth grow fairer to his parting eye?
 Is heaven less lovely, as it seems more nigh?
 O, wondrous preparation this—to die!

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A CHILD OF A YEAR OLD.

I.

HAIL! to thy parents' wishes born,
 Permitted here to stay,
 To see once more the cheerful morn
 That gave thee into day.

II.

Within a single little year
 Thy sisters lived to die,

Just shown on earth to disappear,
Sent early to the sky.

III.

Mayest thou, with happier lot than these,
Thy parents' hopes employ ;
And years, and many years, increase
The occasion of their joy !

IV.

In piety and virtue grow,
As rising years improve ;
Bless'd with a longer life below,
And higher place above.

ON THE ROSE :

FROM ANACREON.

In the garland-bearing spring,
To the rose I strike the string ;
Join the concert while I sing.

Scented first by heavenly breath,
Sprung the rose for man beneath ;
Fragrant blossom ! yielding joy,
Dear to Venus and her boy ;
To the Graces dear, in hours
Full of love, and full of flowers :

}

To the Muses it belongs,
Subject of poetic songs.
Sweet to him who haply strays,
Doubtful, slow, through thorny ways ;
Sweet to her who from the stalk
Plucks it in her morning's walk ;
That her virgin hand may move
To her breast the flower of love.

From the rose what pleasures rise,
To the gay and to the wise !
This with gladsome wreath invests
Vernal and autumnal feasts ;
Grace and ornament affords
To our altars and our boards.

Roses all that's fair adorn :
Rosy-finger'd is the morn,
Rosy-arm'd the nymphs are seen,
Rosy-skinn'd is beauty's queen.
These the sick and languid please,
Nay, the dead are deck'd with these.
These can even conquer time ;
Since, when faded from their prime,
Still they breathe perfume, and hold
Youthful odour when they're old,

Say we whence the rose's bloom ?
When, from the neglected foam,
Hoary Ocean Venus gave,
Dew-besprinkled, from the wave ;
When Minerva, fierce and fair,
Queen of tumult and of war,

Issued from the head of Jove,
 Dreadful to the realms above ;
 Then the general mother earth
 Teem'd, and bore a flowery birth,
 New-born rose, producing thee,
 Various, beauteous progeny !

See the gods in council meet !
 See the soil with nectar sweet
 Soft they tinge ! and quick the rose
 Sacred to Lyæus grows ;
 Deathless flower, divinely born !
 Glorious offspring of the thorn !

REFLECTIONS UPON THESE TWO VERSES
 OF MR. OLDHAM :—

“ LORD of myself, accountable to none
 But to my conscience and my God alone.”

I.

LIVE there composed of earthly frame
 Who dare such height of pride to own,
 “ Lords of themselves,” themselves to name,
 As if accountable to none ?

II.

How vain the assuming in a dream
 The greatness due to God alone !
 Who, self-sufficient and supreme,
 Still reigns “ accountable to none.”

III.

Thus Lucifer his honours lost,
Hurl'd headlong from his azure throne ;
So dear the short aspiring cost,
To reign "accountable to none !"

IV.

Pride soars for seraphims too high ;
Shall man be proud, a wretch forlorn ?
Ere well he lives, ordain'd to die,
Of sin conceived, and woman born ?

V.

An angry look, or sudden word,
A stinging weed, or little thorn,
Can discompose this mighty lord,
Of sin conceived, and woman born !

VI.

The slightest toy can end his span ;
The meanest object of his scorn
Can crush this independent man,
Of sin conceived, and woman born !

VII.

But few, perhaps, desire, while here,
To reign "accountable to none ;"
The wisest may vouchsafe to fear
"Their conscience and their God alone."

VIII.

While fools, for terror or reward,
Are steer'd by motions not their own,
These, centring in themselves, regard
"Their conscience and their God alone."

IX.

The world may flatter or revile,
May court the mitre or the throne ;
These fear the frown, and seek the smile,
Of "conscience and of God alone."

X.

Here, surely, they may refuge take ;
No ! lower yet descend, and lower ;
For, see the windings of the snake
Beneath the beauties of the flower !

XI.

Saints from accounting are not free,
When chains of duty bind their hands ;
And e'en when these are loose, we see
That strong necessity commands.

XII.

Go, bid the wisest pleader gain
The cause, of which he nothing sees :
Go, bid physicians heal our pain,
Without inquiring the disease.

XIII.

Depending seemingly on air,
Her nets the labouring insect spreads ;
The nearer nothing they appear,
The easier 't is to break their threads.

XIV.

Through nature we may search in vain :
Where can this fond chimera be,
This vision of the waking brain,
This idol,—independency ?

XV.

The larger half of all mankind,
Nor yet to years of reason grown,
By God and nature, are assign'd
Nor will nor freedom of their own.

XVI.

Woman, a goddess to the fool,
Without usurping, cannot sway :
By what commission shall she rule,
Sworn, nay, created, to obey ?

XVII.

Subjects with sworn allegiance bow
To sovereigns, Heaven's peculiar care ;
And just degrees of duty owe
To all that Cæsar's image bear.

XVIII.

Nay, though the unworthiest of the crowd
Above their fellows' heads should soar,
A Pembroke great, a Thanet good,
May bow to Pulteney when in power.

XIX.

If aught our brother's fall may cause,
The scandal given we must remove ;
Enjoin'd by Christ, if not by laws,
To veil our dignity to love.

XX.

At charity's almighty call,
Down, down is human grandeur thrown ;
We then must give account to all ;
And thus "accountable to none !"

XXI.

The greatest sovereign of the ball,
High-raised on his imperial throne,
In love must give account to all ;
In law "accountable to none."

XXII.

To friends and foes, to great and small,
Our country's servants, nay, our own,
We all must give account to all ;
And thus "accountable to none !"

XXIII.

But grant, that, far from human-kind,
Obliging and obliged by none,
We graze, like anchorites, resign'd
“To conscience and to God alone;”

XXIV.

Though the first thought perhaps may rove,
As if from awe of all we ran;
Severely will the second prove,
That pride was never made for man!

XXV.

If all we think, and do, and say,
To men and angels will be shown;
What boots it for an hour, or day,
To lurk “accountable to none?”

AN ANACREONTIC ODE

UPON A WEDDING, AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS' COURTSHIP.

BEGIN, the joyous nuptial sing!
Wake the warbling, dancing string!
Not old Anacreon would desire
Sweeter subject for his lyre,
Than love for length of years the same,
Bright with undiminish'd flame;

What later ages rarely see,
Patriarchal constancy !
Let misers, fond of yellow mould,
Truck their happiness for gold ;
No shining dust his choice could move,
Wisely fix'd to live and love.
May he for all the years he spent,
Ne'er have reason to repent ;
And she be studious to repay
Seven years' service in a day !
And both the pain that's past employ
More to raise their present joy.
If children e'er should bless their eyes,
Healthy, virtuous let them rise ;
With new endearments still improve
All the tenderness of love.
Far from the cheerful mansion, far,
Shy suspicion, breeding jar ;
Pride, too aspiring to descend,
Wanton wit that wounds a friend ;
And spirit high, with humour join'd,
Curse of man- and woman-kind !
May neither miss the happy road,
To their duty, to their God ;
While many, many years they see,
Bless'd with peace and piety !
That all the wise their praise may give,—
“ Well this pair knew how to live ! ”
That all who see their death may cry,—
“ Well this pair knew how to die ! ”

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT REV.
FRANCIS GASTRELL, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

“ The memory of the just is blessed ; but the name of the wicked shall rot.” Prov. x. 7.

I SING a prelate good, unbodied now,
Nor longer “ angel of the church ” below ;
Enthroned triumphant ! May the lines be free
From sordid hope, and servile flattery !
Such views, if known, this happy saint would
move

To shake his radiant head, and frown above.
A generous plainness through the verse be shown ;
Truth without fear, and roughness like his own ;
Roughness, by none despised, by most revered,
By fools avoided, and by villains fear’d.

While Gastrell’s praises fill the hallow’d strain,
Far hence, ye false, ye vicious, ye profane !
Whoe’er can virtue out of place despise,
And sneak inglorious when ye stoop to rise ;
Whoe’er for interest have your honour sold,
And truck’d your conscience or your friend for
gold ;

Whoe’er with changing factions change your minds,
And veer obsequious to the shifting winds ;
Or shun to read, or, reading, scoff his name,
And where you mean him scandal, give him fame.

Ye sacred founts, whence truth and learning
 spring,
 At once accept and witness what I sing.
 Mean poet I, to bid in numbers rise
 Gastrell, the learn'd, the pious, and the wise ;
 By Cam's and Isis' grateful sons approved ;
 By Anne promoted, and by Harley loved.
 Him Isis early bless'd with calm retreat,
 Where arts ingenious fix'd their happy seat ;
 Where Laud of old intrepid ruled the gown ;
 Where Fell presided, and where Aldrich shone :
 Studios in youth, here learn'd he to excel,
 And gain'd the wisdom he employ'd so well.
 Whether his nervous eloquence he show'd,
 To assert creating and presiding God,
 Author and End of all ; whose will is fate,
 Almighty to revenge as to create ; *
 Or Christ his consecrated pen require,
 Co-eval Son descending from the Sire ;
 Whom ransom for his foes the Father gave,
 Who lived to teach us, and who died to save :
 From truth to truth the solid reasoner goes ;
 Nor fraud can 'scape him, nor can force oppose ;

* The poet alludes, in these verses, to Dr. Gastrell's able sermons, preached at the Boyle Lecture, in 1697, against atheism and deism. In the four subsequent verses, he refers not only to his "Considerations concerning the Trinity," written while the controversy was at its height between South and Sherlock, but also to his "Remarks upon Dr. Samuel Clarke's Scripture-Doctrine of the Trinity."—EDIT.

And earth and hell may try their arts in vain,
To break one link of the adamantine chain.

Hear him, when learning seems his voice to
need,

For academic honours boldly plead ;*
Mindful of truth, as mindless of applause,
With strength and candour worthy of his cause.
Long may those bulwarks of religion stand,
True to the mitred head, and sceptred hand !
To future times let Hyde immortal tell,
How bravely once they stood, how nobly fell,
When viper-sects our parent-church subdued,
And traitor Cromwell gorged himself with blood !
Nor less distinguish'd courage dared they show
Against a different, but an equal foe :
Their worthies stemm'd the tide in danger's hour,
Against the papal as the rebel power :
In youth, for firmness to the sire, undone,
In hoary age, ejected by the son.
In vain each shape the subtle serpent tries,
With schism would tear, with heresy surprise,
Where Jane or Potter traced the latent snare ;
Where James and Beaumont fill'd the sacred chair,

* This paragraph alludes to his unsuccessful refusal, when bishop of Chester, to institute the Rev. Samuel Peploe to the Wardenship of the collegiate church of Manchester, because he produced only a Lambeth degree of *bachelor of divinity*, when he might have obtained, and was actually in a course of regular preparation for obtaining, that degree from the University of Oxford.—EDIT.

And, worthy, fill'd. Such, foreign lands may style
Justly "the glories of Britannia's isle ;"
Whate'er self-praising pedants idly say,
More proud of ignorance than of learning they !
Let thrifty atheists vote their charters down ;
Let faction storm, and superstition frown ;
Let glittering beaus their little wits engage,
And well-dress'd Vandals barbarously rage ;
The more the wise admire, convinced the more,
The banks are needful when the billows roar.

A spoiler once possess'd the British throne,
Who cured the church's avarice by his own ;
Scatter'd to priests or death or famine round,
Reform'd the ancient temples to the ground :
Yet Puritanic saints some gleanings met,
And what the hail had spared, the locusts ate.
This Anna deign'd with pitying eye to see,
Supreme alike in power and piety !
In deserts wild the prophets' sons she fed,
And made the hungry ravens bring them bread ;
And wisely liberal raised their growing store,
Nor plunder'd from the rich to feed the poor.
How wide diffused the charity extends,
When what the prince begins the prelate ends !
For, see the loaves, which Gastrell's hands divide,
Almost by miracle are multiplied.
At once by precept and example led,
From breast to breast infectious bounty spread.
The Deists scarce from offering could withhold,
And misers wonder'd they should part with gold ;

Who grudge the smallest mite to churches given,
And count it loss on earth, to gain in heaven.*

Nor gifts nor wealth the apostles need require,
When God, descending, crown'd their heads with
fire ;

Subjected nature's course to their commands,
Inspired their lips, and acted by their hands ;
Through palsied limbs fresh blooming vigour
shed,

And spake the dead alive, and living dead.

No powers like these their successors can claim ;
Though yet their gospel and their God the same,
The noblest preachers only now present
The calm, still wonder of a life well-spent.

Such Gastrell lived, on duty bent alone,
Studious to profit all, but flatter none ;

Listening, attentive, to the wretch's cry,
The griefs low-whisper'd, and the stifled sigh ;

When gathering storms would touch his soul with
fear,

Unmoved, though peals of thunder struck his
ear ;

Careful by works his faith unfeign'd to prove,
By zeal unshaken, and unwearied love ;
For tenderest love and warmest zeal agree ;
Nay, zeal, well-bounded, turns to charity,

* The good bishop had been appointed one of the commissioners for building fifty new churches in and about London, and a member of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.—EDIT.

That cheers the faint, bright-shining from afar,
And guides to Jesus, like the wise men's star.
O! would the incarnate God to prelates give
To all like him to write, like him to live!
So faith divine might wider beams display,
And win, resistless, o'er the world its way;
So Rome the Gospel uncorrupt might own,
And haughty pontiffs vail their triple crown;
The frozen north might bishops' thrones befriend,
And far as Thulé to the mitre bend!

Cautious and strict, what steadfastness he show'd,
Ordaining servants for the courts of God!
Thither, through him, no feet unhallow'd came;
The pass was guarded with a sword of flame.
No criminals his awful looks could bear,
Who fled to shelter, not to worship there.
Far let them fly, and seek, in distant lands,
For less intrepid hearts and meaner hands.
Nor frown, nor smile, nor terror, nor reward,
Moved him the Saviour's church to disregard.
Almost as soon might Peter's zeal have sold
His heavenly powers for perishable gold;
At Mammon's beck dispensed ethereal fire,
And made apostles for a wizard's hire.

Some future poet rise, the prelate's praise
Record, sublime, in ever-during lays;
To deathless ages give his fame declared:
Such heat celestial fired the glowing bard,
For David's heir his harp when Prior strung,
Or Pope with noblest flight Messiah sung.

His glory thus preserved by lays divine,
In song co-eval with the world might shine ;
When gusts of passion sink, no more to rise,
And envy mouldering with his ashes lies ;
When charms of present interest shall decay,
And faction's lessening murmurs die away ;
When virtue shall no more be deem'd a crime,
But truth, emerging, triumph over time.
So when of old, a patriot great and good,
In Rome imperious or in Athens proud,
Some sore affront to clowns or tribunes gave,
And scorn'd to flatter whom he fought to save ;
His hated worth they doom'd by public voice,
And banishment or death was all the choice :
Too late convinced, their rashness they deplored,
And whom they judged before, they now adored ;
By crowns and statues vain repentance show'd,
And voted the condemn'd into a God.

Gastrell the art of courts disdain'd to know,
And the smooth polish of a fawning brow ;
His tongue refused the subtle statesman's part,
And spoke the genuine language of his heart ;
Fearless of powerful anger's threatening eye,
Too plain to double, and too brave to lie.
Those slavish, abject souls he scorn'd, severe,
Who count promotion never bought too dear ;
Who ply for years the meanest, basest toil,
Pleased with a nod, transported with a smile ;
Practise the obeisant cringe, the expecting face,
And watch each turn of whimsey in his Grace :

To every favour'd livery they can see,
Who crook the supple hinges of the knee ;
Hard labouring on their worthless heads to set
A mitre, menial to a coronet.

His loyalty from genuine motives flow'd,
True to his prince, as faithful to his God ;
Him solemn oaths could tie, though unconfined
By bonds of interest base, or passion blind :
By meaner views while vulgar subjects steer,
And fix allegiance as they hope or fear ;
Whom rays of favour must to duty charm ;
(Those who in sunshine bask may well be warm !)
If placed on high, they rule the common-weal,
And well-paid pensions recompense their zeal.
But let the much-loved sovereign please to frown,
And coldly cast these zealous servants down,
Down sinks the weather-glass ; no more they praise,
But lose their duty, when they lose their place.
So common trees their annual dress put on,
Cheer'd by the vernal showers and summer sun ;
While smiling seasons last, they flourish fair,
But stormy autumn leaves them dead or bare.
Not so the laurel's constant green we find ;
Careless of favouring sun or adverse wind,
It holds its leaf, when wintry tempests blow,
And keeps its verdure underneath the snow.

The prelate, doom'd in exile sad to rove,
(Forgive, ye great ones, for I still must love !)
Ere yet the thunder from its cloud was fled,
Or lanced the lightning pointed at his head,

Found Gastrell firm an enemy * to defend ;
Let cowards leave, and villains crush a friend !
No conscious guilt in common danger tied,
No partial favour warp'd him to his side.
You that in pomp of grandeur strut your hour,
In bright meridian of an envied power,
Try all your friends, of every rank and kind,
A man like this amid your thousands find ;
Nor levees throng'd his equal can supply ;
Nor honours gain you, nor exchequers buy !
When loss of best-loved friends ordain'd to
know,
Next pain and guilt the greatest ill below ;
(For, vain the hope which mortal breath supplies,
Since Oxford yields to fate, and Anna dies !)
Grieved, not dismay'd, to Providence resign'd,
Nor death he courted, nor at life repined,
Though crowds before him slept, from toil released,
And pious Smalridge had retired to rest ;
Nor fear'd, had Heaven decreed it, to have stood
Adverse against a world, and singly good.

* Bishop Gastrell had always disapproved of the imperious temper of Dr. Atterbury, and had most heartily opposed his harsh and despotic measures as Dean of Christ-Church, when he attempted to play the tyrant among the members of that learned society. Notwithstanding, when the Bill for inflicting pains and penalties upon the the bishop of Rochester, his old school-fellow and college-friend, was before the House of Lords, he spoke against that measure as arbitrary and unjust, with a manliness and warmth which evinced the sincerity at least of his own impressions. —EDIT.

So brave Nassau opposed the Gallic reign,
And found the Belgian moles and ramparts vain ;
For less the task old Ocean's rage to guide,
Than stem the fury of ambition's tide.
Dauntless tho' foil'd, and tho' out-number'd bold,
Unawed by faction, and unbribed by gold ;
No spot of earth unfought the hero gave ;
No, till his foes had earn'd it, not a grave ;
Late in the farthest dike resolved to lie,
Till then to battle, and but there to die.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS RECOVERY FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.

I, who was late concern'd to hear
The danger of a life so dear,
Would now a friendly verse employ
To claim an interest in your joy ;
Joy to yourself, a second time
Rescued from falling in your prime ;
Joy to your parents, happy now,
To whom so often life you owe,
As guarded by a father's care,
Or granted to a mother's prayer.
How did they mourn your early bloom,
The promise of a man to come !
The pleasing hope they used to raise,
When planning of your future days !

What pangs the former transport cost,
Which seem'd, alas ! for ever lost !
What tenderness of grief ! which you,
Till you 're a parent, cannot know :
For who can know except they feel
The pains that are unspeakable ?
Pains that are heighten'd to excess,
By thoughts of transient happiness !
So various scenes amuse the eye
In clouds that paint a summer's sky ;
Short pleasure ! every fleeting breeze
Destroys the wavering images ;
Well, if the prospect disappears
Without dissolving into tears.

O, tread in virtue's happy road,
True to yourself, and to your God ;
To Him perpetual homage give,
And live to Him, by whom you live ;
No vicious course your youth engage,
To treasure sorrow for your age ;
That none, by blood or love allied,
Have cause to wish you now had died ;
That each one, who your worth surveys,
May bless the lengthening of your days.
'Tis well if all your coming years
May pay a father for his tears ;
If joy that from your welfare flows,
May recompense a mother's woes.

THE DOG :

A MILTONIC FRAGMENT

THEE, sister, gladly would my verse provoke,
Nor other meed expect I, than to wake
Thy strain melodious ; while, without or rhyme
Or haply reason, unexperienced lays,
And unapproved, unless when sung by thee,
Audacious, I attempt, and rise to sing
A dog ; if dog aright he may be term'd,
Who scarcely more, I ween, in shape resembles
The vulgar barking animals on earth,
Than Sirius or than Procyon, heavenly stars.

Say, first, whoe'er can say, what clime produced,
What sire begot, this admirable form,
Uncouth, prodigious ; lately cursed, but now
Thrice blest ! the subject of heroic song ?
Or Dutch low-built and squat, or slimmer Dane,
Four-footed wit, with roguish visage sly ;
Or nobler kinds, too near, alas ! extinct,
The Irish greyhound or the English mastiff ;
Or favourite brood of Charles, discerning king
To espy perfection or in beast or man !
Or rather else from parentage unknown,
Like ancient heroes sprung from mother earth,
The general mother earth, without a sire ;
For sires beget their like, and propagate
Their kinds ; but like to him was never found.

His colours strange, what mortal painter's hand
 With all his lights and shadings can express?
 Inexplicably grisly ! but his tail,
 O ! had'st thou seen his tail, the matchless shape,
 The identic shape, thy fancy would retain,
 Engraven in eternal characters,
 While memory holds its empire in the brain ;
 A line like which not Archimedes old
 In yielding sand e'er traced, nor greater skill
 Of modern Newton e'er has yet on slate
 'Midst figures, curve or rectilinear, drawn ;
 Transverse, disjointed from the sacred bone,
 It stood, as nought of kindred to the parts
 Posterior whence it grew, or rather seem'd
 To adhere, not native there : (so misletoe
 Seems only grafted on its parent oak :)
 Nor uniform the length ; part dangling lithe,
 Part horizontal stiff, though not so stiff
 As tail of Memphian crocodile full grown.

* * * * *

Hiatus in MS.

Learn hence, thou two-legg'd animal call'd man ;
 Or haughty Stoic, boasting apathy ;
 Or grunting swine of Epicurus' herd ;
 Or Cynic churl, that, proud of causeless snarl,
 Unworthily usurp'st the name of dog ;
 Learn, from my lofty, moralizing song,
 A grateful sense of benefits received,
 A humble reverence of superior power.

THE DESCRIPTIVE :

A MILTONIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE MODERNS.

Torvâ Mimalloneis implérunt cornua bombis.—NERO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Invocation—The Poem slides insensibly into the Midst of Things, and presents a Flower-piece ; then proceeds to the Heat of Africa, the Fertility of Harvest, and the Cold usually ensuing—This naturally leads to the Stages of Man's Life—Infancy—A Bird's Nest, illustrated from Homer—Youth, closed with a Simile—*Aphrogala μεμασιγωμένον**—The next two Ages, slightly touched, make Way for a Sketch of the Morning—A moral Reflection on the Uncertainty of human Things, by Way of Transition to Night ; wherein is introduced an Assemblage of allegorical Persons, perfectly picturesque, and highly suitable to the Nature of this Kind of Poetry—The Conclusion.

O THOU, sweet-musing in the umbrageous grots
Of cool Cithæron, or the embowering shade
Of Pimpla's lofty top, aërial height ;
Or hear'st thou rather from the secret cave
Oracular, yawning with awful Night ?
Or else where'er by visionary bard
Thou sitt'st enthroned, to me alike where'er,

* *Al. leg. μεμασιγοφόρον.* vid. Steph.

Present to me alike. Not unobserved
By rural swains, and not unwish'd the guest
Approaches glad, with smiling chaplets crown'd,
And odours floating soft on Zephyr's wings,
With early-blooming sweets ; the primrose fair,
Named from the joyous prime ; the violet
Impurpled, blue-eyed, thicket-loving flower ;
With ruddier specks their paly gold among,
Cowslips distinct emblazon'd. He who speaks,
Speaks adequate the numbers numberless
Of various flowrets, from all-bearing earth
Self-raised, spontaneous, may perchance recount
Or buds which swell with vernal warmth's return,
Or drops descending in prolific showers,
Or epithets in sacred poet's song.

Thee, torrid zone adust, thee who shall praise ?
Except by Sirius or his brother star
Haply inspired. Phœbus' meridian fires
Intense, extreme, (while the fierce lion reigns,
Malignant reigns, morbidic, pestilent,)
Heat Afric's furnace into sevenfold flame ;
Whose burnings join'd, reflexive and direct,
Half vitrify her sands ; impoisoning more
Dragons impoison'd, basilisks death-crown'd,
And dipsas dry, and sublimate their stings
Or teeth, erst dangerous ; now, avoidless fate !
Quick, instantaneous. When autumnal boughs,
Fruit-bent to earth, hang pendent, parent earth
As studious to repay ; apples forth pour
Draughts emulous of the vine, mature produce,

Nectareous ; vales with yellow harvests crown'd,
Ambrosial, tempt the careful reapers' toil.
Nor Ceres, fancied power ! but nature, boon,
Roughens the furrow'd plain with beardy gold.
Behold, he comes with trembling pace, but sure,
Whose icy breath the circumambient air
Chills froze ; by rustic foot or carriage press'd,
Unyielding, unobsequious stands the frost,
Nitrous, encrusted, crispy, crackling, crimp.

Life's stages fleet in quick succession roll,
Each after each. Babes tell aloud their woe,
Too plain, alas ! though inarticulate ;
Though unexperienced yet to form the sound
Distinct, syllabic ; while the infant tongue
With still-born motion flutters into speech.
See ! the boy storms the bird's weak citadel,
Straw or stick-built, or of what stuff so'er
They choose, instinctive, lined with smoothest moss,
Or down still smoother, waving in mid sky,
Transcending boasted architecture far,
Doric, Corinthian, plain, or composite ;
The helpless brood, small, callow, bare, unfledged,
He seizes, sportive ; ah ! their tender limbs
With ruthless hands he pulls, he tugs, he tears.
So blind Mæonides, in body blind,
Of soul sharp-sighted, sung, a snake devour'd
Eight young in presence of their frightened dam ;
The dam the ninth : which shadow'd Ilium's fall,
And the robb'd bird's nest show'd the fate of Troy.
In wild designs is giddy youth absorpt,

Conceived with rashness, and with rage pursued,
Idle, unprofitable, void, and vain.
So in pellucid crystal turgid swells
The creamy viand, gently turgid swells,
Unsolid sweet, with vacuum full-fraught,
Something like nothing, flying taste and touch,
Yet to the transient eye alluring, soft,
Spumaceous, aphrodisian : manhood ripe
Advanced, autumnal yields the fruits, which erst
Youth's bloom had promised fair, but verges swift,
Too swiftly verges, to decline of life ;
Decrepit, querulous, unthought-of eld,
With unsuspected silence, creeping on,
Not fear'd till found, not understood till felt.

Hail, gladsome prime of day ! when orient Sol
Shoots horizontal beams on dew-dropp'd pearls
Mellifluous ; ethereal poets chant,
Two-legg'd, but not unfeather'd, melting lays,
With trill harmonious and responsive tune :
Sweet antiphon ! But what, alas ! if fair,
In mortal state is permanent ? The morn
Brings on meridian blaze, day beckons night ;
And each beginning leads us to an end.
When birds obscene, by the all-viewing sun
Ages unview'd, fly forth ; ill omens all !
With scream portentous and terrific wing,
Chill fear, and shuddering guilt, and pale dismay,
Moony distraction, life-consuming grief,
And horror, raven-plumed,—enormous group !
Cut the dank moist, and cleave the dark obscure.

To thee, O night, what shall to thee compare ?
 Save the black grave, where loftiest poets' dust
 Undreaming sleeps, stiff, senseless, motionless,
 Silent, untuneful all ; far, far removed
 From mortals' busy paths, and sight humane,
 From touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod ;
 Vocal their harps no more, in rory damp
 Moulders the lifeless, ever-living choir.

EPIGRAM ON THE FOREGOING MIL-
 TONICS.

“ WHAT makes you write at this odd rate ? ”
 “ Why, Sirs, it is to imitate.”—
 “ What makes you rant and ramble so ? ”
 “ Why, 't is to do as others do.”—
 “ But there's no meaning to be seen ? ”
 “ Why, that's the very thing I mean.”

SNUFF :

A SATIRE.

I SING of snuff ! What power shall I adore ?
 Or whence shall needy rhimer aid implore ?
 Old threadbare Muses now no more will do,
 And Sylphs and Sylphids are as much too new.
 I'll e'en address, to purpose full as good,
 An earthly mortal SHE, of flesh and blood.

O thou, for whom these numbers are design'd
Be ever present to my labouring mind !
Still may I think on thy severe command,
To inspire my tardy wit, and urge my backward hand.
So shall thy smiles as real strength infuse,
As ever bard received from goddess Muse.
My task perform'd, with grateful joy I'll own,
That every single line proceeds from thee alone.*

The snuff-box first provokes our just disdain,
That rival of the fan and of the cane.
Your modern beaus to richest shrines intrust
Their worthless stores of fashionable dust.
Or wrought, or plain, the clouded shell behold,
The polish'd silver, or the burnish'd gold ;
The agate landscape, drawn by nature's hand,
Or finer pebble from the Arabian strand,
The shining beds where pearls imperfect lie,
Smooth to the touch when roughest to the eye ;
While distant climes their various arts employ
To adorn and to complete the modish toy.
Hinges with close-wrought joints from Paris come ;
Pictures dear-bought from Venice and from Rome ;
While some with home-made lids their fancies please,
And bear enshrined their own dear images :
True to themselves, they need no foreign face ;
Nature divine can human art surpass,
And each Italian paint must yield to looking-glass. }

* These verses are said to have been addressed to his sister Kezziah Wesley, who was passionately addicted to snuff-taking.—EDIT.

The lovely hand is now no longer bare,
The rumpled neckcloth to compose with care,
To fix a falling patch, or smooth a ruffled hair :
The never-failing snuff-box ready stands
To show the well-turn'd joints, and lily hands ;
Arm'd at all points, with this the beau can
move

Envy in men, and, in the females, love ;
Against this flail the fair have no defence ;
'Tis humour, breeding, wit, and eloquence.
A kind employ the snuff-box can afford
To youths that scorn the pen, and fear the sword ;
The well-cut nails are placed in open day,
And wanton on the lid the taper fingers play.
Circled with gold the brilliant diamond glows,
So fond the fop its lustre to expose,
That, like an Indian prince, he'll wear it at his
nose.

The radiant box of treasured dust is full,
And richly furnish'd as its owner's skull.
A thousand shapes the Indian weed disguise,
Veil'd in a thousand shapes the weed they prize :
Of barbarous names who can recount the train ?
The scented Bergamot, and Spanish plain ;
The Orangerie with odour not its own,
Or that from Seville named or Barcelone ;
The greenish sand which Portugal bestows,
Perfumed with urine to regale the nose !
Far-fetch'd Brazil, almost for touch too fine,
Which toiling merchants seek beyond the line.

Let foolish Indians be no more our scorn,
Who truck their gold or gems for beads or horn ;
The gay polite of sage Britannia's land
Will part with sterling in exchange for sand.
With what disdain the belles would glance askew, }
Were leaf, not powder, proffer'd to their view ! }
Tho' still the thing's the same, the title only new. }
For, favourite snuff, disguise it as you will,
In spite of art, remains tobacco still :
As when a fair is lured to sin and shame,
Tho' coach'd or carted, praised or damn'd by fame ;
Though miss or duchess, lowly-born or great,
With cinders on her head, or coronet ;
Down to Nell Gwynne, from Rosamond or Shore,
Whate'er her title be, in English she's a whore.

There are who veil their stinks with utmost care,
Scents, not Arabian, breathing from their hair ;
Who, conscious of themselves, are frequent known
With sweat of civet-cats to hide their own.
When sweets and essence fail, and in their room
Too powerful nature conquers the perfume,
In self-defence they stench to stench oppose,
And guard with clods of snuff the suffering nose.
No smell can pierce through that secure defence,
No, not their own, not jakes or frankincense.
On wights like these nature in vain bestows
The jessamine, the jonquil, the violet, and the
 rose ;
No more to them, than if alone there grew
The loathsome garlic and the stinking rue.

Vain are the sweets that either Indies bring ;
 Vain are the blooming fragrances of spring.

Strange is the power of snuff, whose pungent
 grains

Can make fops speak, and furnish beaus with brains ;
 Nay, can enchant the fair to such degree,
 Scarce more admired could French romances be, }
 Scarce scandal more beloved, or darling flattery ; }
 Whether to the India-house they take their way, }
 Loiter i' th' park, or at the toilet stay, }
 Whether at church they shine, or sparkle at the }
 play.

Nay, farther yet perhaps their snuff they keep,
 Take it in bed, and dream on 't when asleep ;
 For, sure, unless the beau may claim a part,
 Snuff is the topmost trifle of the heart.
 Nor care of cleanliness, nor love of dress,
 Can save their clothes from brick-dust nastiness.
 Let work employ the poor, snuff the genteel,
 Your well-bred spinster scorns the spinning-wheel ;
 Let coop'd-up seamstresses their fingers ply,
 And cloister'd nuns drudge at embroidery,
 Fatigue for belles too great ! who would as soon,
 As deign to play the seamstress, play the nun.

Some think the part too small of modish sand,
 Which at a niggard pinch they can command ;
 Nor can their fingers for that task suffice,
 Their nose too greedy, not their hand too nice :
 To such a height with these is fashion grown,
 They feed their very nostrils with a spoon.

One, and but one, degree is wanting yet,
To make our senseless luxury complete ;
Some choice regale, useless as snuff, and dear,
Which shall in future times perchance appear,
To feed the mazy windings of the ear. }

AN ODE TO JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.,
IN THE COUNTRY.

A. D. 1728.

I.

ARISE, and soar, my towering soul,
To flights of lofty Pindar's song,
When, scorning laws, his torrents roll
Their dithyrambic tide along :
No fall, like Icarus, I fear,
Who dared with artful pinions fly ;
Me stronger nature shall upbear,
Nor follower, but a rival, I.

II.

Though long extinct Apollo's rage,
And lost is Aganippe's stream,
Nature, the same in every age,
Still shines, my unexhausted theme !
Whether her favour deign to crown
Some darling son with wit refined,
Or wisdom shower and virtue down,
Those glories of the human mind !

III.

Or else her pencil she prepare
For Spring's returning scene,
To paint inimitably fair
The fields with living green :
Her gaudy bow aloft to spread,
When clouds their treasure pour ;
Or earth embroider, for our tread,
With beauties of the flower.

I.

Wisely, from smoke and noise removed,
Each morn you view, with ravish'd eye,
The country sweet, by poets loved,
Which fancy must to me supply.
On breezes vernal odours float,
The dew-drops glitter on the spray ;
The feather'd songsters swell their note,
And the sun smiles, and you are gay.

II.

Senates, supreme on earth, we see,
Bid new-built temples threat the skies ;
Whitehall itself, at their decree,
Improved might from its ashes rise.
But say, Would all their art and care
One single vegetable show ?
With cowslips' scent perfume the air,
Or teach the hawthorn how to blow ?

III.

Did fortune answer to my mind,
My wishes to my love,
No need of invitations kind
To lead me to the grove,
Where nature's works I might admire,
Free from the city's crowd,
And from the art of man retire,
To view the art of God.

I.

Vast navies, built by human skill,
The pilot's wondrous art obey ;
The oak deserts its native hill,
O'er ocean's liquid world to stray :
Yet vain the shipwright's boasted pride,
The chart or compass nought avails,
If nature joins not with her tide,
Nor lends assistance with her gales.

II.

From pole to pole our squadrons go,
Excelling ancient fables, far,
Of Argo, when a ship below,
Or when exalted to a star :
Preserved from rocks and storms in vain,
Laden with wealth or fame they come,
Should erring counsellors ordain,
They suffer shipwreck here at home.

III.

Them virtue rises to defend,
In spite of numbers bold ;
See avarice awhile suspend
Its wonted thirst of gold !
What pride or fraud may have design'd,
See reason overbear !
And fleets a port of safety find,
If Oglethorpe is there.*

I.

The pious grateful duty owes
To the dear land where he was born ;
A glorious debt, which nature knows
With fairest interest to return.
He merits first his country's praise
Who steers her helm, through danger, on ;
And he deserves the second place
Who guards her safety with a son.

II.

'T was thus the father of my friend
Wisely secured a lasting fame,
Beyond the reach of death to extend
His public and domestic name.
'T is single, 't is imperfect light,
The world from worth unwedded shares ;

* See, in a subsequent page, (175,) the poem, "The Prisons opened ;" to the subject of which this verse, and that which precedes it, contain an elegant allusion.—EDIT.

He only shines completely bright
Who leaves his virtues to his heirs.

III.

O! thus, too, may his offspring haste
His glory to improve,
And, fired by love to Britain, taste
The bliss of private love!
With joy his summons I attend,
And fly with speed away;
Let but the patriot condescend
To fix his marriage-day.

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

I.

WHETHER in lyric I should soar,
In honour of the married station,
Or else my style to doggerel lower,
Has cost me much consideration;
The theme for lofty verse might do,
But mirth would better suit with you.

II.

He that, to love and virtue true,
His first affection scorn'd to vary,
With mitres would have nought to do,
But, *Nolo*, cried, *episcopari*,

In earnest might demand my lays,
And merit seriousness of praise.

III.

But when upon your face I think,
So plump, so waggish, and so merry,
My lofty strains begin to sink,
And Pindar dwindles to *Down-derry* :
Then doggerel I esteem the best,
And seriousness would be a jest.

IV.

Let both then meet ; for we may find,
Looking through nature universal,
Earnest and jest together twined ;
So Mr Bayes, in the "Rehearsal,"
To serious business would advance,
"Agreed,—but first let's have a dance."

V.

So now to business we fall in,
How you of bliss may keep possession ;
Lest when I end I but begin,
And all my subject be digression :—
Three words comprise the whole, say I,
LOVE, COMMON-SENSE, and PIETY.

VI.

May you ne'er want a court to see,
Nor prelate benefices giving ;

But happy long enjoy, like me,
A livelihood, if not a living :
So may you truly prove more great
And rich, than most of your estate.

VII.

In Gloucestershire no Eden plan,
Nor fret at crosses light or common ;
Remember, every man is man,
And every woman is a woman :
And who perfection here below
Should look for, which they cannot show ?

VIII.

Time changes thought ; I'll tell you, that
For all things is a season fitting ;
Thus, what is graver than a cat ?
And what is merrier than a kitten ?
Yet cats, though old, with young ones play,
And pat and pur when they are grey.

IX.

Long may you live in health and ease,
While balm of love each ill assuages ;
And children dutiful increase,
Your youths reviving in your ages.
With spotless virtue let them shine,
And soften life in its decline.

X.

May death late close your aged eyes,
Your plighted hands asunder rending ;

Like a just moral, good and wise,
 A pleasing, well-drawn fable ending ;
 Your deaths be as your life-time spent,
 Easy, and calm, and innocent. ;

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BEFORE THE BEAU'S STRATAGEM, ACTED BY
 SOME YOUNG PERSONS OF QUALITY.

LET play-house actors crowded seats desire,
 And stretch their venal voices for their hire :
 We practise not for gain, to grieve, or rage ;
 But enter *gratis*, on a private stage.
 Expect not here to see the ambitious rise,
 To weep the falling great, or wretched wise ;
 Pleased if our sport a father entertains,
 Or mother's joys shall recompense our pains.
 Our end is mirth, our characters are low,
 A finish'd rake, and fortune-hunting beau :
 A pair unhappy, parted by consent,
 And freed without an Act of Parliament.
 To obtain your smiles with comic smiles we try ;
 'T is wholesomer to laugh than 't is to cry.
 What, tho' they tell us, " Griefs, and pains, and cares
 Oppress with loads of woe the hoary hairs ;"
 Those come too soon, how long soe'er they stay.
 Indulge the present hour, and laugh to-day ;
 Our years excuse us ; 't is our time to play. }

THE PRISONS OPENED.

THIS terse and spirited poem celebrates, in enraptured strains, the godlike acts of those enlightened patriots who became, in 1728, the honoured precursors of the benevolent HOWARD and FRY, in the relief of suffering humanity. The subjoined brief account of the formation of the Committee, and some of its subsequent proceedings, is extracted from SALMON'S "Chronological Historian :"—

"February 18th, 1728. About this time, James Oglethorpe, Esquire, a Member of the Commons, having a friend in the Fleet-Prison, named Castel, an ingenious architect, whom he used to visit there ; and being informed, that the hardships Castel suffered in that prison had been the occasion of his death, he moved that a Committee might be appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of this kingdom. And a Committee being appointed accordingly, of which Mr. Oglethorpe was Chairman ; they visited the Fleet-Prison on the 27th of February, and examined several of the prisoners ; and, among the rest, sir William Rich, Bart., whom they found loaded with heavy irons by the Warden, Mr. Bambridge ; whereupon, they ordered his irons to be taken off : but the Committee were no sooner withdrawn, than Bambridge ordered sir William to be put in irons again, in which condition they found

sir William the next day. Whereupon, the House resolved, That Thomas Bambridge, Esq., Warden of His Majesty's prison of the Fleet, should be taken into custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms."

"March 20th. Mr. Oglethorpe, from the Committee to inquire into the state of the gaols of this kingdom, reported the Resolutions of the Committee thereupon ; and the said Resolutions were agreed to by the House, being of the following tenor :—

"Resolved, *Nemine contradicente*, That Thomas Bambridge, the acting Warden of the Fleet-Prison, hath wilfully permitted several debtors to the crown in great sums of money, as well as debtors to divers of His Majesty's subjects, to escape ; that he hath been guilty of the most notorious breaches of his trust, great extortions, and the highest crimes and misdemeanours, in the execution of his said office : and hath arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, put into dungeons, and destroyed, prisoners for debt, treating them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of the laws of this kingdom.

"Resolved, That John Huggins, Esq., late Warden of the Fleet-Prison, did, during his Wardenship, wilfully permit many considerable debtors in his custody to escape ; and was notoriously guilty of great breaches of his trust, extortions, cruelties, and other high crimes and misdemeanours in the execution of his said office, to the great oppression and ruin of many of the subjects of this kingdom.

“Resolved, That James Barnes, William Pindar, John Everett, and Thomas King, were agents of, and accomplices with, the said Thomas Bambridge, in the commission of his said crimes. And it was agreed to address His Majesty, to order the Attorney-General to prosecute the said offenders. And they were ordered to be committed close prisoners to Newgate : and two Bills were ordered to be brought in, the one to disable the said Thomas Bambridge to hold the office of Warden of the Fleet, or exercise any authority relating thereto : the other for the better regulating the Fleet-Prison ; and more effectually preventing and punishing the arbitrary and illegal practices of the Warden of the said prison.”

Bribery in high places was employed to an incredible extent, in order to stifle this Committee, or to neutralize its praiseworthy exertions ; and motives the most malevolent and base were publicly imputed to its members. But these worthies were “made of sterner stuff” than to suffer themselves to be frightened from their glorious purpose by “the crackling of thorns under a pot,” or by the intimidating impotence of the guilty parties and of their hireling compurgators. These patrons of iniquity, therefore, were not sorry, when, four years afterwards, they beheld General Oglethorpe again unfurling the banner of our common humanity, and leading forth the little band of unfortunate and indigent persons that formed the nucleus of the colony of Georgia.

SAMUEL WESLEY was not the only poet whose verse immortalized the members of this memorable Committee: JAMES THOMSON, in his "Winter," poured forth the following touching strains in honour of their beneficent labours:—

"AND here can I forget the generous * band,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice!
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants raged:
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right!"

* The Gaol-Committee, in the year 1729.

—EDIT.

THE
PRISONS OPENED:
A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY THE
GLORIOUS PROCEEDINGS OF THE COM-
MITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO THE STATE OF THE
GAOLS OF THIS KINGDOM, IN THE YEAR 1728.

*Facilis descensus Averni ;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis :
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens everit ad æthera virtus,
Diis geniti, potuere.*

VIRG.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ., CHAIRMAN,
LORD VISCOUNT PERCI- SIR H. HOWARTH,
VAL, BART.,
SIR T. LOWTHER, BART., ROBERT BYNG, ESQ.,

CHARLES SELWYN, ESQ.,	EDWARD VERNON, ESQ.,
ERASMUS PHILIPS, ESQ.,	JOHN CAMPBEL, ESQ.,
STAM. BROOKSBANK, ESQ.,	ROGERS HOLLAND, ESQ.,
JOHN LA ROCHE, ESQ.,	JAMES TUFFNEL, ESQ.,
CHARLES WITHERS, ESQ.,	T. LEWIS, ESQ., OF RAD-
JOHN CROSSE, ESQ.,	NOR,
VELTERS CORNWALL, ESQ.,	ROBERT MORE, ESQ.,
ROBERT HUCKES, ESQ.,	JOHN NORRIS, ESQ.,
SIR R. CLIFTON, K. B.,	EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.,
SIR ARCHIBALD GRANT,	THOMAS TOWERS, ESQ.,
BART.,	SIR ABRAHAM ELTON,
MR. ALDERMAN PARSONS,	BART.

AND THE REST OF THE ACTING MEMBERS OF THE
COMMITTEE.

LET arms and warriors other poets fire,
Or love's sweet anguish tune the softer lyre ;
I sing of prisoners freed, and guilt pursued
With generous ardour by the great and good.
O Thou from whom that generous ardour came,
(A heat far nobler than poetic flame,)
Father of Goodness ! hear, and teach my lays
That best, that darling attribute to praise ;
Make list'ning crowds detest tyrannic wrong,
And learn the love of mercy from my song ;
Make patriots' fame with fairest lustre shine,
And raise their glory, by exalting thine !

What various paths unhappy mortals tread,
Which down to dungeons and to tortures lead !

In gaol a few secure their ill-got store ;
By vices many fall, by folly more.
The flatter'd heir in short-lived pomp behold,
How flush'd with youth, and wine, and love, and
gold !

All arts, all baits, unnumber'd tempters try,
Friendship's endearing form, and beauty's eye :
Manors are lost, though petty stakes are won,
And garter'd sharpers urge his ruin on.
By pity some (a glorious fault !) have fail'd,
A friend supported, or a father bail'd.
Some perish, void of error and offence,
Cast headlong by resistless Providence :
Orphans, who frauds of guardians cannot shun,
Clients by legal labyrinths undone ;
The trader, strictly just, yet overthrown
By others' crimes, and losses not his own.
Nor more redress the breaking merchant finds
From Spanish seizures, than from adverse winds.
Lo ! countless swarms the dire abode receives,
Thick as in autumn drop the sapless leaves,
Whom State-deceit and South-Sea plunder drain'd,
Which like a general deluge swept the land ;
Whom public faith could no protection lend,
Seeming, and only seeming, to defend.

When wretches, stripp'd of Fortune's gifts,
repair
To the dark dome of temporal despair,
Fast by the prison-gates with sleepless eyes
Sits griping, never-sated Avarice.

To him the admitted fine for being poor,
And ope with gold the inhospitable door,
Compell'd, since laws and gaolers so ordain,
To pay for misery, and to bribe for pain :
To gain the asylum of the Fleet they strive,
The privilege to be entomb'd alive !
So, as the Pagan fabling poets tell,
Was Charon fee'd for wafting souls to hell :
To pass the lake thick-thronging ghosts desire,
To torments most condemn'd, and penal fire ;
As if Alecto's snakes they long'd to feel,
Or Tityus' vulture, or Ixion's wheel.

The gaol (sad emblem of flagitious times,
Revenging virtues, and rewarding crimes !)
Sees only villains thrive, by ruin great,
Who owe to guilt the splendour of their state ;
Who, placed by fraud and wealth from justice
free,

In ease or pomp enjoy captivity ;
Who sure escape by massy gold can force,
While wardens share the wealth of creditors !
Or those who basely join to afflict the good,
Comrades of theft, and instruments of blood ;
Whose well-feign'd worth the merchant's trust
deceives,

And stocks with monthly spoils the den of thieves ;
Who, as superiors dictate, witness bear,
To riot, murder, nay, to treason swear ;
Who aid to worst barbarities afford,
Relentless hell-hounds worthy of their lord !

Who drink to burning fever's thirst deny,
And see the famish'd swoon with stony eye ;
Permit not prisoners even on alms to feed,
But snatch from starving mouths the scanty
bread.

These, these alone, from Huggins met regard,
And these the favours of a Bambridge shared ;
While wrath avoidless fell on all beside,
With utmost fury of despotic pride.
So famed Procrustes old—if bards may dare
A less with greater tyrants to compare—
Offers his formidable bed to all,
And racks the dwarfish guest, and lops the tall :
Those only from the couch unhurt arise,
Whose stature answers to the robber's size.

The Fleet's stern king, circled with guards like
these,

Each helpless subject robs, and strips, and fleas ;
Incarnate fiends for torturing shackles call,
Except the captive yields them *more than all* ;
In prison within prison staked he lies,
And keepers' under-keepers tyrannize !
With weighty fetters gall'd the sufferers groan,
Or close-screw'd rivets crack the solid bone ;
Their only bed, dank earth unpaved and bare,
Their only covering is the chains they wear ;
Debarr'd from cheerful morn, and human sight,
In lonely, restless, and enduring night ;
The strongest health unsinew'd by disease,
And famine wasting life by slow degrees ;

Piece-meal alive they rot, long-doom'd to bear
The pestilential, foul, imprison'd air ;
Unless the friendly fumes on reason prey,
And kind distraction take their sense away.
But each black view of horrible restraint,
What verse can number, and what pencil paint ?
Dire scenes ! which Huggins and his Bambridge know,
Where ghastly spectres utter tales of woe !
As if the prisoners were condemn'd to dwell
With pains, with darkness, and with fiends of hell !
No smallest glimpse of distant hope they see,
O ! lowest depth of human misery !
When wish'd-for death's approach shows quiet nigh,
The soul, just-fluttering, is forbid to fly :
Then, seeming kind, the cursed tormentors strive
To keep departing anguish still alive.
So when the long-robed murderers of Rome,
Inquisitors, a wretch to tortures doom,
They heal the limbs, which can no more endure,
(Less cruel when they rack than when they cure !)
That nature, spent, recruits of strength may gain
For fresh distortion, and repeated pain.
When wild despair, impatient of its woes,
By fond self-murder would suborn repose ;
A life destroy'd unmoved the keeper sees,
And only mourns his loss of bribes and fees.
Here, though his barbarous rigours find an end,
Farther will powerful Avarice extend ;
Like the grand Turk, he pleases to declare
Himself, of all that die, the general heir :

What every vassal leaves he speaks his own,
But yields no portion to the wife or son.
No complaints can reach the courts, or timely art
Prevents their sinking to the hearer's heart,
Had not a PRICE in spotless glory shined,
Our Justice had been deaf as well as blind :
No laws, no privilege redress could give,
Nor subjects' right, nor king's prerogative ;
Not Acts of Grace, till heaven's appointed hour
To dart just vengeance on tyrannic power ;
Not God's vicegerents broke the iron chain,
Even Anne herself was merciful in vain ;
Not sovereign smiles the prison-gates unfold,
Without large tributes of extorted gold.
So purgatory's realm the pope obeys,
The founder he and warden of the place !
There souls are feign'd fierce flames to undergo,
Intense as everlasting burnings glow ;
Tho' Christ had clear'd their guilt, they long remain
Pardon'd and prisoners to infernal pain ;
No charitable pontiff turns the keys,
Till priestly gaolers have secured their fees.

Is ours the land where peace and freedom smile ?
What wrathful influence cursed our age and isle,
Monsters of boundless avarice to see,
Unblushing fraud, unsated cruelty ?
Here Bambridge breathes as yet the vital air !
Here partial great ones conscious Huggins spare !
Yet, Britain, cease thy captives' woes to mourn,
To break their chains, see, Oglethorpe was born !

Vernon, whose steady truth no threats can bend,
And Hughes, the sailor's never-failing friend !
Towers, whose rich youth can ease and pleasure
fly,

And Percival, renown'd for piety !
Cornewall, to aid the friendless never slow,
Whose generous breast still melts at others' woe !
These dare the tyrants, long secure, oppose ;
Thus gracious Heaven its benefits bestows,—
The antidote is found there where the poison grows. }

These, and the rest for ardent goodness famed,
Unnamed, though greatly worthy to be named,
Who seek to merit praise, but not receive ;
(May those I name as easily forgive !)
Who fear not to relieve the afflicted, rise
Girt with false friends and real enemies.
Numbers at first with scorn their fervour view,
And smile in secret at the active few ;
Faint-hearted or designing murmurs sound,
And whisper, "'Tis impossible !" around ;
And craft, by public clamours overborne,
When tides of justice grew too strong to turn,
Boasted its aim by specious, vain pretence
To elude their strength, and mock their diligence.
Short boast ! all dangers to their courage bow,
And where appears the vaunted cunning now ?
So was Alcides sent to dangerous war,
(If false with real labours we compare,)
The dreaded youth that monsters might devour :
Thus sly Eurystheus used his fatal power ;

But saw, with conquest crown'd, the gallant boy,
And raised the fame he purposed to destroy.

The glorious few, by bounteous Heaven ordain'd
To loose the fetters of a nation chain'd,
Urge their appointed toil with utmost speed,
Almost proportion'd to the wretches' need :
No by-design retards the destined race,
They plead no stated business of a place ;
No thoughts of meaner ends their souls detain,
Of soothing pleasure, or of sordid gain.
Soon as the Fleet receives each welcome guest,
Joy, long-forgotten, cheers the faintest breast ;
Pain at their presence stops the rising sigh,
And languid Famine opes her hollow eye ;
Horror flies thence, they once appearing there,
And the worst torment of the gaol, Despair.
So at the Almighty's nod, with rapid wings,
Forth from the throne a guardian angel springs,
Through space immense, quick as the morning ray,
To succour earth distress'd he shoots away,
Bids Peter rise, from bonds and keepers free,
And looks the prisoner into liberty.

Fear'd, honour'd, loved, long may the patriots stand,
Support and honour of their native land !
Warm without rage, without vain-glory brave,
Firm to protect, and obstinate to save !
Whom no false scents deceive, no searches tire ;
Resistless to revenge, as to inquire !
—He, who for injured right dares strongly plead,
The prisoners' counsel, earnest, though unfee'd ;

To guard the weak, who scorns the mighty's frown,
Despising no man's danger but his own ;
In camps his courage as in senates tried,
Daunts with severe rebuff the sons of pride.
O that his soul with healthier limbs were join'd,
A body less unequal to his mind !

—He, who to Huggins' crimes eternal foe,
When wavering numbers would connivance show,
" Shall ill-got wealth secure the robber ? " cried ;
And, singly steadfast, turn'd the rapid tide ;
Till Impudence itself, ashamed, gave way,
And Bribery yielded, blushing to gainsay.
—The man who, wisely studious not to lose
His heaven, the only interest he pursues,
Points to his offspring the celestial way ;
Who hundreds feasted on that happy day
Which saw from conquer'd death the Saviour rise ;
Alms given for Christ, accepted sacrifice !

The man who toil'd, the vicious poor to amend,
Foe to intemperance, as to need a friend ;
To punish starving sots, our nation's shame,
And snatch the firebrands from the liquid flame ;
To save them from the snare of low estate,
And raise their minds, but not intoxicate.

—The youth, whose dexterous and impartial skill,
As diligent in good, as knaves in ill,
Unfolds the knotty mazes of the laws,
And, strictly faithful to the righteous cause,
Baffles each quirk, each subterfuge of wrong,
Of lawyers' double heart and double tongue.

—And he who, cautious lest design'd delay
For guilt's escape should yield an easy way,
Obtain'd Augusta's "civil powers' decree,"
That law for once might side with equity ;
Full space for just accusing might allow,
Nor teacher Huggins leave his scholar now.

—And others, though unmention'd, not unknown,
Who justly glory in their conduct shown ;
Who stand each shock, each stratagem defeat,
Superior to the bribe and to the threat ;
And Huggins half his thousands well might spare,
Could half his thousands make a coward there.

Yet noblest acts as fury some esteem ;
For what so good but Satan can blaspheme ?
'T is fury all, to dry the captive's tears,
To heal his sickness, and prevent his fears :
Fury ! for orphans diligence to employ,
And make the mournful widow weep for joy :
Fury ! the wrongs past sufferance to redress,
While crowds, transported, their deliverers bless :
Fury ! the poor and friendless to regard,
Without mean prospect of a base reward ;
Life, freedom, health, and gladness to bestow,
The only Fury statesmen never know !

When villains first beheld the tempest lour,
They sneer'd, and trusted to the screen of power ;
Numbers, to avoid the dire example bent,
Lest righteous vengeance grow to precedent ;
And gifts, which fiercest anger oft appease,
And secret friends, and secret services :

No pangs of conscience struck the harden'd mind,
To God's right hand and heavenly justice blind.
But when their boasted engines nought avail'd,
And gold itself, opposed by virtue, fail'd ;
Sudden, alas ! their groundless quiet flies,
Unusual doubts and fatal bodings rise,
Lest wrath divine might flagrant guilt pursue,
And who suborn false witness die by true.
Conscious of ill-used power and public hate,
Then other tyrants fear'd approaching fate ;
An universal groan the prisons gave,
And Newgate trembled through her inmost cave,
Lest farther searches farther crimes reveal,
Which arts infernal labour to conceal ;
Lest Pity's eye those regions should explore,
Where beams of mercy never reach'd before ;
Unwelcome light on darkest dungeons throw,
And every latent depth of horror show.
So, as inventive Homer's fiction taught,
Earth-shaking Neptune for the Grecians fought ;
The solid ground quaked to the centre down,
The king of shades leap'd frighted from his throne,
Lest earth should cleave, and hell appear in light,
Display'd to mortal and immortal sight :
Drear, dreadful realms, ruled by a tyrant lord,
By man detested, and by heaven abhorr'd !

Here real Power Divine its pleasure shows :
And God's right hand what mortal can oppose ?
Or awed by mercy issuing from the throne,
Or borne by popular compassion down,

The wordy fool, renown'd for flourish long,
Suspends the unmeaning torrent of his tongue !
The friend to knavery plays a public part,
His head o'erbearing his corrupted heart ;
Compell'd his darling interest to discard,
And speed the motion he would fain retard !
The self-admiring politician joins,
Spite of his open mocks and secret mines,
Forced, though reluctant, to dissemble good,
And share the action he in vain withstood !
So, when, from heaven increased by sudden showers,
The stream swift-rolling down the mountain pours,
A tree's declining trunk, which years divide
Half from its rooted strength, obstructs the tide ;
The rapid course unable long to bar,
Or stem the violence of the watery war,
It yields, by mother-earth sustain'd no more,
And swells the torrent which it stopp'd before.

Proceed, disinterested few, proceed ;
Heal every wound, and succour every need !
Let all Britannia's misery be redress'd ;
Cite every tyrant to the righteous test ;
The test which innocence can never fear,
Candid, though strict, impartial, though severe.
No artful guesses there to proofs advance,
Help'd by dark, dubious, distant circumstance ;
Nor bribes, nor threats, nor hinting prompters there
Inform the wavering witness how to swear.
Go on ! let none your ardent zeal withstand ;
And shower diffusive mercies o'er the land ;

That Heaven by you may bless our happy isle,
 And even the tradesman and the merchant smile ;
 While crowds, unchain'd, your fame with shouts
 declare,

Restored to vital light and vital air.

So sudden this deliverance which they meet,
 Their grief so hopeless and their joy so great,
 Scarce to the change they yet can credit give,
 Scarce are they yet persuaded that they live !
 So, when the archangel gives the fated sign,
 (If human joys we liken to divine,)

The summons universal nature hears,
 Nor pleads prescription of six thousand years ;
 Not everlasting hills their dead retain,
 Not deep abysses of the unfathom'd main ;
 The sleeping saints look up with joyful eyes,
 And, quickening at the sacred trump, arise ;
 Their pains all pass'd, their transport to succeed,
 Immortal lives in endless bloom they lead,
 From death's tyrannic chain, and earth's dark
 prison, freed. }

A WEDDING-SONG.

Ut ameris, amabilis esto.

I.

SEE the springing day from far,
 Usher'd by the morning-star !
 Hear the lark, with upward wing
 Meeting dawn, her carol sing !

See the sun in eastern skies,
 Joyous as a bridegroom, rise !
 Wake, my dear, and come away,
 Smiling, greet the happy day ;
 Ne'er was yet thy lovely breast
 Idly slow to my request ;
 Now begin not to delay,
 Dear, awake, and come away ;
 Join thy plighted hand, and join
 First thine orisons with mine :—
 “ Shower thine influence from on high,
 Author of the nuptial tie ;
 Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
 God of peace, and God of love !

II.

“ If e'er thy forming hand has given
 Woman, latest work of Heaven,
 With social, dear, domestic joys,
 Heightening lonely Paradise ;—
 If e'er thy kind paternal care
 Join'd and bless'd the wedded pair,
 In spotless bonds ordain'd to be
 Emblems of thy church and thee ;—
 If e'er thy mightier love decreed
 Life from Jesu, woman's Seed,
 The loss of Eden to retrieve,
 Sprung from Mary, second Eve ;—
 If e'er thy word has endless rest
 Shadow'd by the nuptial feast ;

Heaven, our last wish and farthest aim,
Mystic marriage of the Lamb !—
Shower thine influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie ;
Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
God of peace, and God of love ! ”

III.

Quit not thine Olympic snows,
Juno, guarding marriage-vows !
Venus, sleep in Ida's grove,
Laughing, sea-born queen of love !
Cupid, banish'd hence away,
Idle Cupid, with her stay !
Here nor Hymen shall preside,
Clasp'd in mantle saffron-dyed ;
Wanton Graces dance, nor Hours
Scatter odours, leaves, and flowers,
Twist the blooming wreath, nor spread
Rose and myrtle where we tread.
All unfeign'd and real be,
Truth, transcending poetry.
“ Shower thine influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie ;
Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
God of peace, and God of love ! ”

IV.

Ye virgins, haste, my bride prepare,
Dress be now the dear one's care ;

Well-suited, unaffected, free,
Worthy her, and worthy me ;
Nor poorly mean, nor costly vain,
Neat, and elegant, and plain.
Her ornaments are toys no more ;
Love's engaging chymic power,
Like Midas, fabled king of old,
Touches all things into gold.
The fair that unadorn'd can please,
Shines yet lovelier in her dress ;
Still wisely careful to remove
Slightest hinderances of love ;
For nought that love concerns is small,
All's important, solemn all.
"Shower thine influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie ;
Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
God of peace, and God of love !"

V.

Ope the hospitable gate,
Ope for friendship, not for state :
Friends well-chosen enter here,
Equal, affable, sincere ;
Cheap-bought plenty, artless store
Feed the rich, and fill the poor ;
Converse cheer the sprightly guest,
Cordial welcome crown the feast ;
Easy wit, with candour fraught,
Laughter, genuine and unsought ;

Jest, from double meaning free,
Blameless, harmless jollity ;
Mirth, that no repenting gloom
Treasures for our years to come.
"Shower thine influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie ;
Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
God of peace, and God of love !"

VI.

May social life, so well begun,
Glide with equal tenor on !
May timely fruit our bliss improve,
Children, dearest bonds of love !
The darling boy, the daughter fair,
Objects of delightful care !
Rejoiced, while oft the babes we see,
Sportive, clasp their mother's knee ;
And oft from lisping prattle find
Reason opening in their mind ;
While soothing hopes our hearts presage,
Pleasures of our middle age :
Till rightly taught, the rising brood,
Healthy, happy, wise, and good,
Fulfil our hopes, and pay our cares,
Glory of our hoary hairs !
"Shower thine influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie ;
Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
God of peace, and God of love !

VII.

“ Give, O give, our days to bless,
Virtue, source of happiness !
Prudence, stifling infant-strife ;
Friendship, remedy of life ;
Trust, in mutual faith secure ;
Transport, generous and pure,
Sparkling from the soul within,
Never boasted, always seen ;
Kind, while each their care employs
Griefs to part, and double joys ;
Joys, to libertines unknown,
Fruits of wedlock-truth alone ;
Joys that angels may approve,
All the dignity of love !

Show thy influence from on high,
Author of the nuptial tie ;
Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
God of peace, and God of love !

VIII.

“ When, late, the summons from above
Parts the life, but not the love,
Resign'd and calm may she or I
Teach survivors how to die !
Be free from sin's polluting stain,
Void of fear, and void of pain !
For tedious years may neither moan,
Sad, deserted, and alone ;

May neither, long-condemn'd to stay,
 Wait their second bridal day !
 Grant us, O grant, Almighty Power,
 Soon to meet, and part no more,
 In heaven, where love and joys are known
 Only purer than our own ;
 Heaven ! our last wish and farthest aim,
 Mystic marriage of the Lamb.
 Shower thine influence from on high,
 Author of the nuptial tie ;
 Shower thy graces, Holy Dove,
 God of peace, and God of love ! ”

PASTORAL.

COLIN. THENOT.

COLIN.

THENOT, good-day ; sure thou art bent to thrive
 In wealth and wisdom, thus to rise by five.

THENOT.

I rose not, truth to tell, to tend my sheep ;
 'T was love, not thrift, that broke my morning sleep.

COLIN.

If love thy ailment is, so soon to rise
 Perhaps may make thee rich, but never wise.

THENOT.

And why this scoff ? Our landlord has, they say,
 Long wooed, and lately wed, a lady gay ;

And he is wise, or sure had ne'er been sent,
A member for the shire, to parliament.

COLIN.

Yes, money'd squires, that o'er the country rule,
May plead their privilege to play the fool ;
Far other thoughts should fill the poor man's head ;
He seeks not dainties who is pinch'd for bread.

THENOT.

If love and courting be forbid the poor,
You make the distance greater than before :
None are beneath us here, and none above ;
For all are slaves and sovereigns in love.

COLIN.

How can he meet relief, who courts his pains,
Or freedom find, who glories in his chains ?
Yet to thy Colin all thy grief reveal ;
We tell with pleasure what with pain we feel.

THENOT.

To trusty Colin I my love unfold,
Which to my sweetheart dear was never told,
Lucy, the prettiest maiden in the town,
Sweet as the nut, though as the BERRY * brown.

COLIN.

Who spares to speak, to speed must ever spare ;
How shall he wed, that will not woo, the fair ?
By timely vent the farmer saves his hay,
That, smother'd close, would kindling burn away.

* An allusion to Miss Berry, who afterwards became Mrs. Wesley.—EDIT.

THENOT.

The wisest scholars know not where to find
Apt words, well-suiting to a love-sick mind :
What grace shall Thenot's clownish speech adorn ?
I hope her favour, but I fear her scorn.

COLIN.

Faint heart, like thine, ne'er won a lovely maid ;
Speak fair ; few damsels but of praise are glad :
Despair not for a peevish word or frown ;
The blackest storms are soonest overblown.

THENOT.

Fridays of every week, the proverb says,
Are still the fairest or the foulest days :
Like Fridays' skies will faithful passion prove ;
For, in our youthful prime, our days of love
Bless'd in extremes or in extremes are curst,
Of all most happy, or of all the worst.

COLIN.

He reaps in harvest, who in seed-time sows ;
Who slights the prickly thorn, shall gain the rose ;
Who flies disdain, should never kindness meet ;
Who shuns the sour, should never taste the sweet.

THENOT.

I 'm used to toil, nor labour shall be spared ;
Rich are the wages, though the work is hard.
To tell how rich, O what shall Thenot say ?
Sweet is the rising and the parting day,
The fruits of August, and the flowers of May ;

In July shade, in bleak December fire,
Ease in our age, and in our youth desire.

COLIN.

In words like these to her thy love impart,
If once she gives an ear, she'll give her heart.
Meantime with quicker pace to business move :

THENOT.

At least if business can agree with love.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

I SEND this verse your health to greet,
Since in plain prose we cannot meet.
I that am happy here at home,
As e'er a prince in Christendom ;
Nay, live, and laugh, and sport, and sing,
As free and friendless as a king ;
I like not your extremes, not I,
Your guinea meal, or penny pie ;
But fain a middle course would steer
'Twixt fine champaigne, and thin small-beer ;
Pleased and content to fare so-so,
Nor costly nice, nor basely low :
Pomp, power, and riches I despise,
Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise.
If you suspect there scarce can be
So strange a mortal, come and see.

So much for me. Of you I'd know
Some news, as—what and how you do ;

Of plays and authors your opinion,
Of Booth and Oldfield, or Justinian ;
Who near you is confess'd to be
The fairest or the frankest she ;
What youth is for intrigue renown'd,
And who is sick, and who is sound ;
Who is, and who almost is, undone ;
And when you leave this wicked London,
Where heedless youth may bitter meet,
In rashly venturing after sweet,
Unless their eyes they open keep,
And look right well before they leap ;
Though smooth and pleasing is the way,
And full of mirth, and full of play ;
For, O, at school from Virgil learn I,
Descensus facilis Averni.
Nothing my laughter more can move,
Than London beaus' Platonic love ;
Content with beauty in idea,
Like Quixote with his Dulcinea,
The Puritans can feast their sight
Without carnivorous appetite ;
Though oft the nose, or Marten lies,
Is lost by wandering of the eyes.
So have I seen a beauish fly,
Enamour'd with a candle, try
To approach, unhurt, the shining thing,
And sport awhile, and buz, and sing ;
Till, too adventurous bent on game,
Touching, he dies amidst the flame ;

Though not designing, you may swear,
To lose his life by playing there ;
No matter what the wretch designs,
He finds it burns as well as shines.

'T is easier much to shun the gin,
Than to escape when gotten in ;
For custom has been justly reckon'd
Strong as first nature, though a second :
When fuel's gone, 't will puff the fire,
And rake the embers of desire.

To prove this true, a tale I'll give,
Told by my aunt of seventy-five :—

In bed there once was laid, d' ye see,
A batter'd rake, as you may be :
(I mean, unless you leave the town,
Whate'er you are, you may be one :)
His health, and fame, and fortune spent,
He thought it high time to repent.
Tired beyond sufferance now and measure,
In search of pain, which some call pleasure,
He felt all change of air and moons,
By mercury within his bones ;
With aches vex'd from top to toe,
Which you may—may you never!—know.
All sorts of females he forswore,
The griping and the gratis whore ;
None of Eve's daughters he'd except,
No more the keeping than the kept.
The devil, who is always near
To youngers of that character,

At first was put in some confusion,
 To hear this virtuous resolution ;
 But, taking heart, he chose to appear,
 And smiling whisper'd in his ear :—
 “ My lad, I’ve got a beauty for ye,
 Will make you quickly change your story ;
 A fine-turn’d shape, a face that’s new,
 Known but at most by one or two.”
 “ I care not what she is,” quoth he,
 “ I’m sure I’ll never make up three.”
 So said, he groan’d and turn’d his back :
 Quoth the old gentleman in black,
 “ Like snow her skin is to behold,
 As white, as soft, but not so cold,
 A breath as fragrant as the rose :
 (Come, let me help you to your clothes :)
 A wit that age itself would whet,
 And starry eyes as black as jet.”
 “ Black eyes d’ ye say? then hold your prating,
 And reach my doublet there, sweet Satan !”

TO A PHYSICIAN, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

I.

DEAR doctor, let me wish you joy,
 If ’t is not past the wishing season ;
 Let me, as poets use, employ
 A little rhyme, and little reason.

II.

No jokes on human nature fear ;
'T is fit I to physicians leave her,
Who from an ague can set clear,
Or know the symptoms of a fever.

III.

Forgive me, if, too fond of rule,
I learn the habit of advising ;
I shall but briefly play the fool
In wishing or in moralizing.

IV.

All strife for empire be abhorr'd,
Which often nuptial quiet vexes ;
Though you by right-divine are lord,
Yet souls no difference know of sexes.

V.

Your griefs and pleasures let her share,
Deservedly your esteem possessing,
To blunt the smart of every care,
And raise the sweet of every blessing.

VI.

Nor joy, nor jar be heard or seen,
Nor umpire, nor spectator needing :
Soon as a third crept in between,
Remember, Adam lost his Eden.

VII.

May rolling years, that strength impair,
Cement your friendship still the stronger ;
O may her mind appear most fair
Then, when her face is fair no longer !

VIII.

Safe may you rest through life's decline,
From pain acute, and great disaster ;
While children, as they grow, combine
To draw your true-love knot the faster :

IX.

Till he, whose universal dart
The learn'd and fair must suffer under,
Your true-love knot alone shall part,
Who parts the knot of life asunder.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV.
DR. SOUTH.

HAIL, venerable South ! be honour paid,
Though late, yet lasting, to thy awful shade !
Unbribed, unask'd, I offer willing lays,
Careless alike of censure and of praise ;
Nor, didst thou yet on earth adorn the gown,
Would court thy favour, or would fear thy frown.
Thy conduct uniform, and life sincere,
By hope not blinded, nor depress'd by fear,

Before our eyes divine religion brought,
Thy life presenting what thy doctrine taught ;
The wild perverseness curb'd of flesh and blood,
Against the bent of temper strongly good.
So Socrates, if Pagans rightly say,
Moulded by culture his reluctant clay ;
Virtue embraced, though prone to every vice,
With all materials of a fool was wise.

Vast stores of learning deep adorn'd thy mind,
And bounteous nature equal treasures join'd ;
Whate'er by ancient Greece or Rome was known,
The Fathers, and the Schoolmen, were thy own ;
Nor libertines could pleasure dearer hold,
The ambitious greatness, or the miser gold.
Nor lett'st thou unimproved thy riches lie,
Ardent to gain, and studious to apply ;
Whether thy style would light us or would warm,
Instruct with reason, or with fancy charm ;
Or lash with scorpions some enormous crime,
Or reach the utmost height of true sublime ;
To state the right, and to refute the wrong,
Distinctly clear, indissolubly strong.

Some all their anger pour on Rome alone,
Plant all their batteries at the papal throne ;
In sects or deists they no harm can see,
All danger is comprised in popery ;
While others freely will schismatics blame,
The zeal of Scots, or sects of Amsterdam ;
Forgetting Rome, so plain in scripture shown
That Bellarmine confess'd her Babylon.

Not thus, O South, thy well-weigh'd censures flew ;
Severe as fate, but as impartial too,
The sentence pass'd where'er the guilt had been ;
Certain as death is the reward of sin.
Not only rebel saintship felt thy wit,
The sly, precise, censorious hypocrite,
But courtly revellers, who, lost in sense,
Abused the kindly smiles of Providence.
A just regard thy equal judgment show'd
To heaven and earth, to Cæsar and to God ;
True to thy monarch's crown in blackest times,
But never flattering to disguise his crimes ;
Nay, careless of the storm thy words might move,
Quick to discern, and faithful to reprove.
O might the kings of each illustrious line
Enjoy the counsels of a soul like thine !

Thy rigid honesty could ne'er descend
Socinus and his followers to commend,
Or yield up points, their favour to engage,
Transcribing Episcopius by the page ;
Nor zeal for truth in heretics could see,
Nor candour, well-beseeming charity ;
Since all their books with impious lies are strow'd,
With vile blasphemings of the Christians' God ;
Taunts worse than Julian's far, too foul to name,
And only fit for hell, from whence they came.*

A pert, self-taught, self-pleasing author rose,
Our faith by weak defences to expose ;

* This paragraph contains an allusion to bishop Hoadly ;
and the next, to Dr. Sherlock.—EDIT.

Condemn'd the language used by Christians all,
From slighted schoolmen to the apostle Paul ;
Against hard words would new-coin'd terms advance ;
(For Greek is always hard to ignorance ;)
Of mysteries the manner would express,
And three are one by mutual consciousness.
Thou, South, stood'st up a learn'd and sound divine,
Thy reasoning nervous, as thy wit was fine ;
Through his poor sides a blow at Locke dost deal,
A wound which all mankind can never heal.
Essay your strength, ye sophists, and object,
" No cause arises from its own effect."
This single stroke for ever sets us free
Both from " self-conscious" and " identity."

But does not spleen, on sport untimely bent,
To vent its jest, neglect its argument ?
No ! solid strength first meets the reader's eye ;
Deep's the foundation, as the building's high.
Thy reasons stand unshook, and still prevail,
They ne'er have fail'd us, and can never fail.
Whence wisely some thy arguments repeat,
Thy sense remember, though thy name forget.
Sharp was the sting ; but oft was cast at thee
The basest dirt, the worst scurrility ;
Foes on thy fame their utmost malice shed,
Full venom of the heart, though not the head.
Whence comes it thy reproofs as yet survive ?
Still live thy satires, and will ever live,
While theirs to dark oblivion soon were thrown :
Thy railleries had wit, but theirs had none.

Nor shall my honest pen attempt to draw
“ A faultless monster that the world ne’er saw.”
Great as thou wert, this error I must own,
The more conspicuous since ’t was thine alone ;—
Thy greatest fault from too much wit arose ;
Not Satan’s self could charge it on thy foes :
Sometimes too bright the flashing lustre flies,
For light is always pain to owlish eyes.
Thrice happy for Britannia’s church ’t would be,
If half her champions could offend like thee !

Yet not in life was equal rigour seen,
Thy heart was tender, though thy words were keen.
Whene’er the poor beneath affliction bent,
Thou gavest them not a stone or compliment ;
Preventing modest worth’s half-spoke desire,
Wise to dispense, unwearied to inquire.
While the smooth courtier lets his censure fall
On want of charity, and height of gall,
Thy bounty, unexhausted, flow’d around,
And for his sixpence durst bestow a pound.
Each fond of good, but in a different way,—
Thy fashion was to *do*, and his to *say*.

O hadst thou lived their insolence to oppose,
When late our modish, modern Arians rose !
Who infinite as God make space and time,
And idly feign a Prior to the Prime ;
Foes to the schoolmen’s cobwebs in pretence,
Without their learning, and without their sense.
Yet from that fount their boasted nostrums came,
They weed the very authors which they blame ;

Or dip at random, and the errors glean,
Or scorn unopen'd, and reject unseen.
Hence every callow fopling joins the cry,
And rallies at scholastic nicety.
Can that unmeaning creature find a blot
In Tom of Aquin, or in subtle Scot?
All Latin barbarous he alike must see,
He knows no more of *quid* than *quiddity*.
Grave anti-sages send their lengthen'd sight,
To view the starry orbs, those worlds of light;
Then cast on earth their philosophic eye,—
“Should God for such a speck descend to die?”
O wondrous proof of mathematic sense,
By size and bulk to measure excellence!
Is each minutest atom nobler far
Than worlds of unextended spirit are?
The hill more precious than the included veins?
And space more worth than all that it contains?
To see in silence dropp'd thy glorious name,
Or slightly mention'd with diminish'd fame,
Provokes, O South, this indignation shown,
Though not so great, as honest as thy own.
Well-shown, if one, but one, with greater heed
Thy steps should follow, and thy works should read.
Long may thy mother-church enjoy thy pains,
Long as the Athanasian mound remains;
Thy sermons light to wondering Britain give,
While Gospel faith and human reason live;
Thy name, till time expires, be precious known
To all the adorers of the great Three-One!

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

BEING THE FIRST OF APRIL.

I.

LET others write for by-designs ;
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair.
Permit me, then, with friendly lay,
To moralize your April day.

II.

Chequer'd your native month appears,
With sunny gleams and cloudy tears.
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as its smiles ;
Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay ;
For life is but an April day.

III.

Health will not always last in bloom,
But age or sickness surely come.
Are friends beloved ? Why, fate must seize
Or these from you, or you from these :
Forget not earnest in your play ;
For youth is but an April day.

IV.

When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,

As far as duty gives you power,
Guiltless enjoy the present hour ;
“ Gather your rose-buds while you may ;”
For love is but an April day.

V.

What clouds soe'er without are seen,
O may they never reach within !
But virtue's stronger fetters bind
The strongest tempest of the mind :
Calm may you shoot your setting ray,
And sunshine end your April day.

THE BONDSMEN :

A SATIRE, OCCASIONED BY A REPORT, THAT SOME
PERSONS HAD ENTERED INTO BONDS NOT TO
SUBSCRIBE FOR BOOKS.

“ PORTIA.—’T were good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK.—I cannot find it, ’t is not in the bond.”

JEW OF VENICE.

I SING the men who with SUBSCRIPTION fight,
And mercy in one instance banish quite ;
Who legal bonds, as fame reports, have sign’d,
For fear to wit-in-want they should be kind ;
Those who with conscious prudence writing hate,
The coxcomb rattling with unmeaning prate,

The modish ignorant, to learning foe,
 The odious miser, and the whiffling beau.
 O that my verse so nobly might succeed,
 At least with those engagers who can read,
 To make them cancel their inglorious deed !

O Oxford, human, generous, and sincere ;
 Humble, not base, and steadfast, not severe ;
 A while with no unwilling ear attend,
 Thou poor man's patron, and thou good man's
 friend !

In love of letters truly Oxford's heir,
 Whose fame to future times shall flourish fair,
 While Prior's wit in poetry shall shine,
 And Grabe shall be remember'd a divine !
 The brightest good still brighter meets our eyes,
 When heighten'd by the shade of contraries.
 So Cavendish, Raleigh, Drake, Iberia's dread,
 Seem yet more glorious when we view S—h—d.
 So when we non-subscribing bondsmen blame,
 Even Harley rises into greater fame.

First let his face the paltry miser show,
 Most to himself, though much to all, a foe,
 Harden'd as gaolers, scorning to relent,
 Almost as lying statesmen impudent.
 How truly wretches they, whom none can move
 To follow duty, dignity, and love !
 Must they receive ? Then precedent is right ;
 Then nothing juster seems than perquisite.
 Must they disburse ? They then desire to stay,
 And want an Act of Parliament—to pay :

All learning and all reading they abhor,
Save debtor and *per contra* creditor.
Shall wights like these, forsooth, in bonds engage,
To cure the vast profusion of the age?
No need of bonds; in what unguarded mood
Did ever griper deviate into good?
If such turn bounteous, as the vulgar say,
The king shall know it, nay, the king shall pay:
I'll stand engaged the sum shall ne'er be miss'd,
Shall prove no burden to the civil-list.
These thwart each great, each chargeable design:
Hear them thus pleading for their idol, coin:—
“ I think a free-born Briton should prevent
This tax, without an Act of Parliament;
Besides, 't is squandering upon fools our store,
For men of real wit are never poor;
Not that a guinea I should grudge, or two,
But I must forfeit hundreds, if I do.
Denial flat might inward thrift disclose;
But writings who can blame, or can oppose? ”
So Shylock old, by love of lucre steel'd,
Pleaded the bond by rash Antonio seal'd;
Nor prayers nor tears his fix'd resolve could move;
He had an oath, a sacred oath above:
All by-regards he to his vow postponed,
He saw no dram of mercy in his bond.
If once the world a counter-bond had sign'd
To treat these cautious niggards in their kind,
No breath, till verdict past, they then could draw,
Nor taste one morsel till 't was judged by law.

Such "like for like" might teach them to recant
To pity, rather than to fall by want ;
Like Shylock trapp'd, no more of writings fond,
When doom'd to merely justice and a bond.

But now, my song, descend a little lower,
From the poor hoarder to the spender poor ;
Who ne'er is full, but often overflows,
Who scarce his rent-roll or his income knows,
And minds not how it comes, and marks not
when it goes ;

A spirit free, by rank superior taught
To scorn mechanic drudgery of thought ;
Subscribing sums his silken purse would drain,
Which scarce his own expenses can maintain,
Perhaps a debt of honour must be paid ;
Perhaps a fresh demand was lately made
For four-legg'd racer, or for two-legg'd jade.
For pleasure freely charges he allows,
But 't is no pleasure learning to espouse ;
To call forth worth which else had never
shone,

Unseen and useless as the mine unknown :
Howe'er his soul to squander may incline,
Subscription still he waves for want of coin :
Authors believe him, though he swears 't is so
If gold you look for, to the steward go.
So when a peace exhausts the public store,
And our imperial diadem is poor,
When needy swarms for alms or pensions call,
'T is vain, 't is endless to regard them all :

“Odds-fish,” quoth merry Charles, “no gold
have I!

With more success, my friends, if you’d apply,
Neglect the king, and court the ministry.”

But why must bonds be sign’d, to let us know
That men whose rents are high, have pockets low?
Methinks, such obligations they might spare;
But beggars, building churches, will forswear;
Though still some reputation it may bring,
To appear for once to do a thrifty thing;
One instance of their prudence plain we view,
Witness’d and stamp’d, it therefore must be true.
Since ne’er before they aim’d at seeming wise,
I’ll here dismiss them till they seem so twice.

The conscious guilty next discretion show:
As foes to printing, printing is their foe;
Who gladly “would restrain the wicked press,
But whom can caution trust with licenses?”
Not that they “any mighty harm can see
(Provided private characters were free)
In heresy barefaced, or shocking blasphemy.
If saucy pens the mortal gods would spare,
Of heaven above let heaven above take care:”
These dread each slight remark, each distant
hint,

“It looks so like a truth when ’t is in print:
Besides, a secret told to friends alone
Thus in an instant through the world is blown:
For tell-tale books maliciously display
The deeds of darkness in the noon of day;

To future times make infamy descend,
 The base betraying of the trusting friend ;
 The black designs in various forms pursued,
 The whisper treacherous and the whisper lewd ;
 The spite that tries to blast the fairest bays,
 The envy poisoning with malignant praise."
 But hold : what length of time, or length of
 verse,

The reasons of their hatred can rehearse ?
 Their numerous crimes I might recount as well, }
 Or tricks of courts, or bribes of villains tell, }
 Or thousands starving when the South-Sea fell. }
 Whate'er the open, the avow'd pretence,
 These hate all authors, out of self-defence.
 The case, in spite of their reserve, is plain ;
 For who delights in works that give him pain ?
 As easy might the modish debauchee
 Rejoice in pills, and dote on mercury :
 " But dogs," the proverb says, " by cruel fate
 Hang'd on a crab-tree, will the verjuice hate."
 So when a busy wretch avoids resort,
 And changes city noise for country sport ;
 Whose honour cannot 'scape satiric lays,
 Nor whole revenue buy a page of praise ;
 Each still-born pamphlet he desires to see,
 But always adds, " Excepting poetry."

" But authors *their* Subscriptions may insure,
Who buy up books by way of furniture."
 No ! these, impatient of foreseen delays,
 Their instantaneous libraries must raise :

These heed not learning, and desire not wit,
Be the walls measured, and the panels fit :
What class may best the curious eye amuse,
They leave the wiser bookseller to choose :
Secure in him, they value not the charge,
How wide the margin, and the print how large.
Their bulk aloft gigantic Tattlers show,
Spectators into sixteen volumes grow.
Tome after tome, the titles, gilded, stare,
And wire-drawn Congreve's three octavos glare :
Even puny twelves swell to enormous height,
And Shakspeare's monstrous quartos glut the sight.
Like fabled Tityus, stretch'd the poet lies,
Enough to cover acres with his size.
But thus no patronage of sense is show'd,
They run no smallest risk of doing good :
Well-pleased a Tonson should their bounty feel,
Who not a groat to needy wit would deal,
Would slight an Addison, and starve a Steele. }

The courtly prattler must not want a place,
Or the pedantic foe-to-pedants pass,
Who hold that scholars must of course be fools,
And hate all universities and schools ;
For, wise without it, they instruction slight,
And curse the vulgar, if they read and write.
Since writing, therefore, is so like a clerk,
They should not sign their name, but set their
mark.

To fame, by not-subscribing, they aspire :
What breast so mean that glory cannot fire ?

And if, by this, renown they can obtain,
What path so mean that will not glory gain?
Let others turn their useless volumes o'er,
With idle pains and midnight study poor :
Let others tempt their fate, and rashly dare
The watches, marches, wants, and wounds of war :
Let others, wandering, traverse nature round :
These, by mere signing, are at once renown'd :
'T is glorious to prevent from seeing light
The books which they might spell, but never write ;
To pour on witty want perpetual scorn,
And murder authors, who are yet unborn.
So, when a wretch desires a lasting name,
Inverted glory and disgraceful fame,
He bids the Ephesian virgin's temple blaze ;
('T is easy to destroy, but hard to raise !)
Down sinks the wealth of kings, all Asia's boast ;
The work of ages in a night is lost.

The gentle beau of spite I must acquit,
His heart of malice void, as head of wit.
But one or two of real worth have sign'd,
And precedent quite sways his little mind.
Perhaps he joins the bond, from meaning free,
Merely because he likes the company ;
To show his ring so fine, or hand so white,
Or prove how like a scholar he can write ;
Or for a jest sets down his name beneath,
And laughs to show his humour and his teeth ;
But thinks not, friendless worth for this may sigh,
And that 't is hard to laugh, while others cry.

So boys unlucky, near a river's side,
Throw stones at frogs that o'er the surface glide,
Till thus a moral frog is heard to say,
And gravely reprimand their cruel play,—
“ Children, forbear, nor hurt the guiltless thus ;
To you 't is pastime, but 't is death to us.”

If general ground these paltry bonds had gain'd,
What loss the world of learning had sustain'd !
What studies then had sunk in endless night !
Maittaire's long labours ne'er had rose to sight,
Oblivion's veil might Chishull's Travels hide,
And even Asia's ruins might have died.
Had thus our fathers thought, mankind had lost
A work as noble as the realm can boast ;
When loyalists, by Cromwell's bloody hand
Proscribed, sequester'd, decimated stand ;
The heroic sufferers dauntless courage show'd,
Printed the sacred oracles of God ;
Preserved the streams which from that fountain
run,

Pure from the rising to the setting sun : *
A labour Europe emulates in vain,
Which Louis saw not in his pompous reign,
Nor Ximenes, with all the wealth of Spain. }
By kind Subscription help'd, it rose secure,
Long as the world, 't was made for, to endure.

But lest like that mad judge we should decide,
Who hang'd the culprit first, and after tried,

* WALTON'S “ Polyglott Bible.”—EDIT.

In even balance be their reasons weigh'd :—

“Subscriptions are of late become a trade.”

Must we for this our bounty disavow ?

And must all trading be discouraged now ?

“The best are oft attended with delay.”

Sometimes the work the waiting will repay ;

Sometimes 't is caused by want of friends alone,

A fault indeed there is, but 't is your own.

“Some promise what ne'er was, and ne'er will be, }
Without the tongues all sciences they see, }
And read sir Isaac without geometry.” }

But if you credit broad apparent lies,

Blame not the object, but condemn your eyes.

“You fear lest catalogues in proud array

Your rank should blazon, and your wealth display.”

None worth regard will print without consent ;

Yet this no mortal prudence can prevent,

If scrubby, penceless rascals, dull and stout,

With heads of lead within, and brass without,

Can fill a list, to serve their shameless ends,

With men ne'er spoke to by themselves or friends,

Then second payments ask ; in vain you stare,

Since, though you pay not, still your name is there !

“Some gravely promise what they ne'er intend,

While others party-rage and vice defend :

Shall madmen's blasphemies my gold command,

Or Hurlothrumbo wrest it from my hand ?

Or slander false, or treason mean and base ?

Or reams of chit-chat 'gainst the Stuarts' race ? ”

No ! let such wretches meet your scorn or hate ;
Let Newgate or let Bedlam be their fate.
But, sure, an equal medium may be shown,
Nor need we give to all, or give to none :
Though righteous bondsmen no distinction make,
But strike the guiltless for the guilty's sake ;
Justice, not mercy, is their burden still,—
Justice, that starves the good to mend the ill.
For fear of folly they from kindness run,
A crime far greater than the fault they shun.
So a consummate knave in others' eyes,
In self-opinion politic and wise,
On his whole species lets his censure fall,
And all are false alike and villains all ;
Through fear of trusting, by distrust deceived,
As none believing, so of none believed.

But grant their light excuses heavy weigh,
Grant more than they have front or wit to say ;
Alike in all things is their conduct shown ?
Or is their thrift confined to this alone ?
Have they e'er squander'd heaps of precious ore
To tempt Italian sing-song to our shore ?
While tuneful Tofts to Rome from Britain flies,
And Croft, there honour'd, here neglected dies ?
Have they e'er wasted idle sums of gold,
The craft of sage Freemasons to uphold ?
No matter whether arts and letters live,
If gloves they buy, and aprons they can give :
No printed volume they desire to see,
But "The Grand History of Masonry."

Why must Subscription all their fury bear ?
 Should nothing else their strong abhorrence share ?
 Is this the one thing needful to their care ?
 Let them a little cast their eyes around ;
 Is nothing else within Great Britain found,
 That loudly calls for and demands a bond ?
 Have they engaged bright honour to pursue ?
 Bravely to speak and gallantly to do ?
 To make their grandeur to their conscience bend,
 To fear no threatening, and to slight no friend ?
 To let no dunghill filth their bosom share,
 The scoundrel sharper, or the strumpet player ?
 Firmly their country's interest to promote,
 To buy no suffrage, and to sell no vote ?
 To bid in judgment naked right prevail,
 Nor grudge nor favour sink the mounting scale ?
 Have they engaged to throw a die no more ?
 To send no tradesman weeping from their door ?
 Or enter'd into bonds against a whore ?
 Have they, with generous indignation fired,
 For truth, for justice, and for faith conspired ?
 When once all vice, all baseness, is forsworn,
 Why, then let poor Subscription take its turn.

ANACREONTIC.

FROM HERBERT.

NEVER tempt me to caress
 Grief, disguised like happiness :

Earth to bless me wants the power ;
Take my reasons in a flower :—
Let the rose its beauty show,
Emblem of the bliss below ;
Fair and sweet, it yields delight,
To the smell, and to the sight ;
Yet the bloom is quickly past,
Yet 't is bitter to the taste.
If then all that worldlings prize
Biting ends, and sudden flies,
Bear me, friend, if I pursue
Pleasure otherwise than you ;
Say, that fairly I oppose,
Say, my answer is—a rose.

THE MASTIFF :

A TALE.

YOUR deep observers of mankind
Assure us constantly, they find
A strong propensity of nature
Rooted in every human creature,
To do what otherwise they would not,
When once forbid, because they should not.
This inclination, so perverse,
Is laid by Partridge on the stars.
Your rakes, with floods of elocution,
Charge it on chance, or constitution :

And out-of-fashion folks believe -
It sprung from Adam and from Eve.
But though your wits dispute about it,
The fact itself was never doubted.
This truth to illustrate, I have chosen
One common story from a thousand.
Let critics at the fable quarrel,
There's no exception to the moral.

 In days of yore (no need to show
How many hundred years ago)
A pair there flourish'd, free from strife,
Who lived, indeed, like man and wife :
Her temper, mild and sweet, abhorr'd
To scold and wrangle at her board ;
When in a fault her spouse she found,
She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.
In short, she gave him not occasion
For half the trouble and vexation,
Which many a hen-peck'd keeping varlet
Endures most meekly from his harlot.

 Next door a captain chanced to shine,
Whose clothes and equipage were fine ;
A young and well-accomplish'd heir,
Of gentle blood, and fortune fair ;
For ever at the ladies' call,
To deal the cards, or lead the ball ;
To 'squire them to the church or play,
And sense or nonsense sing or say.
This youth sometimes occasion'd pain
In our too-happy husband's brain ;

Yet of himself ashamed, with care
He kept his dreams from taking air,
Else every gossip in the town
Had rose in arms, and faced him down,—
She never knew in all her life
A dame more virtuous than his wife !

Before the wight was wholly freed
From these disorders in his head,
Such business call'd him from his house
As scarce gave time to tell his spouse ;
He would have instantly been gone,
As being old enough, alone ;
But she, good woman ! durst not send him
Without a servant to attend him :
She kindly begs him not to stay,
When business was dispatch'd, a day.
He promises, when in his power,
He would not absent be an hour.

Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mounts the master, and the man ;
When once set out, they travell'd fast ;
Yet, ere they half a mile had past,
His jealousy began to rise ;
Thought he,—as being deadly wise,—
“ This captain now, behind my back,
Addresses to my wife will make :
'T is true, I sha 'n 't continue long,
But she is fair, and he is young ;
And if it once be done, 't is plain,
It ne'er can be undone again.

I own I never yet could find
Her heart to gallantry inclined ;
But then, in such a case, a man
Can hardly be too careful.—John,
Go, bid your mistress keep at home,
Nor see the captain till I come.”
John gallops back, but, on his way,
Thus, with himself, began to say :—
“ And pray, where is it I am going ?
And what fool’s errand am I doing ?
To make my mistress, for her life,
A faithless or a scolding wife ?
At best, she ’ll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I ’ve been telling tales !
Though she is yet, I dare be sworn,
As blameless as the babe unborn,
Perhaps to be forbid may tempt one
To wish for what one never dreamt on.
I ’ll carry no such message home,
To cause my master’s cuckoldom.”
Thus, fearful of foreseen disaster,
And much discreeter than his master,
Resolved full sagely, back he came,
And frightened heartily the dame,
Who thought her lord had come to harm,
And broke at least a leg or arm ;
For John made twenty hums and ha-s,
When question’d what the matter was.
He was not like your servants now,
But of invention dull and slow ;

He could not hammer out a lie :
The lady stood impatient by :
“What ails your master? Tell me quick!”
“He begs you would not”—“Can’t you speak?”
“Not ride the mastiff till you see him.”
“What! does the fellow rave or dream?
You are not sure ’t was all he said.”
“Yes, indeed, madam”—“Is he mad?
Not ride the mastiff! What a whim!
Who ever thought of riding him?
Go back again from me, and pray,
Desire he ’d let you with him stay,
Or find some wiser message, John,
Hereafter to employ you on.”

He went; and mother Nature now
In madam’s breast began to glow :
She mused; but still, the more she thought,
The less she found the meaning out.
“Not ride the mastiff!” Could it be
Merely to try his sovereignty,
When, from her very wedding-day,
She ne’er was known to disobey?
There must be something in ’t, to make
Him send a servant posting back.
She never heard of it before;
Perhaps the maids might tell her more;
For maids, or those that bear the name,
May sometimes teach a wedded dame.
She thought the emptiest of the two
Would soonest blab out all she knew;

But Betty never Touser rid,
Nor heard of any one that did.
Vex'd at her asking such a ninny,
She sends her down to call up Jenny ;
But slyer Jane could tell no more
Than simpler Betty did before ;
But stared with all the eyes she had,
And thought her mistress drunk or mad,
Who begg'd, and storm'd, and begg'd again ;
Yet prayers and threatenings were in vain ;
She might as easily have sought
To sound the bottom of a plot ;
Or, though a woman, ta'en occasion
To inquire the secret of Freemason,
And how, as mystic lodge supposes,
Duke Wharton can succeed to Moses.
No diligence there wanting was ;
Yet so deplorable her case,
Through servants' obstinate denial,
Nothing was left her but a trial.
Who should the secret fact betray ?
One word herself she would not say ;
What no one saw who should reveal ?
For, sure, the mastiff could not tell !
Resolved at length, she calls him to her,
And shutting carefully the door,
She clapp'd his head, and stroked his side ;
'T was now no more than up and ride.
Fast by his neck she held, and thus
Mounted her strange Bucephalus ;

Nor found it difficult to get,
Without a stirrup, to her seat.

Touser, unused to be bestrode,
Groan'd sorely at the wicked load,
And strove all ways to disencumber
His burden'd shoulders of their lumber ;
Rear'd, and curveted, and, in fume,
Trotted and gallop'd round the room.
But she, who "now or never" thought
To find her husband's meaning out,
Firm, though without a saddle, sat,
And clung as closely as a cat.
But fortune often spoils the course,
Whether we ride on dog or horse ;
Under a table crept her steed,
Threw her, and broke her addle head.

Enraged and surly, up she got,
Rail'd at her husband for a sot.
When he return'd, she kept her state,
Nor stirr'd to meet him at the gate.
Up stairs he went, and found her ill ;
Silent, she frown'd, and sullen still,
But could not scolding long refrain,
Or take it in poetic strain :
At length the cloud that louring hung,
Burst into thunder of her tongue ;
Like lightning's flash her eye appears,
And rain fell plenteous in her tears.
" See—what you made the mastiff do !
Did ever any man but you"—

And on she went ; but there's no need
 Of punctual telling all she said,
 An extract may suffice : The dame
 Full on her husband turn'd the blame.
 Stark staring mad he, to forbid it !
 She, a poor innocent, that did it.

The man, who knew not what was done,
 Ran down amazed, and fell on John.
 " Sirrah ! what makes your mistress rave ?
 What was the message that you gave ?
 To break my wife's head ? " John replied,
 " I bid her not the mastiff ride."
 The master furious 'gan to look,
 John begg'd one word before he struck :—
 " Sir, had I charged her, in your name,
 To shun the captain till you came,
 Doubtless the case had been the same :
 Her forehead broke your brow secures,
 Or else the knobs had been on yours."

THE DECEMBER'S DAY :

A SONG.

To the tune of " The Sun was sunk beneath the Hill," &c.

I.

LET various seasons boast their pride,—
 The spring with flowers the earth adorn,
 With cloudless days the summer glide,
 And autumn show her fruits and corn ;

These may demand a vulgar lay ;
I sing of a December's day.

II.

What day my joy should rather move,
Through the fair circle of the year,
Than that which gave my wedded love
The months in their decline to cheer?
Not August with his dog-star ray
Can vie with this December's day.

III.

No silks unpaid-for rustle here,
Nor foreign frippery we import ;
No velvets or brocades appear ;
But (what few birth-days see at court)
Friendship unbought and love display
Their beams on this December's day.

IV.

Not sharp and ever-during pain
Her cheerful constancy can move
From toil incessant to refrain,
To slight her duty or her love :
The soul upholds the mouldering clay,
And brightens the December's day.

V.

Observant of the orphan's tear,
And hearkening to the wretch's groan,
The lives of others holding dear,
But still regardless of her own ;

Throughout the year what numbers may
Rejoice for this December's day !

VI.

If either India we could gain,
The wings of time we could not bind ;
What living ministers obtain,
And dying misers leave behind,
Could never bribe our youth to stay,
Or keep off the December's day.

VII.

When frosted o'er with age's grey,
From guilt exempted and from pain,
Long may she easy live and gay ;
Nor spend a single wish in vain
Back to recall the by-past May,
Nor mourn for the December's day.

VIII.

Long may she happy rest below,
Ere call'd to happier rest above ;
Diviner life preferr'd to know,
And raptures of sublimer love ;
Where time can never bliss impair ;
For no December will be there.

ADVICE TO ONE WHO WAS ABOUT TO
WRITE,TO AVOID THE IMMORALITIES OF THE ANCIENT AND
MODERN POETS.

I.

If e'er to writing you pretend,
Your utmost aim and study bend,
The paths of virtue to befriend,
 However mean your ditty ;
That, while your verse the reader draws
To reason's and religion's laws,
None e'er hereafter may have cause
 To curse your being witty.

II.

No gods or weak or wicked feign,
Where foolish blasphemy is plain ;
But good to wire-draw from the strain,
 The critic's art perplexes :
Make not a pious chief forego
A princess he betray'd to woe,
Nor shepherd, unplatonic, show
 His fondness for Alexis.

III.

With partial blindness to a side,
Extol not surly Stoic pride,
When wild ambition's rapid tide
 Bursts nature's bonds asunder ;

Nor let a hero loud blaspheme,
 Rave like a madman in a dream,
 Till Jove himself affrighted seem,
 Not trusting to his thunder.

IV.

Nor choose the wanton ode, to praise
 Unbridled loves, or thoughtless days,
 In soft Epicurean lays ;
 A numerous melting lyric :
 Nor satire, that would lust chastise
 With angry warmth and maxim wise,
 Yet, loosely painting naked vice,
 Becomes its panegyric.*

V.

Nor jumbled atoms entertain
 In the void spaces of your brain ;
 Deny all gods, while Venus vain
 Stands without vesture painted :
 Nor show the foul nocturnal scene
 Of courts and revellings unclean,
 Where never libertine had been
 Worse than the poet tainted.

* Has not the reverend author erred against his own precept in the unclean tale and colloquy which he has given at the close of "A Familiar Epistle to a Friend," page 203 ?—
 EDIT.

VI.

Nor let luxuriant fancy rove
Through *nature* and through "*art of love*,"
Skill'd in smooth elegy to move,
Youth unexperienced firing :
Nor gods as brutes expose to view,
Nor monstrous crimes ; nor lend a clew
To guide the guilty lover through
The mazes of desiring.

VII.

Nor sparrow mourn, nor sue to kiss ;
Nor draw your fine-spun wit so nice,
That thin-spread sense like nothing is,
Or worse than nothing showing :
Nor spite in epigram declare,
Pleasing the mob with lewdness bare,
Or flattery's pestilential air
In ears of princes blowing.*

VIII.

Through modern Italy pass down,
(In crimes inferior she to none !)
Through France, her thoughts in lust alone
Without reserve proclaiming :

* Perhaps some persons will think, that Mr. Wesley did not strictly observe his own rule in the three Pindaric odes which he addressed to the right honourable the earl of Oxford, on different occasions.—EDIT.

Stay there, who count it worth the while ;
Let us deduce our useful style
To note the poets of our isle,
And only spare the naming.

IX.

Sing not loose stories for the nonce,
Where mirth for bawdry ill atones,
Nor long-tongued Wife of Bath, at once
On earth and heaven jesting :
Nor, while the main at virtue aims,
Insert, to soothe forbidden flames,
In a chaste work, a 'squire of dames,
Or Paridell a-feasting.

X.

Nor comic license let us see,
Where all things sacred outraged be,
Where plots of mere adultery
Fill the lascivious pages :
One only step can yet remain,
(More frankly, shamelessly unclean,)
To bring it from behind the scene,
And act it on the stages.

XI.

Nor make your tragic hero bold
Out-bully Capaneus of old,
While justling gods his rage behold,
And tremble at his frowning :

Nor need'st thou vulgar wit display,
Acknowledged in dramatic way
Greatest and best ;—O spare the lay
Of poor Ophelia drowning.

XII.

Nor dress your shame in courtly phrase,
Where artful breaks the fancy raise,
And ribaldry unnamed the lays
Transparently is seen in :
Nor make it your peculiar pride
To strive to show what others hide,
To throw the fig-leaf quite aside,
And scorn a double meaning.

XIII.

Nor ever prostitute the Muse,
Malicious, mercenary, loose,
All faith, all parties to abuse,
Still changing, still to evil,
Make Maximin with heaven engage,
Blaspheming Sigismonda rage,
Draw scenes of lust in latest age,
Apostle of the devil !

XIV.

Detest profaning holy writ,
A rock where Heathens could not split :
Old Jove more harmless charm'd the pit
Of Plautus's creation,

Than when the adulterer was show'd
With attributes of real God :
But fools the means of grace allow'd
Pervert to their damnation.

XV.

Mingle not wit with treason rude,
To please the rebel multitude :
From poison intermix'd with food
What caution e'er can screen us ?
Ne'er stoop to court a wanton smile ;
Thy pious strains and lofty style,
Too light, let nor an Alma soil,
Nor paltry dove of Venus.

XVI.

Such blots deform the tuneful train,
Whilst they false glory would attain,
Or present mirth, or present gain,
Unmindful of hereafter.
Do you mistaken ends despise,
Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise,
Nor taint the good, nor grieve the wise,
To tickle fools with laughter.

XVII.

What, though with ease you could aspire
To Virgil's art or Homer's fire ;
If vice and lewdness breathes the lyre,
If virtue it asperses ;

Better with honest Quarles compose
Emblem, that good intention shows,
Better be Bunyan in his prose,
Or Sternhold in his verses.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

DID not you think old Cato was in jest,
When, seized by sleep, he sunk to sudden rest ?
Surprised, his spirits exhaled with heat of passion,
Could you presage the fatal alteration ?
How like dramatic hero did he fall,
Because the play was done,—and that was all !
Whom Cato murder'd, Cæsar wish'd to spare ;
He never slew a Roman but in war.
Nor reason did the surly Stoic give,—
Who dared to die for Rome, but not to live.
Then blame the haughty sect of which he died,
His stubborn, sullen, philosophic pride ;
From whence such sad, such dire, disasters rise,
We humbly hope the less on 't may suffice.
Our youths and virgins, by their whole behaviour,
May claim the fair-one's and the lover's favour :
They, nothing less than blood and death designing,
Sink down to amorous chat and modern whining.
Let critics seek by rigid rules to please,
And quote their hard-named Greek Euripides ;
Object, that “ Stoics are forbid the stage,
Who thwart their maxims when they grieve or rage ;

If, calm and stern, from anxious passion free,
 Their characters they keep, they spoil the tragedy."
 Hard lines ! but authors use, when gravell'd there,
 To fly for shelter to the beaus and fair.
 Better a thousand characters should suffer,
 Than any single damsel lose a lover.
 'T is here, we own, our greatest merit lies,—
 We strive to please, we aim not to be wise.
 You ask not sage remarks on courts or kings,
 But dying softnesses, and pretty things.
 And, spite of sense, if one we must remove,
 Which would the gay and beauteous disapprove,
 And which retain,—the wisdom, or the love ?

AN ANACREONTIC.

ON PARTING WITH A LITTLE CHILD.

DEAR, farewell, a little while,
 Easy parting with a smile ;
 Every object in thy way
 Makes thee innocently gay ;
 All that thou canst hear or see,
 All is novelty to thee.
 Thoughts of parents left behind
 Vex not yet thine infant mind :
 Why should, then, their hearts repine ?
 Mournful theirs, and merry thine !

'T is the world, the seeming wise,
Toil to make their children rise ;
While the heir, that reaps their gains,
Thankless, thinks not of their pains.
Sportive youth, in haste to live,
Heeds not ills that years may give.
Age, in woe and wisdom grey,
Vainly mourns for them that play.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OF ORRERY.

WHILE the full breast swells with unutter'd woe ;
While tears gush genuine, though forbid to flow ;
While the stolen sigh the deep distress reveals,
The friend, the lover, and the husband feels ;
While orphans scarce their parent lost deplore,
Whose age, the less it mourns her, wants the more ;
Late, at her tomb, a distant bard appears,
With faithful, fruitless, sympathetic tears ;
Nor asks a Muse's aid ; nor needs there art
To express the anguish of a bleeding heart.

How soon the mightiest earthly blessings pass !
She was—what now avails us that she was ?—
Mature for heaven, ere life had reach'd its noon ;
For earth, at seventy, she had died too soon.
She gospel-truth, with steady faith, believed,
And lived the glorious doctrine she received ;

Her pious breast glow'd with devotion's fire ;
Whose flames, "the more they tremble, mount the
higher."

Spotless, as infant souls, her life she spent,
Yet humble, as the prostrate penitent :
Not puff'd by rank, descended or allied,
She seem'd to wonder what was meant by pride ;
Which, boasting blood, degrades the noblest veins ;
Which, boasting virtue, every virtue stains.
Here honour pure, with tenderest softness join'd,
Softness, transcendent in the softest kind ;
Ill-fortune found its keenest rage repress'd ;
The darts might reach, but scarcely wound, her
breast.

So balls in yielding wool fall gently down,
That tear, resistless, through a rock of stone.
Sore was the storm ! Let memory ne'er report
How long the tempest, and the calm how short !
When fever's fire raged in her consort's blood,
And drove, to dangerous height, the vital flood,
Lo ! at his side her constant duty lies,
And love, still fearful, watch'd with sleepless eyes
Almost o'erpower'd, till nature, weary grown,
Had, for a dearer safety, lost her own.

Hail, wedded love ! by gracious God design'd,
At once the source and glory of mankind !
'Tis this can toil, and grief, and pain assuage,
Secure our youth, and dignify our age :
'Tis this, fair fame and guiltless pleasure brings,
And shakes rich plenty from its brooding wings ;

Gilds duty's roughest paths with friendship's ray,
And strews, with roses sweet, the narrow way.
Not so the harlot—if it lawful be
To mention vice, when praising chastity—
Not so the harlot plights her venal vow ;
With heart obdurate, and Corinthian brow,
She fawns unfriendly, practised to beguile,
Stings while she weeps, and murders in a smile.
Fame, peace, and virtue she at once destroys,
And damns, most surely, whom she most enjoys.

Too oft the rich their alms refuse to shower,
Or put off mercy to their latest hour :
Too oft the great affliction scorn to know,
Strangers to half their species here below.
But ORRERY, with penetrating ray,
Through darkest distance found her willing way ;
Where'er the prisoner pined, with fruitless moan
To hearts far harder than the circling stone ;
Where'er the widow wept in vain for bread,
The merchant bankrupt, or the sailor dead ;
Where'er the orphan, friendless wretch, complain'd,
Who feels the woes he scarce can understand ;
Where'er the sick were destined to sustain
Hunger, and cold, and solitude, and pain ;
Where'er the poor groan'd at the oppressor's feet,
Borne down and trampled by the lawless great ;—
With generous charity behold her fly,
Each ill to soften, and each want supply :
Not meanest objects 'scaped her daily care ;
She saw, and revered, a Redeemer there !

So fairest cherubs left their heavenly state,
When a loathed Lazar languish'd at the gate ;
To attend his death they stoop'd, with ready wings,
Courtiers and favourites to the King of kings.

When God's high summons bade her virtue try
That one great business of mankind,—to die,
No conscious doubt her parting soul dismays,
No guilt of idle or of ill-spent days :
There the still calm of innocence appears,
And glorious hope the expiring Christian cheers ;
Welcomes the hour that ends her worldly toil,
And greets the king of terrors with a smile.
Love's stronger flame, when vital heat retired,
Awhile, with warmth, her dying breast inspired ;
A husband, parent, child, her soul detains,
And stops the chillness in her ebbing veins :
To these, e'en then, some pious thoughts were
given ;

These stay'd the ascending spirit from its heaven.
O, who shall now the orphans' loss repair ?
Whose arm shall clasp them with a mother's care ?
Who now shall form their minds with heavenly
truth,

And guide the heedless violence of youth ;
Warn them to shun the world's delusive snares,
Teach by her life, and guard them by her prayers ?

Forgive me, BOYLE, if deeply I bemoan
The lot that soon, too soon, may prove my own !
To part !—O bitter fruit of sin !—to part !
Pain, beyond language, to a faithful heart !

*No more to meet ! the bliss for ever o'er !
What love can bear the thought—to meet no more ?
Yes, love divine your soul may yet sustain,
And lead, in spite of death, to meet again ;
May bid you both, your grief for ever o'er,
In endless glory meet,—to part no more !*

TO KITTY,

A POETICAL YOUNG LADY.

I.

DEAR Kitty, now my counsel take,
Now is the dangerous season ;
If not, admit the rhyme to make
Atonement for the reason.

II.

Take heed, lest affluence beguile,
Lest pride should overpower ye,
Now kinder fortune seems to smile,
With prospect of a dowry.

III.

If e'er in other sphere you move,
And higher life appear in,
Take heed the station does not prove
The worse for Kitty's wearing.

IV.

If from simplicity you range,
If show and form control ye,
Your charms to ugliness you'll change,
Your prudence into folly.

V.

For affectation looks so foul,
When man or maid it seizes ;
That neither then the noblest soul,
Nor fairest body, pleases.

VI.

Whoe'er to play the coxcomb's part
By niggard nature's driven,
May pardon find ; but fools by art,
Can never be forgiven.

VII.

Remember you, (for others will,)
That woman is a creature
Of flattery vain, exposed to ill,
And doubly frail by nature.

VIII.

Should she for art and learning glow,
Applause and glory wooing,
On lofty verse her time bestow,
As you may now be doing ;

IX.

Yet still, to rule her house aright
Would better far become her,
Than to surpass the noblest flight
In Milton, or in Homer.

X.

What, though her youth may hearts engage !
Her bloom will quickly leave her ;
The certain spoil of coming age,
If 'scaping from a fever.

XI.

What, though her wit should never fail !
How few will long endure her !
The ship that ballast wants, by sail
Is upset the surer.

XII.

Who jests alike on friends and foes,
With raillery all retorting ;
Her folly she in earnest shows,
And only wit in sporting.

XIII.

'Tis hard to govern witty spleen ;
Time, person, place, be chosen :
'Tis more one satire to keep in,
Than 't is to make a thousand.

XIV.

Suppose a damsel, unconfined
By decency or duty,
Exulting in her haughty mind,
With riches, wit, and beauty :

XV.

Her treasure, more than miser's eye
By South-Sea aim'd at getting,
Enough all forfeit-land to buy,
Nay, all the land of Britain :

XVI.

A Cleveland for her beauty named,
Than Dorchester more witty ;
For learning more than Elstob famed,
For poetry, than Kitty :

XVII.

If she does nought but swell and brag,
Her talents have undone her ;
The wise will fly her like the plague ;
The tokens are upon her.

XVIII.

What's beauty, wealth, and wit beside ?
Nor God nor man will love her ;
For though she were an angel, pride
Will make a devil of her.

THE
ILIAD IN A NUTSHELL:

OR,

HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS
AND MICE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

*Age, quæso,
Tu nihil in magno doctus repréndis Homero?*—HORACE.

These are the divine boldnesses, which in their very nature
provoke ignorance and short-sightedness to show them-
selves. POPE'S NOTES.

I will not only show the feats they do,
But give you all their reasons for them too.

PROLOGUE TO THE REHEARSAL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JAMES LORD VISCOUNT LIMERICK.

MY LORD,

As your Lordship does not esteem it any accom-
plishment to forget whatever you learnt at the Uni-
versity, I hope it is no presumption to inscribe to
you the following poem, translated from the Greek:
your Lordship will be a judge, how much latitude it

is done with, as well as how far that liberty is pardonable.

Homer is by a few bold men said to have many faults ; but most of the critics insist upon it, that, wherever anything like an error appears in that great author, the blame is to be charged wholly upon the reader :

“ Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.”

I have endeavoured to take in as many of his disputed beauties as my plan would admit, especially his machinery, which I doubt not will be highly agreeable to all the admirers of the marvellous.

It is needless to attempt a laboured encomium of the original, which is perhaps the best as well as oldest burlesque in the world ; since the Iliad, so necessary for understanding the intention of it, is now in every English reader's hands, and as much said for it as perhaps the wit of man can urge : *Sic Pergama dextrâ defendi possent*. But, howsoever this faint imitation may be received by the world, my experience of your Lordship's friendship assures me, no trifle will be unacceptable to you, which gives me an opportunity of declaring myself, with all sincerity and gratitude,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged

and obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

I.

YOUR aid, ye heaven-born Muses, hither bring,
 Who sung the wandering Greek and Ilium's wars !
 Hard argument for mortal bard I sing,
 The sport tumultuous of revenger Mars :
 How mice renown'd with frogs a war maintain'd, 5
 For fame, for vengeance, and for empire strove,
 While each side sternly sought, yet neither gain'd,
 The hard-fought field : meantime sky-ruling Jove
 In equal balance poised their fortunes long :
 Dire arms, and wounds, and deaths, shall fill the
 advent'rous song. 10

Line 1. *Your aid*—Bossu acquaints us, the invocation is necessary, because the poet reports what he cannot be supposed to know, if some deity had not inspired him ; not that the Muse signifies anything else but the qualifications requisite to poetry.

Muses—The poet, to win the attention of the reader, and warning us he is about to relate something surprising, invokes not one Muse, but the whole number.

4. *Mars*—As the invocation is addressed to the gods, so the proposition mentions them, and the narration is full of them ; and they occasion the marvellous in epic.—*Bossu*.

8. *Jove*—He has as much to do in the commonwealth of Æsop, as the states of Homer : witness his appointing kings over the frogs.—*Idem*.

9. *Balance*—Æschylus wrote a tragedy upon Jupiter's scales, and Virgil copied them.

II.

'Scaped from Grimalkin's cruel rending claws,
 A thirsty mouse sought the refreshing flood ;
 His whiskers, downy beard, and weary paws,
 With liquid sweet delighted, he bedew'd.
 Him thus accosts a native of the streams :— 15
 " O thou from foreign realms arriving here,
 With truth, (for truth the virtuous well beseems,)
 Thy name, thy nation, and thy rank declare ;
 My destined guest if thee I haply see,
 A guest for monarchs fit, and not unworthy me. 20

III.

" Me to great Peleus, on the banks of Po,
 The fair Hydromedusa joyful bore ;
 Me for their lord these watery regions know,
 And slime-born frogs revere my dreaded power ;

15. *Him thus accosts*—A frog may as easily be supposed to speak as Xanthus, the horse of Achilles : indeed, the epopœia assumes a liberty very like that of Æsop. The discourse between Juno and Æolus, and what Neptune said to Zephyrus and Boreas, have as little truth and probability as the intercourse between the city and country mouse.—*Bossu.*

21. *Me*—Self-commendation is very common in epic heroes ; and Virgil makes Æneas say of himself, *Sum pius.*

Peleus—A name from mud. The father of Achilles was so called.

Po—There were three Eridani,—one in heaven, another on earth, and a third in hell : that on earth is here intended.

22. *Hydromedusa*—A ruler in the waters.

Physignathus my name, resounded far. 25

Thee too, when first at near approach I view'd,
 Those arms uncouth, and limbs design'd for war,
 The prince, the stranger, and the warrior show'd :
 Thy person speaks thee great, 't is regal all,
 Thy port and mien august, thy stature comely
 tall." 30

IV.

The stranger, answering, spake : " Psicharpax I,
 To gods and men throughout the world, am
 known,
 Where'er or foot can tread, or wing can fly.
 And is my name unheard by thee alone?
 By either parent I of monarchs spring ; 35
 Divine Troxartes is my royal sire ;
 Leichomye, the daughter of a king,
 Maternal honour claims ——
 Unparallell'd for wond'rous beauty she,
 Matchless for sceptred rule and wide dominion he. 40

25. *Physignathus*—One who swells his cheeks.

30. *Tall*—High characters should be placed upon bodies of the largest size, and finest make.—*Bossu*.

31. *Psicharpax*—One who plunders granaries.

36. *Troxartes*—A bread-eater.

37. *Leichomye*—A lick of meal.

38. *Maternal honour claims* —— The hemistichs of Virgil have been much admired by some very learned critics, who seem to be of opinion, that a verse is oftentimes the more perfect, the less it is finished.

V.

" But since on solid land I place my bliss,
 Since thou in lakes or marshes dost remain,
 Can friendship spring, where likeness none there is?
 Likeness, the surest link of friendship's chain.
 Rich meats my nicely-judging palate please, 45
 And boards where choicest delicates abound ;
 The creamy curd, the roughly-coated cheese,
 The well-fill'd salver, beautifully round :
 Delights of man, and honey'd cakes, I love,
 Ambrosial honey'd cakes, food for Saturnian Jove. 50

VI.

" What man's inventive luxury could find,
 Have I, unbought by gold or sweat, enjoy'd ;
 Nor yet could pleasure's charms unnerve my mind,
 In acts of famous chivalry employ'd :
 When 'gainst my foemen I advance my spear, 55
 Opposing to their ranks my sevenfold shield,
 I teach the victor warrior how to fear,
 And hardy vet'rans to my prowess yield ;
 Nor shun I deadly danger's glorious sight,
 Highest in power and rule, and foremost in the
 fight. 60

VII.

" Not man himself, not giant man, I dread ;
 But frequent to his couch undaunted creep ;
 Insult triumphant o'er his pillow'd head,
 Assail his hands, and interrupt his sleep.

By force unaided, he, by secret train 65
 To work my fate, his wily engine bends ;
 Where proffer'd banquet covers certain bane,
 And death insidious from a wire depends.
 My steps with hostile ken Grimalkin eyes ;
 At me, with talons arm'd, the bird of Pallas flies. 70

VIII.

“ Grimalkin most, so Jove ordains, I fear,
 Of Elimouser fierce the fiercer son ;
 Whose malice, ever watchful, ever near,
 Retired to chinky labyrinths, I shun :
 Impervious creeks secure retreat afford. 75
 Your foreign fare incurious I despise,

70. *Bird of Pallas*—This was the ancient emblem of wisdom, as it is the modern one of folly. It is unaccountable that this passage should be left without any explanation in the first edition ; for many a fine gentleman knows nothing of Pallas, but would presently be acquainted with this bird, when told in plain English it is an owl.

71. *So Jove ordains*—Innumerable are the instances of warriors charging their fears upon the gods : nothing less than immortals should ever stop a Diomedes or Ajax. The like excuse is used even by the gods themselves, in favour of offenders :—

*Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisæ Lacænæ,
 Culpatusve Paris*——

72. *Elimouser*—The word “ cat ” being very familiar, is avoided as too low. It is requisite also to inform the curious, that not only Elimouser himself, but his son Grimalkin, was of that species ; for, without this caution, he might be thought of a different kind, which is very frequent in poetry : witness Jupiter and his offspring Sarpedon, and many others.

The watery radish, and the insipid gourd,
 And tasteless greens, which frogs amphibious
 prize ;
 Danger might change ensue ; my present state
 Unenvy'd let me keep, nor envy others' fate." 80

IX.

Physignathus, half smiling, soft replied :—
 “ Thy princely virtues thou hast largely told :
 Thou seem'st in meats to place peculiar pride,
 Land-bred, despising what the waters hold.
 Amphibious frogs can greater wonders show. 85
 If now thou list a journey new to essay,
 Countries remote and manners strange to know,
 Pass'd without peril is the watery way ;
 Placed on my back, thou may'st securely ride,
 While I with skilful strokes dispart the yielding
 tide.” 90

X.

He spoke ; his shoulders low the monarch bends ;
 Psicharpax, clasping close his slimy neck,
 The proffer'd seat, light-vaulting, soon ascends,
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject lake.
 While yet the banks, receding by degrees, 95
 Not quite conceal'd in rising waters lay,
 The swimmer's guise uncouth well-pleased he sees,
 Whose art and strength united win his way.
 High o'er the swelling waves his limbs were spread,
 Floated his bosom prone, upheaved his dewy head.

XI.

Soon as his native land appear'd no more, 101

The trembling mouse shook with unwonted fears :
It booted nought his rashness to deplore,

Or shed with ill-timed grief repentant tears :

With strictest gripe he clings ; with shrilling plaints,

Lamenting loud, the distant shores he fills ; 106

His fear-sick heart with throbs unusual pants,

Approaching death his soul with horror thrills.

To gods supreme he sends his suppliant prayer,

Whose unavailing sounds are 'spersed in idle air. 110

XII.

As erst Europa, on Phoenicia's strand,

Was mounted sportive on Saturnian Jove ;

When swift the enamour'd bull forsook the land,

Bearing to distant Crete his freight of love :

110. *Whose unavailing*—Prayers of good men are commonly successful in epic. But Psicharpax had been guilty of great indiscretion, to hazard his life for mere curiosity. It is observable, there is not one simile in the poem to this place, which is above a seventh part of the whole. Dr. Clarke, who seems as good a critic as a divine, points out the same beauty in the first Iliad. It is true, Mr. Addison declares he should hardly have thought the worse of it, if it had as many as the first Æneid. However, it could not then have been so simple ; nay, perhaps it might have been more so still, had the poet left out two words, wherein he compares Phœbus to the night, and Thetis to a mist.

111. *As erst*—Some say, Homer has given the gods such manners as turn them into mere swine.—*Bossu*. Here

She wail'd her country lost, nor hoped return, 115
 For instant death the rising surges threat ;
 With trembling hand she grasp'd his bending horn,
 High from the waves she shrunk her quivering
 feet,
 Shrieking unheard ; nor object meets her eyes,
 Save broad and boundless seas, and wide-expanded
 skies. 120

XIII.

So fared the prince whom o'er the extended lake
 Light-foot Pelides on his shoulders bare,
 When, lo ! tremendous sight ! a crested snake,
 Whose blood-shot eyes glared terrible from far ;
 Erect, with scales of gold his bosom glow'd, 125
 While far behind his waving wreaths extend :
 The frog, unmindful of his god-like load,
 Deserts dismay'd his newly-chosen friend,
 His destined guest ; to shun the' unequal foe,
 Dives sudden to the deep, and swims secure below.

Jupiter is changed into a brute indeed, but into one of a nobler species, though in manners, it must be owned, inclined to lasciviousness.

122. *Light-foot Pelides*—It is not strange to give epithets to persons upon occasions which have no relation to them.—*Boileau*. As may appear even from Virgil himself sometimes :—

Quem pius Æneas dictis affatur amaris.

127. *God-like*. 131. *Divine*—This phrase is not used to signify perfection, but some particular qualification or advantage. Patroclus is called equal to a god, when he is lighting a fire.—*Eustathius*.

XIV.

Lost in a wild of waves, the mouse divine, 131
 Deserted, helpless, comfortless, forlorn,
 Now headlong sinks, emerges now supine,
 And spurns the unsolid wave, awhile upborne ;
 Vain struggling his enfeebled strength impairs, 135
 Striving to avoid inevitable fate :
 But as his force grows less, his moisten'd hairs
 His limbs o'erburden with redoubled weight.
 Yet ere the flitting life her hold forsook,
 Oft rising, sinking oft, these winged words he
 spoke :— 140

XV.

“ Shalt thou, Physignathus, Psicharpax slay,
 Whom thou in equal field durst never face ;
 Thy more than match in every martial play,
 In grappling stronger, fleetier for the race ?
 My death Pelides may repent too late, 145
 If injured Themis hear my dying cries ;
 In arms my subjects may revenge my fate,
 For thunder-loving Jove has righteous eyes :
 Then thou”—the abyss his sinking trunk receives,
 His haughty soul outbreathed her corse reluctant
 leaves. 150

XVI.

Nigh the lake's marge a mouse there haply stood,
 Leichopinax, held by Psicharpax dear :

146. *Themis*—The goddess of justice.

149. *Then thou*—It was the opinion of the ancients, that heroes, just upon the point of death, had the gift of prophecy.

152. *Leichopinax*—A licker of dishes.

The prince's cries, re-echoing from the flood,
 With well-known sounds pierced his attentive ear.
 Abundant tears he shed, and, mad with grief, 155
 Howl'd dire ; but, silenced with redounding sighs,
 In hopes of vengeance placed his sole relief ;
 Quick to Troxartes, king of mice, he flies,
 The unwelcome news impatient to relate,
 The frog's unkingly crime, and young Psicharpax'
 fate. 160

XVII.

Rage fired the king ; though now the evening sun
 Hasted declining to his western home,
 Yet swift as thought the sweet-voiced heralds run,
 The peers to summon to Troxartes' dome.
 Soon as the rosy-fingered morn appear'd 165
 To gods immortal, and to mortal man ;
 Up from his couch divine Troxartes rear'd,
 (His nobles met,) the great consult began ;
 Paternal care lour'd in his clouded look,
 While to the assembly thus the uprising monarch
 spoke :— 170

XVIII.

“ Ye mice beloved, lords, nobles, barons, peers,
 Slain is the heir of our imperial throne ;
 War unprovoked the public justly fears,
 Though yet the war is fallen on me alone :
 Three sons, of nuptial joys the pledges dear, 175
 From me their luckless father have been rent
 By stars adverse : my first and eldest care,
 In flower of years, on youthful play intent,

Whilst he his cave incautious did forego,
By stern Grimalkin fell, our never-sated foe. 180

XIX.

“ The next had lived, had not inhuman man
With novel art hatch’d an accursed device ;
The treacherous door afforded entrance plain,
Avoidless ruin to believing mice,
By men “ a mouse-trap ” named : this engine dire 185
My second hope from life and empire tore ;
Heedless he touch’d a latent magic wire,
Down fell, self-closed, the irrevocable door :
Imprison’d sure, when least suspecting guile,
Dying he found too late the inhospitable wile. 190

XX.

“ Psicharpax, well-loved prince, did yet remain,
To me and to his fondling mother dear,
Whom late Pelides, king of frogs, has slain,
Nor funeral wailings can attend his bier.
War, war at once, let all our realms declare, 195
If wrongs provoke, or thirst of vengeance warms ;
Instant our swords and lances we prepare,
Our limbs adorning bright in temper’d arms.”

194. *Nor funeral wailings*—The loss of burial was esteemed a very great affliction. We have not any records left concerning the manner how mice buried their dead. An inquiry into that piece of antiquity would be highly satisfactory to the curious.

The stalks of beans, now past their flowery bloom,
 Gnawn sheer, for greaves the audacious spoilers
 take ;

Squadrons well-booted ! lo, a nobler prey, 215

The trunk of Elimouser, spread the land :
 Home they with toil the spacious hide convey,
 Which Tychius, prince of leather-dressers, tann'd ;
 A mouse far-famed : this for their shields they bore,
 As erst Nemean spoils renown'd Alcides wore. 220

XXIII.

Strong nutshells, casques of proof, their temples
 guard,

Nodded their crest of Elimouser's hair ;
 And now the valiant mice, for fight prepared,
 Thick-thronging, rush by thousands to the war.
 So from an hollow'd rock, at spring's return, 225
 The bees their swarming nations endless pour,
 Which here, by winds dispersed, aloft are borne,
 There fall in clusters on the vernal flower.
 A dreadful gleam their polish'd needles yield,
 And auburn nutshell helms imbrown the verdant
 field. 230

XXIV.

Of hostile armies raised, and dangers near,
 Fame to the frogs the direful tidings bore ;

his action should stand in no need of them. How many gods
 does Virgil make use of to raise a storm, which happened at
 the rising Orion ! It is well observed, *Dii nisi datâ occa-*
sione nocere non possunt.—*Bossu.* Thus the mice might
 have gnawed a few bean-stalks without any assistance from two

Physignathus, appall'd with guilty fear,
 Summon'd his watery legions to the shore,
 To learn the dreaded truth ; the imperial tent 235
 Is raised on land, the slimy nobles meet,
 Council august ! when, by Troxartes sent,
 Enter'd the camp Embasichytrus great ;
 Graced with a herald's crown, a gallant mouse,
 More than his sire renown'd, his sire Tyroglyphus.

XXV.

Intent and silent stood the lake-born bands. 241
 " Ye frogs amphibious," dauntless he began,
 " Divine Troxartes, king of mice, demands
 Impartial vengeance for his murder'd son :
 Whom late seduced by some deceitful train 245
 From land, where subject mice might help or
 hear,
 Light-foot Pelides, king of frogs, has slain,
 Nor funeral wailings can attend his bier :

divinities, but then the action had not been so fit for the epopœia.

238. *Embasichytrus*—A creeper into pots.

240. *Tyroglyphus*—A cheese-scooper. The ancient poets seem to have been endued by Apollo with the property of knowing all things past, present, and to come, which a careful reader may perceive by their writings. This was probably the very mouse which was caught in a trap by Taffy ; and I wonder he was not named by the author of *Muscipula* ; who has also overlooked another testimony of the antiquity of the Welsh, in Virgil, who mentions Evans in his *Æneid* : *Necnon Evantem Phrygium*.

248. *Nor funeral wailings*—Repetitions are best when

Or yield to death deserved your guilty guide,
Or proffer'd war accept ; accept, and be defied." 250

XXVI.

This spoke, retired Embasichytrus bold,
The watery nation trembled at his threat :
When straight to inflame anew their courage cold,
Light-foot Pelides started from his seat :
" No ! by this sceptre's sacred wood I swear, 255
Hereditary pledge of royal power,
Which dying Peleus gave to me, his heir,
Which erst our great progenitors had bore,
Through centuries of years deliver'd down
From Hydrocætes old, first founder of our throne !

XXVII.

" Slain by himself, the princely mouse expired, 261
Nor fell untimely by your monarch's crime ;
But near the lake, while envious he admired
How youthful tadpoles wanton'd in their prime,

left to the reader's pleasure to make whenever he sees occasion, by which he may deserve as much reputation as the author himself could have merited by those flowers : if a long book must needs be had, it is but going over any part again and again, and the work is done.

255. *No ! by this*—The sceptre was the solemn oath of kings ; Virgil and Valerius Flaccus imitate Homer in making it so. It poetically acquaints us with the high descent and hereditary right of the hero.

260. *Hydrocætes*—One who lies in the waters.

261. *Slain by himself*—It cannot be denied that Physig-

Steer'd by their strength of tail, like them he sought
 To swim, which nature has to mice denied ; 266
 Presumptuous reptile ! soon, the audacious thought
 Dear-ruing, overwhelm'd in waves he died.
 Nor war nor vengeance to his ghost is due ;
 Like fate should all expect, who dare to rival you.

XXVIII.

"Like fate let all the treach'rous lineage end, 270
 If prudent frogs my timely counsel take,
 Ranged on the bank their onset to attend,
 Where the steep brow hangs pendent o'er the lake ;
 His adverse mouse each by the helmet seize, 275
 And sudden grappling, cast him headlong down ;
 Safe will we leap the wonted precipice
 At once, and diving deep their army drown,
 Oppress'd with weighty mail, to swim unskill'd :
 So shall we win with ease an uncontested field. 280

XXIX.

"Laden with spoils, victorious will we raise
 A glorious trophy for a nation slain."
 He spoke ; the shouting frogs their monarch praise,
 Pitch'd on the bank, determined to remain ;

nathus swears to a lie ; but it must be considered, says Bossu, the great art of kings is the mystery of dissimulation. This is the character which the Greek poet gives Ulysses ; and it is represented as a true and solid virtue, and commended by Minerva herself.

Forth from the waves the numerous squadrons move,
Eager their liquid fortresses to leave. 286

Such was the will of counsel-giving Jove,
And sage Minerva, practised to deceive :
While wavering Mars, promoting bloody jar,
Again from heaven descends, and arms them for the
war. 290

XXX.

With Mars, the trident-bearer Neptune went,
The ocean's sov'reign, and allotted lord,
And friendly aid to frogs amphibious lent,
For frogs the watery deities adored.
He bids the seas produce their secret store, 295
And lay their treasures on the neigh'ring strand :
The seas obsequious on the banks out-pour
Unnumber'd cockle-shells as thick as sand,

288. *Practised to deceive*—Minerva persuaded the Trojans ever to break the league ; for which breach afterwards Hector fell by poetical justice, whom she cheated and told lies to, in the shape of Deiphobus, to betray him into the hands of Achilles ; but prudence consists, we are told, in dissimulation.

289. *While wavering Mars*—It is the business of this god ever to fortify the weaker side to keep up the broil ; he is called “ wavering,” because victory is always changing parties.

292. *Allotted lord*—Jupiter, the eldest brother, had the east, Pluto the west, and Neptune the sea.

297. *The seas obsequious*—See the note upon the arming the mice, l. 211 ; to which may be added this fine remark of the last-cited author : “ To express physical truths poetically, we must not say, ‘ Salt preserves dead bodies,’ or ‘ Flies fill them with maggots ;’ but that Achilles, fearing the hot season

Distinct with golden specks of palest red,
 Rich various-colour'd helms, to grace and guard the
 head. 300

XXXI.

Breastplates of beets, of mallows greaves they chose,
 Becoming arms for martial frogs to wear ;
 Thick leaves of cabbage light their shields compose,
 Whose spongy texture deads the thrilling spear :
 Their lances stiff were sharply-pointed reeds 305
 Erect, which far their evening shadow cast.
 Now sable-mantled Night advanced her steeds,
 The deities back to Olympus haste ;
 Soft downy slumber all the gods o'erspread,
 And Jove supreme reclined, unsleeping, on his bed.

XXXII.

At length the saffron-vested morning shined, 311
 To gods and men diffusing orient light ;
 Saturnian Jove weigh'd in his prudent mind
 The various fortunes of the future fight :
 Events important ! from his awful throne, 315
 His purpose wise the thunderer thus reveal'd :
 " Fly, Hermes, heavenly herald, Maia's son,
 And party-colour'd Iris, airy-heel'd ;

might taint the carcass of his friend, gets his mother Thetis,
 goddess of the sea, which is salt, to perfume it with am-
 brosia."

310. *And Jove*—It would be a search worthy of some
 learned critic, to find why Jupiter went to bed when he knew
 he should not sleep.

The immortal race to council bid repair,
 Summon'd from heaven and hell, and earth, and sea,
 and air." 320

XXXIII.

The subject gods came at the royal call,
 All that ambrosia ate, and nectar quaff'd :
 Stern murderer Mars, that shakes the guarded wall ;
 Diana fair, rejoicing in her shaft ;
 Earth-shaking Neptune strong, by seas obey'd ; 325
 Far-shooting Phœbus, golden-hair'd, unshorn ;
 Pallas, ethereal spinster, blue-eyed maid ;
 And Venus, laughter-loving, ocean-born ;
 Vulcan, fire-ruling power in Lemnos own'd ;
 Empress of heaven, white-arm'd, great Juno, golden-
 throned ; 330

XXXIV.

There too the goddesses of founts and trees ;
 And yellow Ceres, crown'd with corn was seen ;
 The Nereids all, spawn of the fruitful seas ;
 And beauteous Thetis, silver-footed queen ;

321. *The subject gods*—Poets divided the divine attributes as it were into so many persons, because the infirmity of a human mind cannot sufficiently conceive and explain so much power and action, in a simplicity so great and indivisible as that of God. And perhaps they were jealous of the advantages they reaped from such excellent and refined learning, and which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy of.—*Bossu*.

331. *There too*. 333. *The Nereids*—Neptune and the rest of the watery deities are present at the council of the gods ; because the waters supply the air with vapours, and by that

Fair-hair'd Latona, and Alcides strong ; 335
 Hebe, whose bloom celestial never fades,
 Bacchus, the twice-born victor, ever young ;
 Inexorable Pluto, king of shades ;
 Sad Proserpine, his melancholy love ;
 And all the base-born seed of cloud-compelling Jove.

XXXV.

Above the cold Olympus' snowy height, 341
 And leafy Ida's ever-verdant hill,
 Was built the imperial palace, starry bright,
 Whose vaulty dome the gods assembled fill :
 The seats of heaven, at Jove's commanding nod, 345
 Marshall'd themselves, miraculous to view !

means pass into the ether. See Eustathius on the subject, who will also give you the reasons of most of the epithets here applied to the gods.

338. *Pluto*—He was not introduced into Homer's assembly ; but as that seems a hardship upon one who is honoured with the title of Jupiter, as well as his elder brother, he is here admitted into the council.

340. *And all the base-born*—Homer always expresses a great kindness for bastards, of which we need desire no stronger proof than his filling heaven with them. On the other side he makes marriage and discord inseparable, and Jupiter and Juno are for ever scolding. Here not the moral, but the allegory, is to be observed.

345. *The seats*—Vulcan's workmanship being animated, does not deviate at all from probability ; because a god can do more difficult things than these, and all matter will obey him. Besides, Aristotle assures us, the wonderful is the distinguishing character of epic, and proceeds therein even to the unreasonable ; a remark as just and well-grounded as any in his whole " Art of Poetry."

Each golden throne, wrought by the blacksmith-god,
 Spontaneous took its rank in order due ;
 And silver trevets for the meaner throng,
 Instinct with subtle life, self-moving, leap'd along.

XXXVI.

“ Ye powers immortal, male and female, hear,” 351
 The royal father said, “ and thither bend
 Your sharpen'd sight, where yonder arms appear !
 Say, whether nation shall the gods befriend :
 Speak, you that purpose, as auxiliars bold, 355
 For frogs or mice to leave the ethereal coasts !
 Array'd and ardent for the fight, behold
 The great, the warlike, the heroic hosts ;
 So ranged the cloud-begotten centaurs stood,
 So frown'd on Phlegra's plain the giant earth-born
 brood. 360

XXXVII.

“ And thou, dear daughter of my labouring brain,
 Athenian Pallas, wilt thou rest secure,
 And view the direful shock, the wounds and pain,
 Which mortal frogs from mortal mice endure ?
 Or else to pious mice afford thine aid, 365
 Who, constant as thine annual feast returns,
 Have due attendance at thy temple paid,
 Where, whilst the consecrated victim burns,
 With mystic dance, in honour of the day, 369
 Circling thine altar's verge, religiously they play ?”

369. *With mystic dance*—The reputable dancing among the ancients was said by some to be invented by Minerva.

XXXVIII.

With answering words the blue-eyed maid replies :

“ To tread mine awful courts the mice presume ;

To share, unbid, my festal sacrifice,

Allured with grateful scent of holy fume ;

And oft from sacred lamps the needful oil 375

The sacrilegious ravagers purloin,

And nibbling oft my flowery garlands spoil ;

Nor fears the puny race my power divine ;

Nor helm, nor goat-skin shield, nor lance they dread,

But even with ordure vile profane my statue's head.

XXXIX.

“ Though wisdom's power could slight disgrace alone,

With loss embitter'd, 't is severer far ;

My veil which flamed with gold, with purple shone,

With impious gnawings barbarously they mar.

Grieved for the work divine, so rudely tore, 385

I courted venal damsels, by reward,

The numerous breaches instant to restore ;

The numerous breaches artful they repair'd,

And now with clamours loud demand their hire,

Nor find I gold to pay,—just reason for mine ire. 390

XL.

“ Nor yet can frogs amphibious succour claim,

Unwise, impertinent, loquacious kind !

371. *Blue-eyed*—The Greek might be translated “ owl-eyed ;” but that would not be so agreeable to the modern Gothic taste as it was to the ancient simplicity.

391. *Nor yet can*—Observe the character of Prudence, who

When parch'd with thirst from battle erst I came,
 To drink the brook my lips I low inclined ;
 Untimely paddling in the beverage clear, 395
 With gritty mud they stain'd the promised
 draught.

Nor less their grating voice disturb'd mine ear,
 When, spent with length of toil, for rest I sought ;
 They chased sweet slumbers from my weary sight,
 And, harshly croaking loud, prolong'd the tedious
 night. 400

XLI.

“ Meantime, like pains my throbbing temples wound
 As Jove sustain'd from me his daughter born,
 Mother and sire in one ; nor rest I found,
 Till crowing cocks proclaim'd the welcome morn.
 For neither army let immortals fight, 405
 Or needless tempt the dangers of the day ;
 Since scenes of death our heavenly minds delight,
 Reclined securely we at distance stay.
 I stay,—desert that please their bless'd abode :
 To meet such foes in arms is daring for a god !” 410

acquits neither side, and refuses to engage on either with any disadvantage to herself.

407. *Since scenes*—The harmony of things springs from discord ; wherefore Jupiter was diverted at the disagreement of the gods themselves. So other immortals may be supposed pleased with the battle of frogs and mice.

410. *Daring for a god*—This is to be understood allegorically. The honest old archbishop of Thessalonica ingenuously acquaints us, in his comment upon the first Iliad, that allegory was invented in order to solve the absurdities which

XLII.

She ended speech, and all the listening crowd
 In hollow whispers murmur'd an assent ;
 Whom Jove addressing stern in threatenings loud,
 Shook with a nod the brasen firmament :—
 “ Whate'er rash god attempts dissension now, 415
 And dares with me, their sovereign, to contend,
 (Let Styx infernal bind the solemn vow !)
 Him headlong o'er heaven's battlements I'll send ;
 Even Juno's self shall from her throne be driven,
 Sister and wife of Jove, great sultanness of heaven. 420

XLIII.

“ Though more than goddess loved or woman she,
 Than Ceres, beauteous queen, with golden hair,
 Than Bacchus' parent, Theban Semele,
 Than Danaë, Acrisius' daughter fair, 424
 Of whom great Perseus sprung ; tho' favour'd more
 Than those whose double births increased my line :
 She that, of Phoenix' blood descended, bore
 Minos the just, and Rhadamanth divine ;

would otherwise appear in the ancient writers. And I must once for all inform my reader, if he finds any passage he cannot well account for, he must take it for granted there is an allegory in it.

421. *Though more than*—Jove in the Iliad makes his speech to Juno. A man's love to the sex in general may be no ill recommendation to a particular woman, even to a virtuous matron ; though I fancy it could never make him more in favour with his own wife, whatever influence it might have

She that, on lands and seas long-wand'ring seen,
 To heaven a Phœbus gave, to woods a huntress
 queen ! 430

XLIV.

“Juno, more dear than ever dame was dear,
 If now with mice or frogs she dares to treat,
 Sore will I scourge, suspended high in air,
 And rack'd with ponderous anvils at her feet.
 When hands resistless on my queen I lay, 435
 Inferior gods, your due submission learn.”
 Trembling the silent deities obey.
 Straight warlike trumpets breathe out courage
 stern,
 Hornets, who sounding bid the battles join,
 While Jove from cloudless heaven high thund'ring
 gave the sign. 440

on the wife of another, unless nature was a very different thing in Homer's time from what it is in our degenerate age.

434. *Ponderous anvils*—The physical meaning seems very apparent. Juno, the air, has two elements, earth and water, at her feet, called “anvils,” because in them only arts are exercised. The moral intimates, that good housewives should stay at home.—*Dacier*. There is another moral equally plain, overlooked by the learned French-woman; namely, that husbands, upon extraordinary occasions, may bestow upon their wives corporal correction. If the fair sex now think this brutal, it is merely out of false delicacy.

439. *Hornets*—Flies might have done well enough for trumpeters. Minerva in *Iliad* xvii. inspires Menelaus with the courage of a fly: which comparison has nothing of meanness in it; however, a hornet is more heroical.

XLV.

The frog *Hypsiboas* the first advanced,
 His javelin at *Leichenor* strong to throw ;
 The right-aim'd spear his shield and bosom lanced ;
 Through-pierced, he fell to earth, and, grovelling low,
 Soil'd in the dust his hairs. *Peleion* brave 445
 By mouse *Troglodytes* the next was struck ;
 Nor cabbage target could the hero save,
 Fix'd in his breast the pointed weapon shook :
 Dark clouds of death his swimming eyes o'erspread,
 Forth from her wounded hold his soul in terror fled.

XLVI.

Artophagus at *Polyphonus* sent, 451
 Nor miss'd the mark design'd, a massy spear ;
 The brasen point the sevenfold buckler rent,
 And pass'd the verdant beet, nor staying there,
 Transfix'd his swelling chest. It chanced a stone
 Lay near at hand, black, rugged, heavy, great ;
 This, by *Limnocharis* with fury thrown,
 Crush'd fierce *Troglodytes* beneath its weight.
 Pierced by *Seutlæus'* lance in fatal hour,
Embasichytrus vast fell like a ruin'd tower. 460

441. *Hypsiboas*—A loud bawler.

442. *Leichenor*—A name from licking.

445. *Peleion*—A name of the same signification with *Pelides*, the son of *Peleus* ; that is, mud.

446. *Troglodytes*—One who runs into holes.

451. *Artophagus*—One who feeds on bread. *Polyphonus*
 —A great babbler.

457. *Limnocharis*—One who loves the lake.

459. *Seutlæus*—Called from the beets.

XLVII.

Nor joy'd Seutlæus long : Isenor, grieved,
 Vow'd to revenge Embasichytrus slain ;
 But hasty wrath his erring hand deceived,
 The spear, wide swerving, struck the distant plain :
 He snatch'd a land-mark of enormous size, 465
 The burden of the field wherein it lay ;
 For, twelve the tallest, strongest, modern mice
 To lift or roll it might in vain essay :
 As from an engine shot, the mill-stone flies
 Full on Seutlæus' neck, and darkness veils his eyes.

XLVIII.

The warrior Pternotroctes levell'd right 471
 His glitt'ring javelin 'gainst Limnisius' head,
 Which pierced his lifted shield and helmet bright,
 And inmost brain ; the soul in terror fled.
 Crambophagus, with sudden fear dismay'd, 475
 Leap'd the steep bank, to gain his native lake ;

461. *Isenor*—One equal to a man ; for a mouse may as easily be supposed equal to a man, as a man equal to a god.

467. *For, twelve the tallest*—The opinion of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the process of ages, has been very general. Virgil makes a farther allowance. In this way of thinking it will appear that frogs and mice were not such despicable animals heretofore as they are at present, either as to their bodily or intellectual accomplishments.

471. *Pternotroctes*—A bacon-eater.

472. *Limnisius*—Called from the lake.

475. *Crambophagus*—A cabbage-eater.

But Pternotroctes' winged weapon stay'd
 His flight, deep entering his inglorious back :
 Stretch'd on the brink his lifeless corse remain'd,
 While rays of purple blood the silver water stain'd.

XLIX.

Pternoglyphus, by Calaminthius seen, 481
 His spear advancing, struck the frog with dread,
 Who shameless cast behind his target green,
 And dived beneath the waves with coward speed.
 Not so Hydrocharis, who wrathful threw 485
 At prince Pternophagus a rugged stone ;
 Right at the destined mark the mill-stone flew,
 Pierced to the skull, and crack'd the solid bone ;
 Nor nutshell helm avail'd : wide was the wound ;
 Brains through the nostrils flow'd, and blood dis-
 tain'd the ground. 490

L.

Near hand (to cruel fate, alas, too nigh !)
 A harmless frog, Borborocætes, stood,
 Who late escaped his careful parent's eye,
 New from his tadpole state, and left the flood
 For glory : fairest of the nation deem'd, 495
 With every gift of Cytherea graced :

481. *Pternoglyphus*—A bacon-scooper. *Calaminthius* —
 From the herb.

485. *Hydrocharis*—Who loves the water.

486. *Pternophagus*—A bacon-eater.

492. *Borborocætes*—Who lies in the mud.

This nought the stern Leichopinax esteem'd,
 Whose strongly-darted lance his form defaced ;
 Dead, through the liver struck, he tumbled down,
 While streams of crimson red new-dyed his olive
 brown. 500

LI.

Prassophagus dragg'd with unseemly spite
 Cnissodiocetes' carcass o'er the field ;
 The mouse Psicharpax, wrathful at the sight,
 To screen his friend, opposed his ample shield.
 Prassophagus, retiring, vainly thought 505
 To shun, by quick retreat, his speedy foe ;
 Him through from side to side Psicharpax smote,
 With utmost fury rising to the blow :
 Prone down he fell ; to Pluto's nether skies,
 Where heroes' shades remain, his soul unwilling
 flies. 510

LII.

Pelobates drew by the helmet's thong
 The warrior Artotrogus through the dust,
 And choked amid the waves : nor triumph'd long ;
 For strong Psicharpax through his liver thrust
 His javelin's deadly point. Pelusius view'd 515
 The wound amazed ; but, gathering courage new,
 Crafty, a handful large of oily mud
 At fierce Psicharpax' murrion right he threw,

501. *Prassophagus*—An eater of garlick.

502. *Cnissodiocetes*—One who follows the steam of kitchens.

511. *Pelobates*—Who walks in the dirt.

512. *Artotrogus*—See *Artophagus* and *Troxartes*.

Which all bemired with slime his manly beard, 519
Nigh closed his open eyes, and stifled nose besmear'd.

LIII.

The mouse, half blind and strangled, mad with shame,
A stone amidst his foes at random hurl'd,
Which haply had he seen with skill to aim,
Had sent some warrior frog to Pluto's world ;
The massy stone Pelusius' knee-pan broke, 525
Which fail'd, unable to support its weight.
Pelides, king of frogs, a second stroke
Forbade ; quick, to prevent his brother's fate,
He pierced Psicharpax' bowels,—entering in
Deep far behind his back the pointed reed was seen.

LIV.

Forth from their bleeding bed his entrails flow'd,
And fell amid the dust around his feet :
With torture leaning on his spear he stood,
Till crowding friends secured his slow retreat.
A lance at loud-voiced Branchiazon thrown, 535
Transfix'd his groin, his thigh the javelin's head
Half-sever'd from his trunk ; the hand unknown,
And whose the glory of so brave a deed.
Hardly he limp'd from fight, his nerves disjoin'd,
And trail'd a wounded length of dangling leg
behind. 540

525. *Pelusius*—From mud.

535. *Branchiazon*—Croaking.

LV.

When, lo ! divine Troxartes, king of mice,
 Marches with seven-fold target up to fight ;
 Instant the king of frogs, Pelides, flies
 With utmost swiftness from his injured sight :
 With equal steps the mouse pursued the chase : 545
 Swift as Latona's seed their arrows shoot.
 Still stood the wond'ring hosts to view the race ;
 For either chief was known so light of foot,
 The frog was oft by waves unyielding borne,
 The mouse by slender ears of ripe unbending corn.

LVI.

Sitophagus but late had trembling fled 551
 The frog's terrific voice and mighty arm,
 Casting his shield behind, his dastard head
 Shrouding in reeds : no longer fearing harm,
 He now the watery monarch flying found, 555
 And struck his winged heel with sudden dart.

543. *Pelides*—This name alludes not only to *pelos*, mud, but to Achilles also, the son of Thetis, so called. It is no disgrace for a hero to fly, especially having guilt upon his spirits.

549. *The frog was oft*—The Greek poet illustrates the swiftness of Ericthonius's mares, by describing them as running over the standing corn and surface of waters, without making any impression : and the Latin one says the same of Camilla ; which is a certain sign of Homer's excellency. Now a frog is as likely to be borne upon the waters, as a heroine ; and a mouse is not altogether so heavy as a mare.

551. *Sitophagus*—An eater of wheat.

But good Prassæus soon revenged the wound,
 Transfix'd the mouse, and tore his hairy heart.
 Pelides fell ; ere yet the fatal stroke
 Incensed Troxartes struck, the bleeding hero
 spoke :— 560

LVII.

“ O king, if gifts may move, of jewels rare
 My ransom take, a rich and precious hoard,
 Which dying Peleus gave to me his heir ;
 Which erst my great progenitors had stored,
 Spoils of the waters ; heaps of yellow ore 565
 My willing subjects for their prince shall give :
 Reject not then with scorn the proffer'd store ;
 Enchain me, let me serve, but let me live :
 Better alive sad slavery to sustain,
 Than dead o'er all the ghosts of chiefs and kings to
 reign.” 570

LVIII.

“ By thee Psicharpax fell,” the mouse replied ;
 “ If death so terrible appear, die thou.”
 With cruel spear he lanced his naked side,
 Warm streams of vital blood his arms o'erflow :
 His panting bosom heaves with dying sighs, 575
 Hard labouring to retain departing breath :
 At length he yields ; black darkness veils his eyes,
 Seal'd in eternal sleep of iron death.

557. *Prassæus*—Called from garlick.

569. *Better alive*—It is no wonder the heroes are so unwilling to die, when the poet provides no better entertain-

Nor strive the frogs to screen their leader slain
From greedy victor's spoil, or funeral rites to gain.

LIX.

Amidst the press, young Meridarpax fought, 581

Artepibulus' son, a mouse divine !

Who, breathing wrath and righteous vengeance,
sought

To extirpate quite the frogs' perfidious line :

On whom the gods their various gifts bestow'd ; 585

Warlike as Mars who shakes the guarded wall,

As Neptune's wide his chest and shoulders broad,

As Jove majestic, as Alcides tall.

By troops the warrior frogs he slew with ease,

Limnius, Hydrocharis, Peleus, Craugasides. 590

ment for them in the next world, than the worst they could meet with in this.

581. *Meridarpax*—One who plunders his share.

582. *Artepibulus*—One who has designs upon bread.

586. *Warlike as Mars*—When Plutarch blamed the comparing one man to several deities, that censure was not passed upon Homer as a poet, but by Plutarch as a priest ; and no modern fine gentleman, sure, can think the worse of any thing for its being disapproved by a priest in his sacerdotal capacity. Should it be said in his defence, that he was a Heathen, Mr. Dryden cuts off that plea : “ Priests of all religions are the same.” It must be owned, they are corrupted to the utmost, if they be fallen in their morals to so low a degree. that the first stone may justly be thrown at them by poets.

590. *Limnius*—Of the same import with Limnisius, called from the lake.

Craugasides—From croaking.

LX.

Whilst dealing death thus Meridarpax fares,
 A secret path his chosen squadrons take,
 And seize the numerous passes unawares
 Betwixt the croaking host and neighbour lake.
 Now slaughter reigns : whole showers of weapons
 flow 595

On Meridarpax' leathern shield in vain ;
 The folds repel the points. And surely now
 His hand impartial had the nation slain,
 Had not high Jove beheld the frogs distress'd,
 And thus with gracious lips his offspring gods
 address'd :— 600

LXI.

“ Hear, every power of heaven, air, sea, and hell ;
 Hear, every god ! and every goddess, hear !
 How strange to sight ! how wonderful to tell !
 What troops have fallen by Meridarpax' spear !
 What numbers numberless afflicted sore ! 605
 Say what of arms or counsel you prepare !
 What force can vie with Meridarpax' power ?
 What sleight effectual drive him from the war ?
 If not from heaven the frogs assistance find,
 His fierce, wide-wasting arm will quite destroy the
 kind.” 610

LXII.

Pondering the deities in silence sate ;
 Hard was the task the desperate field to win ;
 612. *Hard was the task*—Neptune, in Iliad xiii., supposes
 the assistance of Jupiter himself might be useless to the

Nor prophet Phœbus open'd the debate,
 Nor sage Minerva ventured to begin.
 At length impatient Mars disclosed his mind, 615
 Spoiler of cities, stain'd with human gore !
 Scarcely so loud three thousand warriors join'd,
 Or shout when fighting, or when wounded roar :
 Thus from his brasen chest the murderer spoke,
 Whilst rattling with his voice the extended welkin
 shook :— 620

LXIII.

“ Beware ; for gods by mortal arms may smart,
 And wounds, and pain, and shame have oft en-
 dured ;
 Juno and Pluto felt Alcides' dart,
 Whom Pæon's healing medicines hardly cured.
 Otus and Ephialtes dared confine 625
 Even me, for thirteen moons in prison bound ;

Trojans ; and no wonder therefore it might be ineffectual to have the succour of any inferior divinities.

613. *Nor prophet Phœbus*—Apollo, being nothing but destiny, ought not to side with either part before Jupiter declares himself.

614. *Nor sage Minerva*—It is agreeable also to the character of wisdom to hear others speak first.

617. *Scarcely so loud*—This hyperbole, strong as it is, yet is not extravagant. The voice is not human, but that of a deity ; and the comparison being taken from an army, renders it more natural with respect to the god of war. So Polyphemus, a mere mortal, shook the whole isle of Sicily with his cries.

Till Hermes stole me thence, sly thief divine !

Nor Jove had milder fate from Pallas found,
Had not a giant timely succour given,
By men Ægæon call'd, but Briareus in heaven. 630

LXIV.

“ What single god can stand the unequal shock ?

From dangers past, immortals, learn to fear.
Minerva's self would sink beneath the stroke,
And tinge with ichor Meridarpax' spear.
Heaven's magazines must arm us for the charge :
All arms are needful to repel the foe ; 636
Alcides' club, Minerva's lance and targe,
My sword, and Phœbe's and Apollo's bow.
Saturnian Jove must lead us to the field,
Arm'd with his vengeful bolt, and Titan-quelling
shield. 640

628. *Nor Jove*—Thetis brought up this succour to Jupiter ; that is, the watery element, taking its natural place, put an end to that combat of the elements, which is signified by the wars of the gods.

632. *From dangers*—Tully and Longinus say, Homer makes mortals of his gods, not of the inferior ones only. Pythagoras and Plato tax him with impiety on this account, in whose times the gods were reckoned altogether as corporeal as in our poet's age. Bossu owns, the learned men of antiquity, either out of pride, envy, or error, have gone upon wrong grounds in a matter of the highest importance, and deceived almost all mankind with deformed and dangerous figures, instead of necessary and solid truths.

634. *And tinge with ichor*—Corporeal deities being subject to pains, is not inconsistent with true theology ; nay, Bossu

LXV.

"That goat-skin shield wherewith of old he fought,
 When proud Enceladus his throne assail'd ;
 When giants, leagued, their promised empire sought,
 And first-born Titans had almost prevail'd :
 Such lightnings keen, as erst Typhoeus vast 645
 Sorely dismay'd, and wounded forced retire,
 When flames so thick the mighty thunderer cast,
 That scarcely from the wreck of horrid fire
 Olympus summited with snow was saved,
 Scarce the superior heaven, abode of gods, brass-
 paved." 650

LXVI.

Him Pallas answering spake : " Let all remain
 Here in their heavenly seats reclined secure ;
 Without partaking, view the wounds and pain
 Which mortal frogs from mortal mice endure.
 But if our sovereign's all-commanding will 655
 Is fix'd to save them from triumphant mice,

assures us, even the adultery of Mars and Venus contains a very moral lesson ; though how to reconcile this with what I have just quoted out of him, I cannot comprehend, without the help of some new allegory.

644. *First-born Titans*—If Homer held birthright to be divine, it is plain it was on earth only. The Titans were rebels, because they were conquered ; but, had they gained the victory, they would have at least as much right to the sovereignty of heaven as ever Jupiter was possessed of. The poet was no friend to passive obedience ; and the patrons of resistance may prove their point most irrefragably out of his poem.

Launch he his thunder from yon neighbour hill,
 Or call to dreadful fight some high allies,
 Whose strength may turn the fortune of the day,
 If Jove's high-thundering arm should fail to part
 the fray." 660

LXVII.

She ended speech, and cloud-compelling Jove
 His three-fork'd thunder takes to part the fight,
 With goat-skin shield descending from above,
 Swift, silent, black, and terrible as night.
 In sudden darkness either host he shrouds, 665
 Harsh thunders roll, and bluish lightnings blaze ;
 Yet not for loudest peals or thickest clouds
 His course impetuous Meridarpax stays :
 Nor ceased the din of war, though all around
 Heaven trembled from above, groan'd underneath
 the ground. 670

LXVIII.

As from a victim bull the sever'd meat
 To broil by waiters on the coals is lain,
 Their eyes devour the food : they, fasting yet
 Impatient, turn the steak, and turn again :

665. *In sudden darkness*—When the author has a mind to save any hero in distress, he brings in some god to steal him away in a cloud : a conduct imitated by almost all his commentators ; who, when their favourite writer is in any danger, constantly raise a dust, that the poet may escape in the obscurity.

671. *As from a victim*—To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subjects from whence they are

So now with disappointed Jove it fared, 675
 From thought to thought, from place to place, he
 flies.

His bolt he trusts not, nor ethereal guard,
 For barrier to the frogs ; his high allies
 He calls : sight more prodigious ne'er was shown
 On earth, that bears all fruits, or sea, producing none.

LXIX.

Dreadful allies ! What once their gripe possest, 681
 So far they grasp'd with cruel-rending claws,
 It easier seem'd a bone by force to wrest
 From hell-born Cerberus' devouring jaws.
 Each champion's mouth, or what for mouth appears,
 Yawns dismal, discontinuous, darksome, wide,
 Wondrously fenced with sharply-grinding shears,
 Whose edges meeting temper'd mail divide,
 With seeming double heads the monsters threat,
 Like amphisbænas dire in Afric's noon-day heat.

derived be great or little, noble or familiar, but if the image
 produced be clear and lively.

677. *His bolt*—Homer's allegory is not to be accounted
 for without a deep insight into the Egyptian and hieroglyphi-
 cal learning : though his best translator affirms, he probably
 used old traditions as embellishments of poetry only, neither
 taking care to explain them to the reader, nor perhaps diving
 into their mystic meanings himself. Yet the best critic upon
 him says, " These tales, unless taken allegorically, are
 entirely atheistical, and contrary to decency." A celebrated
 author blames Spenser for making his moral too obvious, a
 fault which the most malignant carper can never charge

LXX.

Hands had they none, yet, what supplied the place,
 Unnumber'd arms ; (scarce Briareus had more ;)
 Which mother Nature clad in jetty case,
 For tender skin with armour plated o'er.
 Fix'd in their breasts their round black eye-balls
 stood ; 695
 Their chests with rows of bone were strongly
 barr'd ;
 Their backs like malleable anvils show'd,
 Extended broad, smooth, solid, shining, hard ;
 Sure-proof, nor firmer hardness could they take,
 Though nine times dipp'd in Styx, inviolable lake. 700

LXXI.

Fit instruments of Jove's avenging ire,
 Allies for gods, though made of earthly mould,
 Not triple-form'd Chimera half so dire,
 Whom brave Bellerophon subdued of old.
 Oblique, untoward, awkward did they crawl 705
 Insidious, whither tending, hard to say :

Homer with : a far greater genius is requisite to understand his fables, than open morality has need of. It requires much stronger teeth to crack the shell, than to eat the kernel.

702. *Allies*—At least as capable of assisting him against the mice, as Briareus to protect him against the gods.

703. *Triple-formed*—Chimera was feigned to have the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon, because a mountain so called had lions at the top, goats in the middle, and serpents at the bottom : though some of the ancients thought it no fiction.

Numerous their legs and thighs, distorted all ;
 Their shells well-jointed to their wills gave way ;
 Such hinges fine not Vulcan's self could blame ;
 Nay, Vulcan's self from these his armour learnt to
 frame. 710

LXXII.

Forth from the waves their horrid march they take,
 By man call'd "crabs :" o'erpower'd, the mice
 are kill'd,
 Who guard the passes issuing from the lake,
 And Jove's imperial purpose is fulfill'd.
 No mortal strength their crusted limbs could harm,
 Or penetrate dame Nature's panoply ;
 The mice in vain around the monsters swarm,
 Sawn clean asunder by their shears they die,
 Which snapp'd their brittle spears, and crash'd their
 mails,
 And cropp'd their forward heads, and lopp'd their
 dragging tails. 720

LXXIII.

"Not monstrous foes," the king of mice exclaim'd,
 "But gods averse I fear, and hostile Jove ;
 Though gods immortal might retire unblamed,
 Should foes like these their heavenly valour prove."
 To whom with winged answer soon rejoin'd 725
 Young Meridarpax : "Gods submit to fate ;

721. *Not monstrous*—It becomes not a hero to fear any thing but the gods ; the old mouse first advises a retreat, and then the young one complies, as Diomedes did with the counsel of Nestor.

Aright, O king, according to my mind
 Advised, retreat we." These retiring, straight
 Their trembling host fled headlong, wing'd with fear,
 Last Meridarpax stalk'd, and sullen closed the rear.

LXXIV.

As when a sluggish ass in corn is found,
 Whose back has numerous staves already broke,
 He now, with troops of boys encompass'd round,
 Impenetrably dull, receives the stroke :
 Teased, but not hurt, he stands their utmost spite, 735
 Nor blows nor shouts can urge him to return :
 Weak are their cries, and childish is their might ;
 Serene he pastures on the bladed corn :
 At length, and scarce at length, he deigns to yield,
 Driven, sated with repast, slow-footing from the field.

LXXV.

The Muses, knowing all things, list not show
 The wailings for the dead and funeral rites !
 To blameless Æthiopians must they go,
 To feast with Jove for twelve succeeding nights :

731. *A sluggish ass*—An ass was not always such a fool of a beast as he is now ; for other animals, as well as men, degenerate : however, if it might be thought too low a comparison for a man, I hope it is not too mean for a mouse.

743. *To blameless Æthiopians*—The gods are represented as feasting in Æthiopia before the scenes of war are opened in the Iliad, and return thither at the close. The Æthiopians are said to be the inventors of pomps, sacrifices, and other

Therefore abrupt thus end they.—Let suffice 745

The gods' august assembly to relate,
 Heroic frogs and demigods of mice,
 Troxartes' vengeance, and Pelides' fate,
 Hosts routed, lakes of gore, and hills of slain,—
 An Iliad, work divine ! *raised from a day's campaign.*

honours paid to the gods. Macrobius tells us, Jupiter means the sun, and the number twelve denotes the twelve signs.

750. *An Iliad*—Homer's Iliad does not take up fifty days ; so that it was but a strange compliment to a great general, to say he had furnished matter for an Iliad in one campaign, or half-year.

Work divine—Madame Dacier seems to have almost as much regard for Homer as the Bible, as though she were willing they should stand or fall together ; and, with wit equal to her piety, she proves the poet blameless by texts of Scripture. Nothing could go beyond this, except the fancy of our countryman, who held Homer and Solomon to be the same person !

I think it proper, at my taking leave of my reader, to acquaint him, there is a general moral runs through this whole work ; which I will not suppose him so ignorant as not to discern. It is of a quite different nature from the above-mentioned allegories ; to which sort of beauties may be applied, with the alteration of new into old, that celebrated couplet,—

This new way of wit does so surprise,
 Men lose their wits in wondering where it lies.

AN ELEGY ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

“ There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary
are at rest.”—JOB.

LOVE, strong as death, my glowing heart inspire,
And blend the Christian's with the poet's fire ;
Adorn a father's fame with pious lays,
Till Faction pardon, if she dare not praise !
Should miscreants base their impious malice shed,
To insult the great, the venerable dead ;
Let truth, resistless, blast their guilty eyes,
Bright as from clouds the red-wing'd lightning flies, }
Bright as the sword of flame that guarded Paradise, }
Attend, ye good ! whose zeal, unshaken, owns
The churches' altars, and the prelates' thrones :
Ye wise and just ! who hate the devil's plea,
Excusing crimes by feign'd necessity :
Ye firm and brave ! whose courage scorns to bend,
Nor stoops in danger to desert a friend :
Ye plain and true ! who, scann'd by hostile eyes,
Disdain the mean advantage of disguise :
Ye pure of hand ! whom knaves for idiots hold,
Despising lustre of ill-gotten gold :
Faithful, but few ! to you my strains belong ;
Applaud my friendship, and accept my song.
Hail, happy sire ! The pain of life is o'er,
Stranger and wandering pilgrim now no more ;

At home,—at rest,—secure in blissful skies,
Where envy drops its snakes, and fraud its guise.
See, seraph-guards the starry crown prepare !
See, smiling angels fly to greet thee there !
Lo, Hyde,* to exile doom'd on earth alone,
Springs to salute thee from his azure throne !
Nor yet, below, thy envied glory dies :
Long as the sun rolls o'er the empyreal skies ;
When pyramids, unfaithful to their trust,
Crumble to atoms, with their founders' dust ;
When solid marble, mouldering, wastes away,
And lies desert the monumented clay ;
Thou still shalt live, to deathless fame consign'd ;
Live like the best and bravest of mankind.

Where sleeps great Hannibal, the scourge of
Rome ?

Or who can point out awful Cato's tomb ?
What breathing busts—what sculptured angels rise,
To adorn the place where Charles the Martyr lies ?
No burial rites his impious hangmen gave,
Not the poor favour of a decent grave.
When Anna rests, with kindred ashes laid,
What funeral honours grace her injured shade ?
A few faint tapers glimmer'd through the night,
And scanty sable shock'd the loyal sight.
Though millions wail'd her, none composed her
train,
Compell'd to grieve, forbidden to complain.

* Lord Clarendon.

How idly scornful the contempt express'd !
How mean the triumph o'er a saint deceased !
So when death's bloodiest paths the martyrs trod,
To conscience faithful, firm to heaven and God,
The insulting foe their bones, to dust calcined,
Gave to the flowing stream, and flying wind.
Vain was the tyrant's art, the demon's vain,
In heights, in depths, their atoms safe remain :
Heaven views its treasure, with a watchful eye,
Till the last trumpet calls it to the sky.

Nor more can powers infernal strike with dread
The soul when living, than the body dead,
Where grace divine, with native courage join'd,
Inspirits and exalts the Christian's mind.

When hapless James, with rage untimely shown,
For Rome's ungrateful pontiff risk'd his throne ;
And boastful Jesuits hoped our fall to see,
With Julian's spite, without his subtlety ;
The faithful priest our suffering church defends,
Careless of mighty foes and feeble friends ;
His early pen for pure religion draws,
With strength and fervour worthy of its cause.
So when brave Luther stemm'd corruption's tide,
With zeal, and truth, and conscience on his side ;
Him nor loud threats nor whispers low could
stay,

Nor chains, nor racks, nor fires obstruct his way,—
Resolved to oppose proud Babel's haughty powers,
And make Rome tremble through her seven-fold
towers.

When William reigns, the valiant and the wise,
And *foes profess'd to priestly synods* rise,
To check encroaching power, the champion fights
For long-neglected sacerdotal rights.
Scarcely the adverse chief his force withstands,
Till raised and strengthen'd by imperial hands.
*These** point the labour, and reward assign,
Direct the battery, and instruct the mine ;
The exhausted war renew with weapons keen,
Near, though in clouds, and mighty, though un-
seen.

So the good Dardan prince, as Virgil feign'd,
With fates and gods averse a war maintain'd,
Dauntless in flames :—till his enlighten'd eyes
Against his Troy beheld immortals rise ;
Juno and Pallas lead their Greeks to charge,
And Jove o'ershades them with his sovereign targe ;
Neptune, enraged, o'erwhelms the smoking walls,
And, by the hand that raised her, Ilium falls.

Perpetual storms his steady mind engage,
Trials of warmest youth and wisest age.
—Whatever frauds to legal craft belong,
Mazes of lies, and labyrinths of wrong ;

* Mr. Badcock observes, respecting this couplet :—“ Alluding, we suppose, to Dr. Atterbury's dispute with Dr. Wake, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, and others, concerning the rights and privileges of the convocation : a controversy, in all probability, privately fomented and encouraged by king William, who, being a Dissenter, might wish to effect an abridgment of that assembly's powers.”—EDIT.

—Whate'er unjust in precedent appears,
Shaded with darkness of revolving years,
Till wrong seems ripen'd into right by time,
And age makes theft a venerable crime ;
(While, fond of present rest, the reverend drone
Buys his own ease with treasure not his own ;)
—Whate'er of weight is cast on friendship's side,
By ministerial guile and lordly pride ;
—Skilful to search, and faithful to display,
And bold to call forth midnight into day,
To no base arts his steady virtue leans,
Disdaining conquest by ignoble means ;
Pursuing truth with ever-active fire,
And dauntless to assert as to inquire.
In vain or power or wealth the tempter shows,
Or friends entreating turn insidious foes ;
Nor smoothest prayers divert, nor danger awes
From gaining malice, while he gains his cause.
So when to Abram's first-born son were given
The temporal blessings of propitious Heaven,
Though doom'd from Canaan banishment to bear,
The fate was prosperous, and the lot was fair.
Behold him great in height of battle grow !
Still strong his arm, still prevalent of bow !
Ordain'd by none to fall, yet all to oppose,
A single conqueror, with the world his foes.

To mightier dangers yet his virtues rise,
His panoply no common vengeance tries,
From long-collecting stores the treasured thunder
flies.

Lightnings, thick shot, around his temples glare,
Aim'd rightly by the regent of the air ;
Actors were chose, skill'd in hell's deepest plots ;
Actors, to whom the arch-fiend himself allots
The very essence of a devil's sin,
His rage to ruin, and his craft to win ;—
He * who to gold perpetual worship gave,
Secret as night, unsated as the grave,
To friendship blind, sharp-sighted to a bribe,
The subtlest artist of the subtle tribe ;
Whose deep-affronted avarice combines
With craft, outwitted by its own designs,
Full on that head their utmost rage to shower,
Who spurn'd at tender'd gold and offer'd power ;—
He † who, by fortune raised, is vain of skill ;
Who laughs at right and wrong, at good and ill ;
Patron of every art, in every kind,
To unnerve the body, and debase the mind ;
Provoked by virtues of the wise and brave,
Of blackest crimes protector, friend, and slave ;—
He ‡ who with self-importance swells debate,
Whose rancour no revenge can ever sate,
Ravenous for gain, yet loud for common-weal,
With party-madness and invented zeal,

* Mr. Badcock says, " Perhaps Lord-Chancellor Macclesfield."—EDIT.

† Mr. Badcock intimates a doubt whether Sir Robert Walpole be not here intended.—EDIT.

‡ Supposed to be Sir William Young ; but " doubtful," says Mr. Badcock.—EDIT.

With more than lordly haughtiness possess'd,
And proudly prates of honour long deceased !
Eternal, restless enemy to good,
By pride, by sect, by climate, and by blood.
To dark oblivion let the rest be given,
Lost to the world as they are lost to heaven.

When Britain wept for avarice of state,
And threatenings loud alarm'd the guilty great,
Wide and more wide were spread the wretches'
moans,

The widows' wailings, and the orphans' groans ;
While injured thousands vengeance just require,
Convulsed like *Ætna* ere it bursts in fire ;
What secret art, what Machiavellian hand,
Could turn the torrent no man could withstand ?
What spell could universal wrath appease ?
Could deep amazement bid their tumult cease ?
Unusual objects charm their angry eyes,
Amuse the curious, and perplex the wise ?
No !—Let the weight on Atterbury fall,
“ Devoted victim to atone for all ! ”

So (if old tales to illustrate truth presume)
When earth, wide-opening, threaten'd general doom,
Nor prayers nor tears could calm her labouring
breast ;

Nought but the richest treasure Rome possess'd,
The demon-gods pronounced avoidless fate,
And all Jove's ministers of wrath and state :
In vain their much-loved stores the wealthy bear,
Their arms the brave, their ornaments the fair ;

A growing sepulchre the gulf exposed,
And not till Curtius plunged, the cavern closed.

But not to death his foes their hate pursued,
Nor stain the blushing earth with hallow'd blood.
For, lo ! imperial mercy found the way
To call the bloodhounds from their destined prey.
Soon as the sovereign will their purpose cross'd,
The rage of faction for a space was lost :
The deepest throats their cries for death suspend,
And those who late accused him, now commend.
Unmark'd before, what great endowments rise !
What matchless virtue sparkles to their eyes !
So Satan view'd the parent of mankind,
And felt soft pity melt his stubborn mind.
Unknown remorse his wondering thought employs,
He mourns the Eden that himself destroys.
Awhile the sight his cursed intent removed,
And, had he not betray'd her, he had loved.

What last remains to crown each glorious deed,
Such virtues to reward and to exceed ?
What but to meet unmoved the judgment-day,
When all the scenes of nature shall decay ?
When penal fire consumes each trembling coast,
And seas, co-eval with the world, are lost ;
When discord blends the orders of the sky
In wild confusion : then to lift the eye
Dauntless and firm, 'midst ruins to rejoice,
When Power Divine its own effect destroys ;
With gratulations hymn the Almighty's rod,
Strong, not in nature, but in nature's God.

NECK OR NOTHING :

A CONSOLATORY LETTER FROM MR. DUNTON TO MR.
CURLL, ON HIS BEING TOSSED IN A BLANKET, &c.
IN THE YEAR 1716.

*Id cogito quod res est, quando eum quæstum occeperis,
Accipiunda et mussitanda injuria adolescentium est.*

TERENCE.

“Truth is truest poesy.”—COWLEY.

Lo ! I, that erst the glory spread
Of worthies, who for Monmouth bled,
In letters black, and letters red ;
To thee, dear Mun, condolence write,
A sufferer from the Jacobite :
For just as they were martyrs, so
A glorious confessor art thou.
Else should this matchless pen of mine
Vouchsafe thee not a single line ;
Nor wave its politics for this,
Its dark and deep discoveries ;
Nor for a moment should forbear
To charge the faction in the rear.

}

Could none of thy poetic band
Of mercenary wits at hand
Foretell, or ward, the coming blow,
From garret high, or cellar low ?
Or else at least in verse bemoan
Their lord, in double sense cast down ?

Or wast thou warn'd, and could'st believe
That habit fitted to deceive,
That corner'd cap, and hanging sleeve?
What Protestant of sober wits
Would trust folks dress'd like Jesuits?
And could'st thou, Mun, be such a sot
As not to smell a powder-plot?
And, looking nine ways, could'st not spy
What might be seen with half an eye?

What planet ruled that luckless day,
When thou, by traitors call'd away,
Thy hasty, hapless course didst steer
To fatal, flogging Westminster?
For hat and gloves you call'd in haste,
And down to execution pass'd.
Small need of hat and gloves, I trow;
Thou might'st have left thy breeches too!
Perhaps thy soul, to gain inclined,
Did gratis copies think to find;
Or else, mistaken hopes! expected
To have at least the press corrected.
Correction they designing were
More difficult, but better far;
Though, whatsoe'er the knaves intended,
Thou 'rt but corrected, not amended.
No! let it ne'er by man be said,
The pirate's frighted from his trade:
Though vengeful birch should flay his thighs,
Though toss'd from blankets he should rise,
Or stand fast nail'd to pillories.

To see thee smart for copy-stealing,
My bowels yearn with fellow-feeling.
Have I alone obliged the press
With fifteen hundred treatises,
Printers and stationers undone,
A plagiary in every one?
Yet always luckily have sped,
Nor suffer'd in my tail or head.
My shoulders oft have ached, 't is true,
Misfortune frequent with us two!
Law claims, from thieves and pamphleteers,
Stripes on the back, and pain of ears;
And cudgels, too, a power derive
Around our sides executive:
A power, though not by statute lent,
Yet justified by precedent.
But law or custom does not give
Such tyrannous prerogative,
To turn thy brains, and then extend
Their fury to the nether end.

Inhuman punishment, inflicted
By stripling Tories, rogues addicted
To arbitrary constitution;
'T was Rome! 't was downright persecution!
I sweat to think of thy condition
Before that barbarous inquisition.
Lo! wide-extended by the crowd,
The blanket, dreadful as a shroud,
Yawns terrible, for thee, poor Mun,
To stretch, but not to sleep upon.

Glad would'st thou give thy copies now,
And all thy golden hopes forgo,
Some favour from their hands to win,
And 'scape but once with a whole skin :
Yet vain, alas ! is thy repentance,
For "neck or nothing" is thy sentence.
How dost thou lessen to the sight,
With more than a poetic flight !
I ken thee dancing high in air,
With limbs alert, and quivering there.
So, whizz'd from stick, I've seen to rise
A frog, sent sprawling to the skies
By naughty boys, on sport intent,
Caught straggling from its element.
This scene some graver shall invite,
To stamp thy form in black and white ;
Haply, in future times, to grace
Some ever-open frontispiece ;
With mouldy, veteran authors stale,
Sustain'd by packthread and a rail ;
Where Crouch, sweet story-teller, keeps,
And Bunyan, happy dreamer, sleeps :
Near him, perchance, aërial, thou
Aloft shalt thy proportion show ;
For ever carved on wooden plate,
Shalt hang i' th' air like Mahomet.
Whate'er thine effigy might do,
Thy person could not hover so.
Happy at Westminster for thee,
Could'st thou have hung by geometry :

But ah ! the higher mortals soar,
So fate ordains, they fall the lower ;
With swifter rapidness down-hasting,
(For nothing violent is lasting,)
With greater force thy forehead came,
Than engine, or than battering-ram ;
Nor blanket's interposing wool
Could save the pavement or the skull.

This sure might seem enough for once ; O,
This tossing up and tumbling down so ;
And well thy stomach might incline
To spew without emetic wine :
Their rage goes farther, and applies
More fundamental injuries.

Like truant, doom'd the lash to feel,
Thou 'rt dragg'd, full sore against thy will,
To school, to suffer more and worse.
No wonder if you hang an arse,
As thy posteriors could foresee
Their near-approaching destiny !
The school, the direful place of fate,
Opes her inhospitable gate,
Which ne'er had yet such rigour seen,
No ! not from Busby's discipline.
And, first of all, the cruel rabble
Conduct thee trembling to a table ;
Thy wriggling corpse across they spread,
Two guard the heels, and two the head :
The rest around, a threatening band,
With each his *fascēs* in his hand,
Dreadful as Roman lictors stand.

}

So oft a four-legg'd cur I 've known,
By hind legs and by fore kept down,
To be dissected, while physician
Stands o'er with weapon of incision.
The scene they order to disclose ;
" Strip, pull his breeches o'er his hose ;
Nay, farther, make the coast yet clearer,
Though near the shirt, the skin is nearer."
So said, so done, they soon uncase
Thy only penetrable face,
The breech, the seat of bashfulness :
As hence we gather, by its caring
So very rarely for appearing ;
Not oft its pretty self revealing,
Devoid of sight, though not of feeling.
And now upon thy rump they score thee,
And pink thy fleshy cushions for thee.

" Come, hold him fair, we 'll make him know
What 't is to deal with scholars." " O !"
Quoth Edmund. " Now, without disguise,
Confess," quoth they, " thy rogueries.
What makes you keep in garret high
Poor bards tied up to poetry ?"
" I'm forced to load them with a clog
To make them study." " Here's a rogue
Affronts the school ; we 'll make thee rue it."
" Indeed, I never meant to do it !"
" No ? didst thou not the Oration print,
Imperfect, with false Latin in 't ?"
" O pardon !" " No, sir : have a care,
False Latin 's never pardon'd here."

“Indeed, I’ll ne’er do so again :

“Pray, handle me like gentlemen.”

“Yes, that we will, sir, never fear it ;
Your betters have been forced to bear it.”

Thus, shaking the tyrannic rod,
Insulting thy backside, they stood ;
And with a lash, as is their fashion,
Finish’d each smart expostulation.

Though all that can by man be said
Can ne’er beat sense into thy head,
Yet sure this method cannot fail
Quick to convey it to thy tail ;
As when a purge that ’s upward ta’en
Scours not the stubborn bowels clean,
More surely operating clyster
At t’ other end they administer.
I Westminster so much should hate,
Had I been jerk’d like thee thereat,
I’m sure I should not care at all
To come so near it as the Hall.
Hast thou not oft enough in court
Appear’d, and often smarted for ’t ?
And dost thou not, with many a brand,
Recorded for a pirate stand,
Glad that a fine could pay the arrears,
And clear the mortgage of thy ears ?
Then what relief dost hope to draw
From that which still condemns thee,—law ?
And if from law no help there be,
I’m sure there’s none from equity.

Lay hand on heart, and timely think,
The more thou stirr'st, the more thou 'lt stink ;
And though it sorely galls thee, yet
Well as thou canst, sit down with it ;
And since to rage will do no good,
Pull in thy horns, and kiss the rod ;
And, while thou canst, retreat, for fear
They fall once more upon thy rear.

Though 't is vexatious, Mun, I grant,
To hear the passing truants taunt,
And ask thee at thy shop, in jeer,
“ Which is the way to Westminster ? ”
O, how the unlucky urchins laugh'd
To think they 'd maul'd thee fore and aft !
'T is such a sensible affront,
Why, Pope will write an epic on 't ;
Bernard will chuckle at thy moan,
And all the booksellers in town,
From Tonson down to Boddington ;
Fleet-street and Temple-bar around,
The Strand and Holborn, this shall sound,
For ever this shall grate thine ear,—
“ Which is the way to Westminster ? ”

}

AN ODE TO JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE DEATH OF THE LADY
OGLETHORPE, HIS MOTHER.

I.

No ! not through envious Time's continued course,
Not every age degenerates from the past ;
Whether for toils of war and rugged force,
Or arts, whose fair memorials ever last ;

II.

Though twice the strength in Diomede appear,
That heroes' nerves, when Homer lived, could
show ;
Though Turnus hurl'd a rock, half-dead with fear,
Which twelve selected Romans could not throw ;

III.

Though blind Mæonides unmatch'd displays
His fire, and Pindar, scarce till Cowley known ;
Though ancients pyramids and temples raise,
And Grecians wake to life the breathing stone.

IV.

When wild Octavius, in Augustus lost,
Bless'd his Italians with a golden reign,
What worthies rise, their country's happy boast,
The dignity of nature to maintain !

V.

The soul's whole vigour Cæsar's smiles forth call,
And glorious genii round his empire sprung ;
Vitruvius nobly plann'd the pillar'd wall,
And with immortal grandeur Maro sung.

VI.

Again Hesperia rises to renown,
And Tiber's sons again bright honour share,
When Leo bounteous wore the triple crown,
A better sovereign than a prelate far !

VII.

Then Raphael's all-creating art appear'd,
Rival to nature, and shall live as long :
Then from her trance old Poesy uprear'd,
Inspired her Vida with a Christian song.

VIII.

Nor wants illustrious names my country dear,
Where pious Anne and learn'd Eliza reign'd.
Lo ! Tudors and Plantagenets appear,
And Charles the Martyr consecrates the land.

IX.

In Stuart's age what merit claims the lyre,
While halcyon years with cloudless splendour
run ?
See ! Jones's piles immortalize the sire ;
Hark ! syren Dryden warbles to the son.

X.

What heroines attend Britannia's throne,
Thy pencil's pride, Vandyke, or, Lely, thine?
Nor Oglethorpe with meanest lustre shone,
But asks the loftiest and the strongest line.

XI.

Augustan court, when Oglethorpe was there,
Scene of the brightest wits, and brightest eyes!
Among the fairest, not disown'd for fair,
Among the wisest, ever own'd as wise.

XII.

Her constant soul, unwarp'd by sunny rays,
Convey'd no poison to her prince's ear;
But truths, while faction stamps, and cringers gaze,
She only dared to speak, and he to hear.

XIII.

'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found,
'Mong many daily wavering, still the same:
Prudent to choose, and wise to keep, her ground,
Nor bribed, nor soothed, nor frightened from her aim.

XIV.

Heaven's rod afflictive proved her virtue's power,
In storms as well as calms too quickly tried;
Sleepless she guards her sovereign's dying hour,
Nor starts a moment from his honour'd side.

XV.

Charles to no saint his dying soul commends,
Nor owns conversion to the papal sway ;
No Romish priest, no Huddleston attends,
With useless unction, his expiring clay.

XVI.

'T was this, unfaltering, unappall'd, she spoke,
When idiot Jesuits spurr'd with headlong rein.
But when weak rulers press their iron yoke,
Sure way to lose is meriting to gain !

XVII.

Thrown from her place, from royal favour thrown,
(A fall more grievous to a generous mind !)
This truth, though grating, she persists to own,
And mocks the violence of the adverse wind.

XVIII.

When o'er her master's head the clouds grew black,
And prosperous William reach'd his happy port,
When summer flies by swarms their lord forsake,
She joins uncourtly to the falling court.

XIX.

Can public good on private guilt rely ?
Can worst ingratitude from conscience spring ?
Then well-paid veterans from their chief may fly,
And pension'd favourites may desert their king.

XX.

Not wise Nassau her stubborn duty charm'd,
Not all his mighty spirit hers controll'd ;
She scorns his anger, though with legions arm'd,
Rejects his bounty, and derides his gold.

XXI.

Fit consort for her spouse ! whose faith unfeign'd,
While Monmouth sleeps, his sword undaunted
draws,
When Bothwell-bridge rebellious Scots maintain'd,
With clerks and captains worthy of their cause,

XXII.

Admired and courted by the stronger side,
To danger proof, his spotless honour blazed ;
Condemn'd by fools, by sycophants decried,
Revered by William, and by Mary praised.

XXIII.

And thou, their heir, with undiminish'd fame
Transmit hereditary glory down ;
Let public good thy utmost ardour claim,
Careless of coxcombs' fleer, and villains' frown.

XXIV.

Drag out foul tyrants to the astonish'd light,
Where human devils, chain'd, their captives hold ;
For legal liberties unwearied fight,
Nor leave a gyve unbroken, though of gold.

XXV.

In distant climes a safe asylum give,
Where friendless want, not criminals, may run ;
Where faith Divine and virtue may revive,
And flourish kindly in another sun :

XXVI.

Whether from barbarous tortures, “mercy” styled,
And Jesuits’ cruelties, they take their way ;
Or fly, by lawless civil power exiled,
Or starve by statesmen’s ministerial sway !

XXVII.

Unchanging truth thy parents both demand,
And courage nothing mortal can control ;
Like them in life, like them, too, fearless stand
In the last conflict of the parting soul.

XXVIII.

The duteous son what piercing sorrows wound,
When dying pangs a mother’s breast assail !
In senates, as in camps, intrepid found,
Then the heart trembles, and the spirits fail !

XXIX.

Fast by her side behold him anxious laid,
To see the dearest life on earth expire ;
Of filial love the last hard office paid—
Thou, Pope, through sympathy assume the lyre.

AN EPITAPH.

I.

A. CLERGYMAN his labours ends,
And weary sleeps at rest below ;
Who, though his fortune found not friends,
In person hardly knew a foe.

II.

Minding no business but his own,
For party never loud to strive ;
His flock not only mourn him gone,
But even loved him when alive.

III.

A conscience clean his forehead cheer'd,
Unsour'd by poverty was he ;
And always praised, though not preferr'd,
By every prelate in the see.

IV.

But good men view with small regard
The treatment here on earth they find ;
Secure in heaven to meet reward
From the great Bishop of mankind.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND,

A DISSENTER FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

“A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

O THOU, released from fears and perils now,
From pain and tumult of the life below,
This little tribute to thy dust I pay ;
Few tears, but friendly, suit a Christian lay,
From him who ne’er design’d a friend as yet,
Alive or dead, to flatter or forget.

But fairest truth will now no blushes raise,
She runs no danger from the highest praise.

Open and free, honest in word and thought,
She shunn’d no questions, no disguises sought ;
No oily flattery on her language hung,
The heart flow’d genuine from the artless tongue ;
For Truth in unambiguous speech delights,
And hates the ever-cautious hypocrites ;
Wretches of every glimpse of day afraid,
Souls under cloaks, and minds in masquerade !
True Lord and God her Saviour she believed,
Nor shows of charity her faith deceived ;
Supreme with God, eternal and alone,
The Son, co-eval on his Father’s throne,
Spoke at his will this universal all,
Call’d us from nought, and raised us from our fall :
She knew belief and practice well agreed,
Nor, to observe commandments, lost her creed.

For branches never bear without a root ;
Who tears the vine up, to secure the fruit ?

Though vice with unconcern she could not see,
Yet unaffected show'd her piety ;
Not cast in furious pharisaic mould,
The puritanic Shibboleth of old,
That seem'd all mirth as sin to disavow ;
No formal frowning sunk her even brow,
As if each look display'd its owner's fate,
And all that smiled were seal'd for reprobate ;
As awkward sourness were a sign of grace,
And sure election bless'd an ugly face ;
As if hell-fire were always placed in view,
Ordain'd for all men but the gloomy few.

Her zeal began at heaven, but did not end ;
True to her spouse, her kindred, and her friend,
Faithful and tender in relation's ties,
Cordial to help, and prudent to advise.
Her worth domestic let her consort tell,
So long who 'joy'd it, and who proved so well.
No sly reserve or loud debate was there,
Nor sullen negligence of household care ;
No niggard murmurs, or profuse expense,
But cheerful thrift, and easy diligence ;
No separate purse her private sum did hold,
By secret pilfering from the market-gold ;
No bounty flow'd unknowing to her spouse,
The meeting never robb'd the counting-house ;
Always to want, without injustice, kind,
Doubling each alms-deed when the husband join'd ;

No sordid lucre anxious to procure,
By grinding bargains with the helpless poor :
A gain few traders wish she strove to reap,
From buying dearly, and from selling cheap ;
Gain where unfailing interest shall be given,
Since no directors sink the fund of heaven !
To cheer the wretch, she waved all female pride,
And oft her own convenience laid aside ;
Nor silks nor ornaments alone would spare,
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.

Her zeal for church and country might appear
Sometimes mistaken, never insincere.

Our growing crimes with terror late she saw,
Lest public guilt should public judgment draw ;
Lest God, so long provoked, in vengeful hour,
Should grant us to the hands of wicked power,
Our laws, our liberties, our faith to sell,
By universal bribes ensuring hell.

She fears not now the tempest whistling loud,
Nor thunder gathering in the low-hung cloud ;
But rests secure from dangers and from dread,
Where unbelief dare never lift its head ;
Where none the sacred gospel dare disown,
Nor favourite Clarke the Son of God dethrone ;
Where none esteem the paltry dirt of gold,
And truth no longer can be bought or sold.

O, had the Saviour me so highly graced,
Me, though unworthy, at his altars placed,
To have loosed the charms that long her soul did
hold,
And gain'd the candid wanderer to his fold,

With triumph had I seen her then expire,
Secure of some degrees in glory higher !
Now the true church in purity she owns,
Nor starts at bishop-angels on their thrones !
The one communion void of fault describes,
The film for ever vanish'd from her eyes ;
Now after death at least a convert made,
Too good for those with whom on earth she stray'd !
Her teacher's self, as touch'd with inward shame,
Avoids the mention of her slighted fame ;
To her no incense, no applause is given,
Too much a saint on earth to reign in heaven !
Bradshaw and Ireton had their heaven possest,
Enthroned in Baxter's "Everlasting Rest."
Amazing saintship ! This perhaps you knew,
And wisely, teacher, from the subject flew.
Your place befits not characters so fair ;
Her faith, her zeal, her piety forbear ;
Her best memorial is,—your silence there. }

ON SOME BLASPHEMOUS DISCOURSES ON OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES.

HAIL, Christian prelates, for your Master's name,
Exposed by fool-born jest to grinning shame !
Hail, fathers, to be envied, not deplored,
Who share the treatment destined to your Lord,
What time his mortal race on earth began,
When first the Son of God was Son of man !

Behold from night the great accuser rise,
Retouching old, and coining modern, lies!
No slander unessay'd, no path untrod,
To blast the glories of incarnate God!—
“An open Enemy to Moses’ laws;
A secret Patron of Samaria’s cause;
Who dared at Levi’s race his curses send,
The sot’s companion, and the sinner’s friend;
Who purposed Sion’s temple to o’erthrow,
Traitor to Cæsar, and to God a foe;
Who wonders wrought by force of magic spell,
Possess’d with demons, and in league with hell!”
Remains there aught, ye powers of darkness, yet?
Yes; make your ancient blasphemies complete:—
“The sacred leaves no prophecies contain,
No miracles, to prove Messiah’s reign.”
To this each sacred leaf aloud replies;
Nor need we trust our reason, but our eyes.
'Tis urged, his mightiest wonders never show'd
Our Saviour “nature’s Lord, and real God.”
Whose word commanded earth, and sea, and air,
Bade gloomy demons to their hell repair,
Spoke all diseases into health and bloom,
And call'd the mouldering carcass from the tomb,
O'er tyrant death exerted god-like sway,
And oped the portals of eternal day?
Here nobler mysteries a sage decries,
The letter false or trivial in his eyes.
Suppose in every act were understood
Some future mystic and sublimer good,

Yet who the letter into air refines,
Destroys at once the substance and the signs,
Will find the truth is with the figure flown,
Because by nothing, nothing is foreshown :
Else lunatics might deep divines commence,
And downright nonsense be the type of sense.
What wilder dream did ever madman seize
Than,—“Symbols all are mere non-entities?”
This Sion-hill fast by the roots will tear,
And scatter Sinai’s mountain into air :
No David ever reign’d on Judah’s throne,
For David shadow’d his diviner Son !
So fair, so glorious light’s material ray,
That heaven is liken’d to a cloudless day :
Embodied souls require some outward sign
To represent and image things divine.
All objects must we therefore subtilize,
And raze the face of nature from our eyes?
Dispute is over, the creation gone,
In noon-day splendour we behold no sun !
Thus fast as Power Almighty can create
May frenzy with a nod annihilate.
No marks of foul imposture then were known,
The cures were public, to a nation shown ;
And who, (the facts exposed to every eye,)
If false, could credit, or, if true, deny ?
While thousands lived, by miracle restored,
Heal’d by a touch, a shadow, or a word,
Denial then had shocking proved and vain ;
But now the serpent tries another train,

To turns, and doubts, and circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless *may-bes* multiplies.
Now every idle question dark appears,
Obscure by shade of seventeen hundred years ;
Which then each ignorant and child must know,
And every friend resolve, and every foe.
No trace of possible deceit was there :
Would those, who spilt his blood, his honour spare ?
When prejudice and interest urged his fate,
And superstition edged their keenest hate ;
When every footstep was beset with spies,
And restless envy watch'd with all her eyes ;
When Jewish priests with Herod's courtiers join'd,
And power, and craft, and earth, and hell combined ?
Speak, Caiaphas, thy prophecy be shown,
"He died for Israel's sake, and not his own !"
Pilate, arise ! his righteous cause maintain,
And clear the injured Innocent again.
Truth, fix'd, eternal stands, and can defy
Time's rolling course to turn it to a lie.
Must every age the once-heard cause recall,
Replacing Jesus in the Judgment-Hall,
Cite living witnesses anew to plead,
And raise from dust the long-sepulchred dead ?
That fools undue conviction may receive,
And those, who reason slight, may sense believe ;
Those, who the test of former ages scorn,
(For men were idiots all till they were born,)
Whose strength of argument in this we view ?—
" 'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not true."

Ye worthies, in the book of life enroll'd,
Who nobly fill'd the bishops' thrones of old !
Ye priests, on second thrones, who, true to God,
By tortures and by death your priestcraft show'd ;
Ye flocks, disdaining from the fold to stray,
Still following where your pastors led the way,
Whose works thro' length of years transmitted come,
Escaped from Gothic waste, and papal Rome,
Justly renown'd ! behold, how malice tries
To blast your fame, and vex your paradise !
Let heretics each human slip declare,
And ridicule the test they cannot bear :
To these what modish ignorants succeed !
And fops your writings blame, who cannot read.
These open enmities to glory tend ;
The wound strikes deeper from a seeming friend.
Let Deist refugees your fame oppose,
And Dutch professors list themselves your foes :
But ah ! let none asperse with vile applause,
And quote with praises in the devil's cause ;
In gleaning scraps bad diligence employ,
The tenor of your doctrines to destroy ;
Make you your much-loved Lord and God deride,
For whom your saints have lived, and martyrs died.
Yet so pursued by love-dissembling hate,
You fill the measure of your Master's fate.
"Glory to Jesu !" the blasphemer cries ;
But glaring malice mocks the thin disguise.
Iscaiot thus false adoration paid,
Hail'd when he seized, saluted and betray'd.

May Jesus' blood discharge even this offence,
When wash'd with tears of timely penitence !
Ere yet experience sad assent create,
Convince in earnest, but convince too late !
Ere yet, descended from dissolving skies,
To plead his cause Himself shall God arise !
Then scorn must cease, and laughter must be o'er,
And witty fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentic old records declare,
(If past with future judgment we compare,)
Possess'd with frantic and demoniac spleen,
Apostate Julian scoff'd the Nazarene :
His keenest wit the imperial jester tries ;
Sure to his breast the vengeful arrow flies.
He, while his wound with vital crimson streams,
Proud in despair, confesses and blasphemes ;
Impious, but unbelieving now no more,
He owns the Galilean conqueror.

THE FOOL.

If you mind but the moral my tale does unfold,
Though the story be ancient, 't will never be old.
With the wise and the good, jest will do you no hurt,
But the fool or the knave makes you pay for your sport.

In the merry brave days of the glorious queen Bess,
When your men of much sense fear'd not those that
had less,

'T was the custom of courtiers to keep a poor fellow
Who should joke by commission in red, green, and
yellow ;

Who for one thing or other did most people fit :
Some were pleased with the garb, and some laugh'd
at the wit.

A noble, puff'd up, with his pockets well stored,
Not as Walsingham wise, but as fine as a lord,
Made a visit, bedaub'd with embroidery all,
Where a fool was unluckily sate in the hall.

Not the rainbow, when brightest, more gorgeous
could show,

Nor a belle on a birth-night, nor bridegroom a
beau.

"Welcome, brother," cries Motley ; "I see, by the
hue

Of your clothes, what you are : pray, Sir, whose fool
are you ?"

To this answer'd my lord, in a pestilent fume,

"See him punish'd before I stir out of the room.

I wonder you'll keep these pied rascals ; I hate 'em :

'T is mere *scandalum* this, I can tell you, *magnatum* !"

So the master his orders was fain to dispatch,—

The poor knave should be whipp'd at the buttery-
hatch.

Execution was done, and he back was convey'd,

On his knees to beg pardon for what he had said.

So with shrugging his shoulders, and tears in his
eyes,

Straight down on his marrow-bones falling, he cries,

“I’ll ne’er call you fool more ; but lord Cecil, I
 throw,
Would have scarce had me whipp’d for the calling
 him so ! ”

THE BASKET.

A TALE.

THERE flourish’d in a market-town,
To riches born, and riches grown,
A pair, who, free from flagrant strife,
Had reach’d the middle age of life.
The man was sprung of gentle kind,
Not ill his person or his mind ;
Expert at fishing, and at fowling,
At hunting, racing, and at bowling ;
Nor would he to his betters yield
More in the house than in the field ;
In country dances he had skill,
And play’d at whist, though not quadrille :
He knew what ’squire might wish to know, Sir ;
But then, hard fate ! he was a grocer,
And, spite of all his wife could say,
Would sometimes work, as well as play.

His wife was not unworthy praise,
As women went in former days ;
Her beauty envy must confess,
Exact her breeding, and her dress ;

In her own family so good,
The master managed as he would :
When jars their union discompose,
Her passion often inward glows ;
Her tongue in anger would she hold,
And rarely condescend to scold :
Her voice not shrill, but rather sweet,
Her conduct virtuous and discreet :
In short, all slander she defied,
One only failing malice spied,
One only fault ; but that was pride !
Her lord's superior in degree,
As something better born than he :
None equal to herself she view'd,
Throughout the spacious neighbourhood.
The attorney's wife, the world allows,
Brought a large fortune to her spouse ;
But then 't was less, as she avers,
By full five hundred pounds than hers.
Her hands for sugars were too nice,
She fainted at the stink of spice ;
And fain her husband would persuade
To leave off such a dirty trade.
For country lasses, by the by,
Can sometimes bear their heads as high
As loftiest matrons, who reside
In stately mansions of Cheapside ;
Can be as proud of dower and birth
As e'er a princess upon earth.

None with our grocer could compare
For trade,—each market was a fair ;

From whence may gentle readers know,
This thing was acted long ago.
One day his business ran so high,
His shop so throng'd with company,
So quick his customers' demands,
He needed more than all his hands :
Down comes his wife with careless air,
But not to help him, never fear ;
Far be from her a thought so mean !
She came to see, and to be seen ;
Nor e'er intended to do good,
But stand i' the way of them that would.
That instant, in a servant comes
Post-haste, for spices, and for plums,
Who home had many a mile to go :
The grocer peevish 'gan to grow,
To see his dearest loiter so. }
Howe'er he mild accosts her,—“ Pray,
Or give your help, or go your way.”
In vain he touch'd her on that ear,
She did not, or she would not, hear.
“ You see the footman cannot stay,
Pray, lend your hand the things to weigh ;
Why otherwise did you come down ? ”
She answered only with a frown ;
But such a frown as seem'd to express
Her dower, her beauty, and her dress.
“ Well ! since you would not weigh the ware,
Pray, put it in the basket there.”
She turn'd her back, without rejoinder,
And left her spouse to fume behind her.

“Hold, hold ! the things are now put in it,
I hope you ’ll do so much as pin it.”

When a fourth time her husband spoke,
The dame her sullen silence broke,
With very short but full reply :

“I pin your baskets? No, not I !”
Enraged, he snatch’d the footman’s stick,
And laid it on her shoulders quick.

Amazed, as never struck before,
And feeling much, and fearing more,
To hinder what might farther come on’t,
She pinn’d the basket in a moment.

The man troop’d off in merry mood,
And laugh’d and tee-hee’d as he rode ;
Pleased with the delicate conceit
To see so fine a lady beat,
He wish’d the deed at home were done,
And could not help comparison ;
For his own mistress was as fine
As her that suffer’d discipline ;
As proud, as high-born, and as rich,
But not so continent of speech.

At dinner-time the waggish knave
By turns was fleering, and was grave ;
Now bites his lips, and, quickly after,
Bursts out, unwilling, into laughter.
Quoth madam, with majestic look,
(Who servants’ freedom could not brook,
Nor laughter in her presence bear,)
“What ails the saucy fellow there ?

Does not the fool his distance know ?
What makes the coxcomb giggle so ? ”
But angry words and looks were vain,
Again he giggles, and again.
“ Nay,” says his master, “ Tom, at least,
If you must laugh so, tell the jest ;
That, if ’t is worth our joining, we
In mirth may bear you company.”
Tom up and told the story roundly,
How a fair dame was cudgell’d soundly.
Scarce madam heard the whole narration,
Before she fell in monstrous passion :
“ Was ever any thing so base ?
At noon-day ! in the market-place !
A woman so well-bred as she !
Her fortune ! and her family ! ”
The husband fain, with sober sense,
Would curb her tide of eloquence :
But your true vixen will, for no man,
Forbear defending of a woman ;
And, let the cause be bad or good,
Fights tooth and nail for sisterhood.
“ Her visits are among the best !
No lady e’er was better drest !
And was it proper, pray, that she
Should touch his nasty grocery ?
Not pin the basket ! Beat her for it !
I did not think she would have bore it ! ”
“ How could she help it, pray, my dear ? ”
“ What, do you too the rascal clear ? ”

A paltry rogue ! a woman strike !
I think you men are all alike."

Tom now grew merrier, not sadder,
Which made his mistress ten times madder ;
Who started up in fury straight,
And vow'd to break the rascal's pate.
Her husband rises to assuage
The o'erbearing tempest of her rage,
But happen'd not her hand to mind,
And caught the rap for Tom design'd ;
Who, not approving of the jest,
Return'd it soon with interest.

Tom saw, in cases of that nature,
'T was dangerous to be mediator ;
So ran down stairs, as was but fitting,
And left his mistress to her beating.

Below stairs was a kitchen-maid,
To whom our Tom had courtship paid ;
Though strong of limbs, of courage stout,
She argued oft'ner than she fought ;
As cool as heart could well desire
For one so conversant in fire.
Says Moll, " Above stairs what's the matter ?
I never heard so loud a clatter."
For fear of spoiling his amour, he
Was backward to relate the story,
Suspecting much, though sweet-hearts, whether
By the ears they might not fall together.
" I should be sorry, Moll, to see
A difference rise 'twixt you and me ;

'Tis but a trifle, let it go ;
What signifies for you to know ? ”
“ Nay, then, I must : ” so out it came,
And put her womanhood in flame :
She her resentment could not stifle,
“ A trifle, said you, Tom ? a trifle !
I think my mistress in the right,
With women none but cowards fight :
A gentlewoman so to maul !
A brutish fellow after all.”
Quoth Tom, “ A sore affront was done him,
By turning her backside upon him.”
Moll thought she safely might be smart,
With privilege of a sweetheart :
“ Do you excuse him ? very fine !
I'd make him kiss it, were it mine ! ”
Tom might have let the matter die,
By this time, in civility ;
For if both sides disdain to bend,
How should a quarrel have an end ?
But things, alas ! too far were gone,
And one word drew another on ;
Apace their passion higher rose,
From words they quickly fell to blows ;
Honour concern'd, they both would try for't,
And both are daring, though they die for't.
The strokes so lustily were laid,
The lover and his dear cook-maid,
Spite of the mutual love they boasted,
Were both confoundedly rib-roasted ;

They box'd like any man and wife ;
 So quick the progress is of strife,
 It matters not how small the grain,
 If but continual be the train ;
 Sufficient the first spark is found,
 Fire sudden skims along the ground,
 And flashes lightning all around. }

The fact thus plainly laid before ye,
 What is the purport of the story ?
 A double moral may become it,
 And justly each may follow from it :
 From hence may fools the danger learn
 Of meddling where they've no concern ;
 And males and females may beware
 Not to adopt another's jar :
 And those who will, with half an eye
 The main instruction may descry :—
 If you're too weak to win the field,
 'T is best without a combat yield :
 Whene'er your husbands please to ask it,
 Run ! fly ! ye wives, and pin the basket.

SONG.

I.

How do they err, who throw their love
 On fate or fortune wholly ;
 Whom only rants and flights can move,
 And rapture join'd with folly !

II.

For how can pleasure solid be
Where thought is out of season?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My dear, without a reason?

III.

Our sense then rightly we'll employ,
No paradise expecting;
Yet envying none the trifling joy
That will not bear reflecting.

IV.

For wisdom's power (since, after all,
Ev'n life is past the curing)
Softens the worst that can befall,
And makes the best enduring.

AN EPITAPH.

I.

HERE lie I, once a witty fair,
Ill-loving and ill-loved;
Whose heedless beauty was my snare,
Whose wit my folly proved.

II.

Reader, should any, curious, stay
To ask my luckless name,
Tell them, the grave that hides my clay
Conceals me from my shame.

III.

Tell them, I mourn'd for guilt of sin,
More than for pleasure spent :
Tell them, whate'er my morn had been,
My noon was penitent.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS BEING CHOSEN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

ACCEPT, my friend, this scrawl without offence,
Nor call it ('t is but once) impertinence ;
Which comes, according as you use your state,
Or to condole or to congratulate.
Nothing but truth without disguise is here,
My words as open, as my thoughts sincere.
I speak not now as from the sacred gown,
Not in my Master's name, but in my own.
Nor claim I power, from nature's fancied state,
To rule my rulers, and control the great ;
Nor dream that in my brain there knowledge lies
To make the hoary senator more wise :
But you are young, and may receive from me
Maxims, I'm sure, of good, I think, of policy.

A rising sun your morning landscape gilds,
And glorious hope the magic prospect yields :
As yet you'll scarce believe that shows so fair
Can end in desert rocks and empty air ;
Yet there they'll end——

Unless you quit the path by crowds pursued,
Dare to be just ; and, to be great, be good.
Be true ! nor seek the mazes of deceit,
The subtle windings of the abject great :
This rule in words, and acts, and looks pursue,
This first, this last, this middlemost, Be true !
If friends or factions for your reasons call,
Or speak the real truth, or not at all :
This only choice can honest virtue have,
Betwixt the blabbing fool and lying knave.
All seeming specious likelihoods forego,
Which “ might have been the case, but were not so.”
Who dares to vent, in earth’s and heaven’s eye,
A formal, grave, premeditated lie,
Is sure a rascal, though a lord may claim
An useful privilege to secure his fame.
That yet to double meanings you may bow,
No moralist but Jesuits will allow.
No gold, no power, no Machiavilian skill
Can change the stubborn bounds of good and ill ;
They mock the strongest arms against them bent,
And scorn to be repeal’d by Parliament.

Beware of jest ; it leaves a deadly sting ;
Your fame, your country, is a serious thing.
Men oft with patience will the stroke endure,
Who ne’er forgive the wantonness of power.
When peace or war perhaps before them lies,
To sneer and joke our patriots will arise.
So Pinkethman in grief can laughter raise,
By dint of his impenetrable face ;

And yet, like partial judges as we are,
We hiss the poor buffoon, but clap the senator.

Nor trust too little nor too much your head,
Nor prone to follow, nor resolved to lead.
Consider things from circumstances clear,
Without the part which you yourself may bear :
Or think how fine your darling schemes would show
If managed by a rival or a foe ;
Lest by self-love your judgment be betray'd,
Or slide, by wide ambition giddy made,
Or fall, by factious state or bloodier envy sway'd. }
If once this maxim to your aid you call,
"Sincere intention can atone for all,"

Virtue, farewell ! 't will wrong convert to right,
And wash the darkest Ethiopian white.

No more your eyes will with abhorrence view
Sicilian even-song, or Paris' Barthol'mew.

But know, how great soe'er your actions aim,
A nation's welfare, or a monarch's fame,
If e'er your course from steady virtue leans,
The end can never justify the means.

No bribes, no tricks, no violence is allow'd,
No private knavery, for the public good.

As demonstration sure is what I tell,
Though Hoadly may dispute, or Machiavel.

In short, desert the path by crowds pursued ;
Dare to be just ; and, to be great, be good.

For once believe a politician's voice,
Hear dying Wolsey when he mourns his choice,—
A great vain man !

Or view your much-loved Somers, soon decay'd,
Survivor of himself, a human shade.
Or let your pitying eye on Marlborough fall ;
What boots the German saved, or routed Gaul ?
Weigh well that boasted, that immortal man,
And then be proud of greatness if you can !

Long stood I wavering, lest my words might seem
An unexperienced visionary's dream ;
At length resolved,—for what have I to fear ?
A frown I dread not, and despise a sneer :
Thus my concern, if not my wit, I'll show,
And if it can be useful,—be it so.

SLANDER ANSWERED.

Love is still my fair one's due,
Granting slander to be true ;
Though she may be poor, nor yet
A belle, a beauty, or a wit ;
Sweetness, passion, truth be there,
Those endowments I can spare.
Breeding teaches damsels sly
Deep to feign, and well to lie :
Gold that does to falsehood move,
Gold the murderer of love :
Beauty mix'd with pride's allay,
Glittering idol of a day :

Wit, which few can well command,
Dangerous in a woman's hand :
Let their loves genteel appear,
Mine can please me, if sincere ;
Humble mine by all allow'd,
Theirs be beautiful and proud ;
Theirs be wits for empire trying,
Mine be silent and complying :
Love with treasure let them buy,
Rich be they, and happy I :
To their idols let them fall ;
Love is mine, and love is all.

A DEFENCE OF SLANDER ANSWERED.

I.

WHAT, though lies I granted true
Merely for the surer proving ;
Love might still remain your due,
Justly loved, as truly loving.

II.

All my warmth, I freely own,
Springs from choice, and not from blindness ;
Still I think my love alone
Full foundation for my kindness,

III.

Worth there must to me appear,
Else my passion were but dreaming ;
Never yet did man, my dear,
Truly love without esteeming.

IV.

Love that youth or beauty gave
Lasts us but a summer season ;
Then alone 't will winter brave,
When 't is founded in our reason.

UPON MY HAIRS FALLING.

Few and easy in your stay,
Never curl'd, and hardly grey,
Hairs, adieu ; though falling all,
Blameless, harmless may you fall !
Light and trifling though you be,
More deserving poetry
Than the dream of guilty power,
Than the miser's gather'd ore,
Than the world's most serious things,
Murderous victors, haughty kings,
If your moral fall presage
Death the certain end of age,
If a single hint you give
Well to die, and soon to live.

EPILOGUE TO ONE OF TERENCE'S PLAYS,

ACTED AT THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF
WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS.

'T is done, here ends the business of the day,
The prose, the verse, the dinner, and the play.
Now let us joyful own the unusual grace
From you, the sons and patrons of the place.
And you who, duteous to Eliza's fame,
Thus make the welfare of her school your aim,
Ardent her glorious footsteps to pursue,
Go on ; to follow her is worthy you.

Here she design'd for ever should remain
The fairest model of her matchless reign.
Consummate skill our foundress here has shown,
Scarce greater in her arms or on her throne.
The important scheme to draw, her council tries ;
Which she completes, the wisest of the wise.
With deepest thought our little state they plan,
To form the scholar, and to build the man ;
To prove how truth and policy agree,
How public good and private piety.

Inured to hardship hence, and practised young
To tame the passions, and to curb the tongue,
Through just degrees we due submission pay,
And rise to rule, experienced to obey.
No one requires but what before he gave,
Nor leaps into a tyrant from a slave :

This e'en in Numa's breast might wonder raise ;
This old Lycurgus might with envy praise.

Establish'd thus, we 've stood the storms of fate,
The various changes of the greater state.
What though, decay'd, this outward structure falls,
The school stands firm in you her living walls ;
These mouldering stones alone your bounty claim,*
Not all mankind can mend our inward frame.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE WESTMINSTER MEETING,
IN THE YEAR 1732-3.

THE subjoined verses received their "funeral" turn of thought from the resignation of the Rev. Robert Freind, D. D., the accomplished brother of the celebrated John Freind, M. D.; both of whom had the first portion of their education under that clever teacher and most renowned of flagellators, Dr. Busby. Dr. Freind had been twelve years Second-Master of Westminster School, and twenty-one years Head-Master; and, in the course of that long period, had projected and aided in the execution of various external as well as internal improvements in that famous seat of learning. Among the elegant Latin inscriptions in Westminster Abbey which he

* They were then soliciting contributions to finish the new dormitory.

composed, and to which Wesley gracefully alludes, were those of Dr. Robert South and of Dr. Richard Busby. The commencement of the last of these, which refers to his statue, a full-length figure, generally reckoned an excellent likeness of the venerable pedagogue, may be thus translated : "Look below, and you will see the bodily likeness of BUSBY, as he usually appeared in the eyes of those with whom he held converse. But if, in addition to this, you be desirous of beholding his intellectual image, which had its shrine deep within the recesses of his most capacious mind, you have only to contemplate the character and endowments of the principal men in both our Universities, and of the brightest among the luminaries of the law, the court, the senate, and the church. When you have thus surveyed the immensely-varied and abundant harvest of genius, the product of his careful cultivation, you may form some conception of the mental greatness of him who was the sower." On perusing this exordium, the thoughtful reader will be strongly reminded of a similar cast of sentiment, but with a more classical terseness of expression, in the Latin inscription on Sir Christopher Wren, which is placed above the entrance into the choir of St. Paul's cathedral : "Reader, if thou art in search of his monument, thou wilt find it—in every part of this beautiful fane to which thine eyes may be directed." Fourteen years in the decline of life Dr. Freind passed in tranquil retirement from the fatiguing duties of a

public school ; and, his meritorious labours having been rewarded with some valuable church-preferment, he was enabled satisfactorily to enjoy the real *otium cum dignitate*. He departed this life, April 15th, 1745 ; and his memory has been embalmed in the poetry of more than one pupil as “great and grateful as himself.”

OF old the Romans acted comic plays
As well on funeral as on festal days ;
And here, though mirth should all our souls employ,
And our glad genius give a loose to joy,
Grief still intrudes, since he must disappear
Whose mourn'd departure claims a duteous tear ;
Beneath whose care these walls completed rose,
Whose art each secret grace of Terence shows :
A glory Roman Ædiles never knew,—
To build their theatres and actors too.
How ancient bards and orators could soar,
Much taught his precepts, his example more ;
Oft as the election's yearly feast displays
His weight of sense, and elegance of phrase,
Rapid, yet-pure, the torrent pours along,
Smooth as the Roman, as the Grecian strong.
Let neighbouring tombs his matchless wit declare,
More worth than all the mould'ring sculpture there ;
That bids the buried live, by skill refined,
In each distinguish'd feature of the mind.
From whence ev'n South still brighter finds his name,
And his own Busby deigns to borrow fame.

What scholar grateful found, and great as FREIND,
His worth to future ages shall commend ?
Not Busby's self in equal height maintain'd
The school, where half a century he reign'd.
Daily, through FREIND, her swelling numbers rose,
The hate, but more the envy, of her foes.

Forgive the last respect to him we show,
To whom, in virtue train'd, ourselves we owe :
If aught too much his nicer judgment sees,
'T is thus, thus only, that we would displease.
But all besides our duty will approve,
The sons and patrons of the place they love ;
And, tho' small praise our mean performance draws,
Will crown our master's exit with applause.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT.

JANUARY 22D, 1732.

THESE stanzas were composed when a vacancy had occurred in the Second-Mastership of Westminster School, in consequence of the retirement of the Head-Master, Dr. Freind. The successor to his high office was Dr. John Nicoll, who had for eight years faithfully and creditably discharged the duties of Second-Master. The Rev. Samuel Wesley, jun., had long been respected as Head-Usher ; and, accord-

ing to general usage in similar cases, where the requisite qualifications were acknowledged to exist, it was an expectation naturally entertained by all the literary men of that time,—who duly appreciated the native brilliancy of his talents, his rich and ready wit, high moral character, and profound classical erudition,—that he would become, as a matter of course, the Second-Master elect. But the bitter political partisanship which he had previously displayed, in behalf of bishop Atterbury and the earl of Oxford, when both of them were the objects of persecution, (virtuous though it might be in its origin, and most effective as it certainly was in its execution,) operated very injuriously against his worldly interest, and virtually hindered his promotion. Another, therefore, was preferred before him to occupy that honourable station.

In all occurrences of this description in great public schools, a point of honour is involved, the observance of which is neither disreputable to the character of a Master, nor discountenanced by Christian morality. After having been thus slighted by those in whose hands the patronage is vested, should any highly-gifted man attempt tamely and meekly to continue in the discharge of his important functions, he would encounter un contemplated and insuperable obstacles. Congregated masses of boys, as well of as men, are governed by the force of prevalent opinion; and if its current should run in favour of the oppressed but uncomplaining Under-Master, the results, though

honourable to himself and to his pupils, would be more distressing to his generous and sensitive spirit, (all good schoolmasters being, either naturally or professionally, included in the *genus irritabile*,) than if the current had taken an opposite direction, and had rendered him the object of scorn or contempt to those whom he could not hope to benefit, by the best-devised course of instruction, unless he were conscious of enjoying their entire confidence and esteem. In the first of these instances, he would be regarded by the boys as an innocent and unoffending martyr, and by the irritated patrons as a man of indomitable spirit, and a secret encourager of insubordination. In the second instance, he would be viewed as a "poor creature," whom the degrading award of the governors or trustees, for reasons supposed to be most wise and equitable, had deprived of all his former moral power and salutary influence, which, in their immature judgment, could have no positive existence, except while basking in the sunshine of high patronage, or fluttering in the variable breezes of popular applause.

The considerations thus briefly described, must have acted with double force on the youthful inmates of that eminent seminary of learning; in which, strict discipline, implicit obedience, and the undisputed assertion of his own supremacy, had then been carried to such an extravagant height by Dr. Busby, as to induce him, while within the archdidascalian precincts of his small domains, not to "doff his

beaver" before Royalty itself, lest his established Headship should suffer any diminution in the estimation of his admiring pupils. The only correct and satisfactory course, therefore, that a well-qualified and high-minded instructor could pursue under the circumstances which have been detailed, was that of instant resignation. It was the plan adopted by the justly-offended Head-Usher of Westminster School, as that alone which could be compatible with his honour; for even in the *imaginary* absence of self-respect, he would have been deprived of the ability to be any longer useful in the conscientious performance of the momentous duties of his lowly situation, when such a flagrant stigma had been purposely inflicted on his stainless reputation as a good man and an accomplished scholar. This distressing frustration of hopes long cherished by himself, chiefly for the sake of his beloved kindred, seems to have been studiously concealed from the knowledge of his venerable father, then in the seventieth year of his age, and in a state of great weakness. The painful intelligence, however, was at length communicated to him; when, with a delicate absence of even the most distant allusion to this personal and family disappointment, the patriarchal man summoned together all his remaining energies, and addressed a most affecting letter to his son, urging on him the instant acceptance of the rectory of Epworth.* But other

* It was dated February 28th, 1732—3; and I here quote the first two paragraphs in it, on account of the flitting and

friends, who understood the sterling worth of this well-approved Tutor, advised him to accept the proffered Head-Mastership of the Free Grammar unaffected reference which they contain to the dutiful conduct of this best of sons :—

“DEAR SON SAMUEL,—For several reasons I have earnestly desired, especially in and since my last sickness, that you might succeed me in Epworth; in order to which I am willing and determined to resign the living, provided you could make an interest to have it in my room.

“My first and best reason for it is, because I am persuaded you would serve God and his people here better than I have done. Though, thanks be to God, after near forty years’ labour among them, they grow better, I having had above one hundred at my last sacrament, whereas I have had less than twenty formerly. My second reason relates to yourself, taken from gratitude, or rather from plain honesty. You have been a father to your brothers and sisters; especially to the former, who have cost you great sums in their education, both before and since they went to the University. Neither have you stopped here; but have showed your pity to your mother and me in a very liberal manner, (wherein your wife joined with you when you did not overmuch abound yourselves,) and have even done noble charities to my children’s children. Now what should I be if I did not endeavour to make you easy to the utmost of my power, especially when I know that neither of you have your health at London? My third is from honest interest; I mean that of our family. You know our circumstances. As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out, unless you succeed me; which if you do, and she survives me, I know you will immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there; where your wife and you will nourish her, till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family.”

School of Tiverton, Devon, founded by the benevolent Peter Blundell, whose generous philanthropy he has celebrated in ten lines of classically chaste poetry, which are immediately appended to these sorrowful stanzas. Their judicious counsel he followed ; and passed the last seven years of his life in that westerly and mild part of the kingdom, exercising, with his accustomed fidelity, the functions connected with his high and responsible office, amidst much domestic and personal suffering, till the time of his decease in November, 1739.

On resigning his inferior, but (till then) hopeful, situation of Usher, he had acted perfectly in accordance with his own perceptions of what was due and right to himself, as well as to those whose initiation in classic lore he was appointed to superintend ; but he felt, at the same time, that a still higher duty was unperformed,—a solemn act of devoted submission to the will of God his Heavenly Father, who “doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men,” but only “for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness.” As true Arminians, his excellent parents had very properly instructed his infant mind in the scriptural doctrine of a particular and superintending Providence,

“ Which watches every number'd hair,
And all our steps attends.”

He knew, that even the revilings of a Shimei against David, or against any other servant of the living

God, could not be uttered, unless through Divine permission. He was enabled, therefore, to adopt the terse and beautiful language of his brother Charles :—

“ Lord, I adore thy gracious will ;
Through every instrument of ill
My Father’s goodness see ;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei’s hand and Shimei’s tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.”

In a state of chastened feeling, similar to that which breathes in the preceding specimen of his brother’s poetry, he composed these very appropriate stanzas, which will tend much to exalt his Christian character in the estimation of the wise and good.
—EDIT.

OPPRESS’D, O Lord, in thee I trust,
To thee, insulted, flee :
Howe’er in mortals ’t is unjust,
’T is righteousness in thee.

To God why should the thankless call
His blessings to repeat ?
Why should the unthankful-for-the-small
Be trusted with the great ?

To thee my soul for mercy flies,
And pardon seeks on high ;
For earth,—its mercy I despise,
Its justice I defy.

Grant me, O Lord, with holier care,
And worthier thee, to live !
Forgive my foes, and let them dare
The injured to forgive.

Thy grace, in death's decisive hour,
Though undeserved, bestow !
O, then on me thy mercies shower !
And welcome, judgment, now !

ON MR. PETER BLUNDELL,

FOUNDER OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL IN TIVERTON,
DEVON.

*Famam extendere factis ;
Hoc virtutis opus.*

EXEMPT from sordid and ambitious views,
Bless'd with the art to gain, and heart to use,
Nor satisfied with life's poor space alone,
Blundell through ages sends his blessings down :
Since, worth to raise, and learning to support,
A patriarch's life-time had appear'd too short,
While letters gain esteem in Wisdom's eyes,
Till Justice is extinct, and Mercy dies,
His alms perpetual, not by time confined,
Last with the world, and end but with mankind.

A CHARACTER.

HER hair and skin are as the BERRY * brown ;
Soft is her smile, and graceful is her frown ;
Her stature low, 't is something less than mine ;
Her shape, though good, not exquisitely fine ;
Though round her hazel eye some sadness lies,
Their sprightly glances can sometimes surprise.
But greater beauties to her mind belong ;
Well can she speak, and wisely hold her tongue.
In her, plain sense and humble sweetness meet ;
Though gay, religious, and though young, discreet.
Such is the maid, if I can judge aright,
If love or favour hinder not my sight.
Perhaps you 'll ask me how so well I know ;
I 've studied her, and I confess it too.
I 've sought each inmost failing to explore,
Though still the more I sought, I liked the more.

ON FORMS OF PRAYER.

I.

“ FORM stints the spirit,” Watts has said,
“ And, therefore, oft is wrong ;
At best a crutch the weak to aid,
A cumbrance to the strong.

* An allusion to Miss Berry, who afterwards became Mrs. Wesley.—EDIT.

II.

“Of human Liturgies the load
Perfection scorns to bear ;
The apostles were but weak when God
Prescribed his form of prayer.”

III.

Old David, both in prayer and praise,
A form for crutches brings,
But Watts has dignified his lays,
And furnish'd him with wings.

IV.

Ev'n Watts a form for praise can choose,
For prayer who throws it by ;
Crutches to walk he can refuse,
But uses them to fly.

UPON ALTERING THE PSALMS, TO APPLY
THEM TO A CHRISTIAN STATE.

I.

HAS David Christ-to-come foreshow'd ?
Can Christians then aspire
To mend the harmony that flow'd
From his prophetic lyre ?

II.

How curious are their wits and vain,
Their erring zeal how bold,
Who durst with meaner dross profane
His purity of gold !

III.

His Psalms unchanged the saints employ,
Unchanged our God applies ;
They suit the apostles in their joy,
The Saviour when he dies.

IV.

Let David's pure, unalter'd lays
Transmit through ages down
To thee, O David's Lord, our praise,
To thee, O David's Son !

V.

Till judgment calls the seraph throng
To join the human choir,
And God, who gave the ancient song,
The new one shall inspire.

ON HUMILITY.

I.

'T is not because I sprung from nought,
I bow with lowliness of thought ;
All, but the Trinity most high,
Was nothing once as well as I.

II.

'T is not because I dwell in clay,
Subject to sickness and decay ;
This flesh if rightly I control,
'T is no pollution to my soul.

III.

'T is not because this outward skin
Contains unseemly stench within ;
Conceal'd, 't is well, as if all o'er
I breathed perfume at every pore.

IV.

'T is not because this carcass, dead,
Will worms and putrefaction breed ;
'T is well, as if from thence should come
The violet's and the rose's bloom.

V.

No, I shall ne'er deject my heart
By thinking on my mortal part ;
Though mean, though base, though vile it be,
'T will put on immortality.

VI.

'T is not because, dependent here,
I poorly fill a narrow sphere ;
To cast our destined lot aside,
Is not humility, but pride.

VII.

'T is not because in life below
I little act, and little know ;
In knowledge and in power there's none
Unlimited, but God alone.

VIII.

What ! in myself, then, can I find
No cause for lowliness of mind ?
Ah, yes ! for, sin what thought can bear !
'T is there I sink ! 't is wholly there !

ON THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

I.

FROM whence these dire portents around,
That earth and heaven amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
Why hides the sun his rays ?

II.

Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God !

III.

Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesu sympathize !
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,—
'T is thy Creator dies !

IV.

What tongue the tortures can declare
Of this vindictive hour ?
Wrath he alone had will to share,
As he alone had power !

V.

See streaming from the' accursed tree
 His all-atoning blood !
 Is this the Infinite ? 'T is he !
 My Saviour and my God !

VI.

For me these pangs his soul assail,
 For me the death is borne ;
 My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed every thorn.

VII.

Let sin no more my soul enslave ;
 Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain ;
 O, save me whom thou camest to save,
 Nor bleed nor die in vain !

 ODE UPON CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

FROM THE GREEK.

ENOUGH of Pagan idle toys ;
 Change the strings, and raise the voice !
 To sacred notes the lyre applied,
 Hail the King ! the Crucified !
 Of wonders thou eternal Store !
 O what first shall I explore ?
 Fain would I scan, fain would I tell,
 Mysteries unspeakable,

H H

By man or spirits bless'd on high,—
How the living God could die!
I'll tell of love, to creatures' sight
Fathomless and infinite.
His well-loved Son the Father chose
Bleeding Ransom for his foes!
I'll sing in lofty strains aloud
Triumphs of the buried God.
Hell and the grave are captives led,
Death is conquer'd by the Dead!
But, hark! from Calvary rebounds
Mixture of affrighting sounds,
Loud-echoing dreadful from afar,
Of the Slain and of the slayer,
That wounds mine ear! Haste, quickly fly
To the mountain's top, mine eye:
Him 'midst the three, expiring, view;
How unlike the other two!
His gentle head he meekly bends,
Wide his sacred arms extends;
The cruel nails, his weight that bear,
Tear him, fastening while they tear.
This, suffer'd, wretched man, for thee,
Without suffering canst thou see?
Thick rise thy groans, thy vesture tear,
Beat the breast, and rend the hair!
The tenderest yearning pangs be thine!
All in purple see Him shine,
Not purchased from the Tyrian shore,
Dyed, alas! with dropping gore;

Part by his bleeding temples shed,
From the thorns which pierced his head ;
Part from the long-drawn furrows flow'd,
Which the twisted scourge has plough'd.
High let thy streams of sorrow rise,
Ope the fountains of thine eyes,
Pour, pour on earth a gushing flood !
Since, so liberal of his blood,
His vital drops for thee He spares,
Canst thou, mortal, grudge thy tears ?

A HYMN ON EASTER-DAY.

I.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more !
Adore the Healer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

II.

The saints, when He resign'd his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bonds of death,
Again the dead arise.

III.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He died and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

IV.

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To Him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

ON THE SABBATH-DAY.

I.

THE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

II.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

III.

On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God the' Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

IV.

He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pains extreme ;
'T was great to speak the world from nought,
'T was greater to redeem.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

HAIL, Father! whose creating call
 Unnumber'd worlds attend;
 Jehovah! comprehending all,
 Whom none can comprehend!

II.

In light unsearchable enthroned,
 Which angels dimly see;
 The Fountain of the Godhead own'd,
 And foremost of the Three!

III.

From whom, through an eternal Now,
 The Son thy Offspring flow'd;
 An everlasting Father thou,
 An everlasting God!*

IV.

Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
 Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
 By wondrous, unexhausted love
 To mortal man reveal'd!

* The following lines originally formed the fourth verse:—

“Pleased to behold thine Image bright
 With rays co-equal shine;
 Begotten, uncreated Light,
 As infinite as thine.”

V.

Supreme and all-sufficient God,
 When nature shall expire,
 When worlds, created by thy nod,
 Shall perish by thy fire ;

VI.

Thy name, Jehovah, be adored
 By creatures without end !
 Whom none but thy essential Word
 And Spirit comprehend.

A HYMN TO GOD THE SON.

I.

HAIL, God the Son ! in glory crown'd,
 Ere time began to be ;
 Throned with thy Sire, through one half-round
 Of wide eternity !

II.

Let heaven and earth, stupendous frame,
 Display their Author's power ;
 And each exalted seraph-flame,
 Creator, thee adore ;

III.

Whose wondrous love the Godhead show'd
 Contracted to a span ;
 The co-eternal Son of God,
 The mortal Son of man !

IV.

To save mankind from lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream !
Hail, Lord ! almighty to create,
Almighty to redeem !

V.

The Mediator's Godlike sway
His church below sustains ;
Till nature shall her Judge survey
The King Messiah reigns.

VI.

Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be !
Throned with thy Father, through the round
Of whole eternity !

A HYMN TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

HAIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah ! Third
In order of the Three ;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity !

II.

Thy Godhead brooding o'er the' abyss
Of formless waters lay ;
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

III.

In lowest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy sight,
The depths of Deity.

IV.

Thy Power, through Jesu's life display'd
Quite from the virgin's womb,
Dying, his soul an offering made,
And raised him from the tomb.

V.

God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below ;
And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From thee, their Fountain, flow.

VI.

Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah ! Third
In order of the Three ;
Throned with the Father and the Word,
Through all eternity !

A HYMN TO THE TRINITY,

THREE PERSONS AND ONE GOD.

I.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three.

II.

Enthroned in everlasting state
Ere time its race began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man !

III.

Thou, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Empowering to baptize,
Restorest, for earthly Eden lost,
A heavenly Paradise.

IV.

To whom, Isaiah's vision show'd,
The seraphs veil their wings ;
While thee, Jehovah ! Lord and God,
The' angelic army sings.

V.

To thee, by mystic powers on high,
Were humble praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd eye
The inhabitants of heaven.

VI.

All that the name of "creature" owns
To thee in hymns aspire :
May we as angels on our thrones
For ever join the choir !

VII.

Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three !

A PARAPHRASE ON THE EIGHTH PSALM.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

JEHOVAH ! sovereign God and Lord !
Sustaining this created frame,
To nature's utmost bounds adored,
How great, how excellent thy name !
Thou bidd'st thy sacred glory fly
Beyond the' expansion of the sky,
Above the highest heavens, high.

II.

Thy praise employs the seraph's lays,
Suckling infants show thy praise :
From stammering mouth, at thy command,
Strength resistless is ordain'd.

The giant wretch who dares to cope with thee,
Yields to the meanest child of piety :
Unwilling hearts confess the' Almighty's hand,
Nor can the wise object, nor can the strong with-
stand.

III.

Thy power divine no limit knows,
Weakness itself obeys thy call ;
Still is the rage of clamorous foes,
And down the proud avengers fall.

I.

Thy heavens oft, stupendous round !
In contemplation I admire,
Those heavens which thy hands did found ;
The sun, whose unexhausted fire
Does light and heat to earth convey,
Runs joyous his commanded way,
Unwearied monarch of the day ;

II.

The moon who, regent of the night,
Shines with delegated ray ;
The stars which constant seem to sight,
Stars that regularly stray ;

Which first thy plastic will from nothing brought,
Assign'd their stations, and their courses taught,
Distinct with worlds yon azure vault appears,
Seasons and days to mark, and guide revolving years.

III.

Lord, what is man ! amazed I cry,
Whose mould is dust, and life a span,
That thou regardest from on high,
With such respect the son of man !

I.

Nature and nature's God to see,
Mankind thy wisdom did ordain,
To serve his Maker call'd to be,
But o'er his Maker's works to reign ;
Thine awful image found to bear ;
Thou madest him with peculiar care,
And all the Trinity was there.

II.

On humble earth his seat was placed,
Than the angelic orders lower ;
Yet him thy bounteous mercy graced,
Crown'd with dignity and power.
Nay, midst the splendour of the throne of God,
Will highest angels, in that bless'd abode,
Revere the nature they excell'd before,
Join'd to the Son of man, the Son of God adore.

III.

Man governs all things here below ;
They serve his grandeur, or his need ;
Laborious oxen drag his plough,
And sheep for his convenience bleed.

I.

Nor only tamer beasts, we find,
To man, their lord, obedience yield ;
But every fierce and savage kind,
That range the desert and the field.
Each monster upon Afric's shore,
And captive lions, while they roar,
Submit, reluctant, to his power.

II.

Of birds the various feather'd race,
Lightly fleeting through the sky,
To him perpetual homage pays,
From his empire cannot fly :
And fishes that through paths of ocean stray ;
From shoals that numerous and that nameless play,
To vast leviathan, disporting wide,
Created without fear, king of the sons of pride.

III.

Jehovah, sovereign God and Lord !
Sustaining this created frame,
To nature's utmost bounds adored,
How great, how excellent thy name !

HEZEKIAH'S THANKSGIVING FOR HIS
RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ISAIAH XXXVIII.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

I SAID, when vigorous health was flown,
And God the sentence gave :—
My life descends to darkness down,
The portals of the grave :
Stopp'd the' unfinish'd course appears,
Lost my residue of years.

II.

Ne'er shall again my living eye
See the Majesty on high ;
In his courts, as heretofore,
Behold the face of God no more ;
View his glorious cloud divine
O'er the ark and cherubs shine.

III.

To earth's inhabitants adieu,
And converse of the sons of men !
Here close my troubled days and few,
Nor mark remains that I have been.
The shepherd-swain, as shifts the wind,
Removes his tent, no footstep's trace we find,
The transitory shade has left no print behind.

I.

Ere half the age of man complete,
I find an early doom,
Cut like a web, imperfect yet,
In anger from the loom :
Pining sickness ends my days ;
God commands, and death obeys.

II.

In shade of night and death I lie,
Counting minutes as they fly,]
Lingering fly with slow delay,
As doubtful to renew the day.
Nature glad the morn shall see
Rise, but never rise to me.

III.

Before the stars their sway resign,
My life enfeebled must depart ;
For, O ! this instant wrath Divine
In sunder rends my bleeding heart :
My spirit leaves the mangled clay ;
My bones, all broke, the 'Venger's might display :
So fierce the lion tears his unresisting prey.

I.

Yet unexpected dawn arose,
And shed a cheerless light ;
Which still my boding fears suppose
Would set in deadly night,
Ere returning evening shade
Timely rest to man convey'd.

II.

The crane, deserted and alone,
Pours a melancholy moan ;
Flitting low in wintry skies,
The solitary swallow flies ;
Murmuring through the lonely grove,
Sadly cooes the widow'd dove.

III.

Mine eyes with looking upward fail,
With vain expectance of relief ;
Thy power, O Lord, can yet avail,
Can heal the most obdurate grief.
Prostrate to dust my soul is bent ;
Nor death, nor hell, thy purpose can prevent ;
All impotence am I, but thou omnipotent.

I.

Alas ! 't is He demands my tears,
'T is He directs the blow ;
Whence, grovelling, droop my tedious years
In hopelessness of woe :
He, whose world-creating call
Spoke forth nothing into all.

II.

O Lord, thy powerful words bestow
Life on mortal man below ;
Spirit, from corruption free,
Exists dependently on thee :
Thy commands, that all control,
Speak recovery to my soul.

III.

For peace my bitterness was great,
Yet love thou deignest to display ;
My life delivering from the pit,
That turns our earth to common clay :
Thy mercy hears my plaintive cries,
My past misdeeds no more in judgment rise,
And all my numerous sins are vanish'd from thine
eyes.

I.

No tongue thy glory, Lord, displays
In death's eternal gloom ;
But dark oblivion all must raze
Inhabiting the tomb ;
There no place for song remains,
Speechless silence ever reigns.

II.

Thy truth have living saints received,
There unheard and unbelieved ;
Thither hope can ne'er descend,
For life and hope together end.
After death no heirs we have,
All are childless in the grave.

III.

The living shall thy mercy sing,
The living chant their joyous lays ;
The father with the son shall bring
The joint thank-offering of their praise ;

As I to-day : this let my son,
And each succeeding heir of David's crown,
Transmit with sceptred rule, hereditary, down.

I.

The God of David, nature's Lord,
Attentive heard my prayer ;
Jehovah, gracious, by his word
Did raise me from despair :
Now my terrors all are o'er,
Death is dreadful now no more.

II.

Therefore, my soul, aloud proclaim
Praise to the Everlasting Name ;
Tell in sacred hymns my joy,
And every instrument employ ;
Lead the vocal choir to sing,
Wake to harmony the string.

III.

Within his temple's hallow'd gate,
My God incessant I'll adore ;
Those happy courts divine, which late
I thought alive to see no more.
As incense there my voice I'll raise,
In grateful anthems spend my added days,
And yield my lengthen'd life a sacrifice of praise.

PSALM XCVIII.

I.

IN new and lofty songs proclaim
The great, the' unutterable Name ;
Ceaseless the glorious theme pursue,
Which still remains for ever new.

II.

His actions might the coldest warm
To paint the wonders of his arm,
Whose sacred, whose resistless, hand
Alone the conquest has obtain'd.

III.

Salvation on the world bestow'd,
The purchase of the Victor-God,
To wondering millions shall appear
A triumph worthy of the war.

IV.

Nor is his truth or mercy shown
To Israel's chosen seed alone :
But, seen by nature's farthest ends,
Wide as the universe extends.

V.

Let all in praise their hearts employ,
And shout and tell aloud their joy ;
Or, artful, touch the silver lyre ;
Or join in psalms the vocal choir.

VI.

Let warlike cornets loud resound
The joyful jubilee around :
Inspire the trumpet, strike the string ;
Adore the God, and hail the King !

VII.

Let the' ocean's roaring waves combine
Their thunders to the song to join :
Let earth, while glad her debt she pays,
Teach her inhabitants to praise.

VIII.

Ye rivers, clap your hands on high ;
In music with the ocean vie !
Ye mountains, leap no more for fear,
But dance for joy ! for God is here ;

IX.

Who comes the injured to relieve,
Who comes the righteous doom to give :
And nations, now afraid no more,
Forgiving Justice shall adore.

X.

Let earth, thy footstool,—heaven, thy throne,
Present their endless praise to thee,
Jehovah, true essential One !
Co-equal, co-eternal Three !

PSALM XCIII.

I.

THOU reignest, Lord, in glory clad ;
Power, might, dominion 's thine ;
In strength magnificent array'd,
And majesty divine.

II.

The pendent world, on flitting air
(Unsure foundation) placed,
Upheld by thine almighty care,
With time itself shall last.

III.

Ere measured time began to move,
Fix'd was thy glorious throne,
Where, bless'd, thy Godhead sat above,
Eternal and alone.

IV.

The sea, by tempests lifted high,
Scarce brooks its ancient shores ;
And, proudly swelling to the sky,
Like rolling thunder roars.

V.

Strong is the rage of mighty seas ;
But stronger nature's Lord ;
Who floods can with a word appease,
Created with a word.

VI.

Steadfast are thy commands, O God ;
Firm fix'd thy truth abides.
Fair holiness beseems the' abode
Where the' Holy One resides.

THE SONG OF THE THREE CHILDREN.

THIS elegant version of the Song of the three Hebrew Children, from the Greek fragment in the Apocrypha, is said to have been written by Mr. Wesley, at the request of his father-in-law, the Rev. John Berry, A.M. After having been printed in a separate form, it was placed as the first among the "Miscellaneous Poems" of Vincent Bourne, A.M.; whose charming Latin translation of his friend's English is here subjoined, and will be perused by the classical scholar with mournful interest, as his *cygnea cantio*, one of the last efforts of his expiring Muse. He lived to complete only the twelfth stanza, when death interrupted his favourite employment.

The variations between the printed copies and Mr. Wesley's manuscript are numerous; but good taste will generally decide in favour of his last corrections. I add a few of the more considerable instances :—

This was the commencement of the second stanza :—

“ Angels, created first by Power Divine,
By his reflected lustre 't is you shine.”

The penultimate line of the eighth stanza originally was :—

“ Who more should strive to' advance his name than you ? ”

The reading of the third line in the seventh stanza was :—

“ Lightnings, that in an instant die and wound.”

The last line in the nineteenth stanza :—

“ On Sion's mountain and on Sinai's hill.”

The last two lines in the twenty-seventh stanza were :—

“ Who spread substantial night o'er Egypt's land,
And stopp'd the mid-day sun at Joshua's bold command.”

The thirty-second stanza originally was :—

“ Praise him, ye saints, free from polluting sin ;
Whom pride, with all its baits, could never win ;
Who reigns in heaven, yet casts his eyes on men.
Nor does his providential care o'er-pass
The meanest insect and the smallest grass.”

—EDIT.

I.

WHATE'ER God's fiat did from nothing raise,
 Stupendous product of the first six days,
 O bless your Maker, your Creator praise !
 In this let jarring elements agree,
 Or make from discord sweetest harmony.

II.

Ye sons of light, made by his power divine,
 By his reflected beams it is you shine ;
 Your hallelujahs in the chorus join,
 That, far as creatures can, your praise may prove
 Great as his power, and endless as his love.

CANTICUM TRIUM ISRAELITARUM.

I.

Vos O, Jehovæ sacra potentia
 Quæcunque verbo fecit amabili ;
 In ordinem quæcunque certum
 Tam bene disposuit Creator ;
 Sublime carmen dicite, dicite
 Sublime Numen : perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

II.

Æterna cæli vos habitacula,
 Excelsiores spirituum domus ;
 Vos quæ triumphis personatis
 Angelicis, superùmque cantu ;
 Cæleste carmen jungite, jungite
 Cæleste nostro : perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

III.

Praise him, ye heavens, long as your frame shall last,
 Who like a curtain spread the azure waste,
 And in your happy realms his throne has placed :
 His utmost splendour still to you appears ;
 O tune in praise the music of your spheres.

IV.

Waters, that by the' Almighty placed above,
 Fix'd as your firmament for ever prove :
 Praise him whose Spirit did on the waters move ;
 Who made you free from winds and storms below ;
 Whose praise can never ebb, nor ever flow.

III.

Vos, suaviores cœlicolûm chori,
 Queis plectra, voces queis liquidæ sonant,
 Laudate (nam laudare vestrum est)
 Harmoniâ potiore Numen :
 Docete carmen Numine dignius,
 Docete carmen ; perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

IV.

Vos, cœrulæ undæ, quæ super ardui
 Convexa cœli nubila volvitis ;
 Vos jam Jehovæ parituræ
 Si jubeat recreare terram ;
 Parete nobis, (æqua rogabimus,)
 Parete nobis : perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

V.

Thrones, potentates, dominions, powers on high,
 Acknowledge your Superior in the sky ;
 And bless the universal Majesty,
 Whose word's omnipotent, whose will is fate,
 The only powerful, and the only great.

VI.

Praise him, O sun ! He on the' ethereal throne
 Without eclipses has for ever shone,
 And gives thee light, and is (like thee) but one.
 Praise him, O moon, in borrow'd lustre bright !
 In this be fix'd, thou changing queen of night.

V.

*O angelorum turba seraphica,
 Et principatus, tam varii licet
 Sint ordines, omnes eundem
 Concinite egregium Jehovaham :
 Laudate nostrum carminibus Patrem,
 Laudate vestrum : perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.*

VI.

*O qui benigno lumine ducitis
 Labentis anni tempora, vos vagi
 Ignes, diurnos ut labores,
 Sic renovate melos diurnum.
 Vidistis ambo, quot dederit bona,
 Monstrâstis ambo : perpetuum Dei
 Ergoque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.*

VII.

Ye twinkling stars of light, your praises show :
 'Tis he that does your names and numbers know,
 Alike inscrutable to all below.

Each star that does to man its beams dispense,
 Praise him, as if inspired by some intelligence.

VIII.

Praise him, ye gentle and refreshing showers,
 Praise him, ye dews ; whose pearly moisture pours
 Odours and beauties on the vernal flowers.

Who more should choose to' exalt his name than
 you?

He father is of rain, begetter of the dew.

VII.

O multa stellarum agmina lucida,
 Fulget decore queis variata nox,
 Narrate laudes, vos, Jchovæ,
 Syderibus numerosiores.
 Vos et choreas ducere, vos simul
 Cantare nôstis : perpetuum Dei
 Ergoque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

VIII.

Dulces tenellis O pluvix satis,
 Lætique rores imbribus humidis ;
 Languentibus qui colla manè
 Floribus erigitis ; referte
 Ut dona Numen vos imitantia,
 Ut dona mittat ; perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

IX.

Ye winds, that where you please your sound may
 send,
 In hymns of joy your pious breathings spend ;
 O praise him without bound, and without end ;
 Who, with majestic pomp and terror join'd,
 Rides charioting on clouds, and walks on wings of
 wind.

X.

Ye flames, exalt the universal choir ;
 On zeal, bright as yourselves, to God aspire ;
 God a consuming and a harmless fire :
 Whose falling fire Elijah's foes could tame,
 Who shone in Moses' bush a lambent flame.

IX.

Venti sonantes flamine turbido,
 (Nam fertur alis plus vice simplice
 Ruisse vestris obvolutus
 Omnipotens per inane vastum,)
 Vox audiatur vestra, per aëra
 Vox audiatur : perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

X.

O torridi ignes, dicite Principem ;
 Flammæ, deorum dicite Principem ;
 Circumdatus namque ipse flammis
 Æthereos sedet inter ignes.
 Ut nos canamus, vos facitis : simul
 Canatis ipsi ; perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.

XI.

Ye winter's chillness, and ye summer's sun,
 That round the year in stated periods run,
 Praise him in your eternal antiphon ;
 Who, when the fatal flood of old was past,
 Promised, the seasons with the world should last.

XII.

Ye honey dews of May, like vapours rise,
 Exhaled in praises to your native skies ;
 And hoary frost, which o'er the meadows lies
 Like ashes scatter'd by his bounteous hand,
 Restoring vigour to the wearied land.

XI.

*Alterna brumæ tempora frigidæ,
 Brumæ sequacis post spatium breve
 Æstatis, et tu rursus æstas
 Mox vicibus reditura certis ;
 Alterna semper carmina dicite,
 (Alterna musæ carmina diligunt,)
 Deique nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.*

XII.

*O vos, per auras quæ sine murmure,
 Lapsu silenti, mollia vellera,
 Descenditis, ne lædat herbas
 Aut segetem boreale frigus ;
 Laudate, non ultra tacitæ, nives,
 Laudate Regem : perpetuum Dei
 Unàque nobiscum favorem
 Perpetuo celebrate plausu.*

* * * * *

*Cætera desunt,
 Authoris morte interrupta.*

XIII.

Praise him, ye frosts, that bind the earth in chains,
Praise him, ye cold, that human force restrains,
Dead'ning the sense, and thrilling in the veins.

His praise by you for ever be extoll'd,

Inflamed with ardours by the' extreme of cold.

XIV.

Praise him, O ice, long as the Frozen Sea
In midst of storms enjoys a calm by thee :

And spotless snow, the type of purity ;

In all your figured shapes his glory show ;

Forget not heaven above, when fall'n on earth
below.

XV.

Be this your business, ye laborious days,

And silent nights, silver'd with glimmering rays ;

Exempt from every work but that of praise.

Whose piercing eye does equal power display

In darkest midnight, and in brightest day :

XVI.

Praise him, O light, in heavenly beams array'd ;

Parent of day, and first of beings, shade ;

Praise him, who reign'd before the world was made ;

Who dwells in brightness, and who rides in night,

Majestic darkness, and alluring light.

XVII.

Ye clouds with sulphur charged, his praise resound,
Louder than thunder in your caverns bound ;
Lightnings, that quickly die and, dying, wound,
Ere yet your momentary flash is done,
Praise him, whose lustre can be never gone.

XVIII.

Praise him, O earth, whilst thou thyself shalt last ;
Thy solid orb, in liquid ether placed,
Though hung on nothing, is for ever fast :
Praise him whose being is sustain'd by none ;
Himself is centre of himself alone.

XIX.

Ye mounts and hills, crown'd with a pompous load
Of groves, where idols placed their old abode,
Resound the praises of a real God ;
Who show'd his goodness, who proclaim'd his
will,
On Horeb's mountain, and on Sinai's hill.

XX.

Praise him, ye greens, by fruitful nature born,
And rising crops that plenteous vales adorn,
Where zephyrs rustle through the wavy corn ;
Who clothes in greater state each springing green
Than that which drew from far the southern
queen.

XXI.

Ye wells and streams, your Source of moisture
know,
Who made, when urged of old his power to show,
Forth from the' obedient rock the waters flow.
Nor is the fountain of his praises dry,
But unexhausted stores for ever will supply.

XXII.

Ye rivers, bear his praise to every land ;
Praise him, ye seas, by whose supreme command
Your greatest rage is bounded by the sand.
No bounds or limits are assign'd you here,
Nor can your utmost forces go too far.

XXIII.

Praise him, ye whales, and all the silver train,
That, on the fifth day made, the watery main
Within its spacious bosom does contain :
His praise, ye fish, by you be always sung ;
Though mute, to bless your Maker, find a tongue,

XXIV.

Praise him, ye fowls, exalt his name, whate'er
Or skims the water, or divides the air,
Who clothes and feeds you with paternal care.
Repeat his praise to every echoing dale,
Ye morning lark, and evening nightingale.

XXV.

Praise him, ye beasts that shady forests sway,
Who feeds the lions roaring for their prey ;
Ye tamer kinds that human force obey,
Present your praise, more grateful to the skies
Than thousands of you slain in sacrifice.

XXVI.

Adore, ye sons of men, his awful name ;
Though form'd of earth, fill'd with ethereal flame,
Cast in the noblest and the finest frame.
Let lordly man his Sovereign's praise declare,
And beauteous woman bless the truly Fair.

XXVII.

Let faithful Abram's race their off'rings bring,
By tuneful David taught his praise to sing
Their Guide, their Legislator, and their King ;
Who spread o'er Egypt's land substantial night,
Who with a longer sun did Joshua's faith requite.

XXVIII.

Ye priests of God, let praise like incense rise,
Though Corah's sons your order may despise,
And wish the priest himself a sacrifice.*

* Mr. Wesley has significantly added, as a note in this place, "A.D. 1710," in reference to the celebrated trial of Dr. Sacheverell, of whom, on that memorable occasion, his father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, A.M., Vicar of Epworth, was one of the principal aiders and abettors.—EDIT.

Praise him for others too, and thus commend
Your greatest enemies to your only Friend,

XXIX.

Praise him, his servants who have learn'd to see,
There 's nought so sweet as this captivity,
From whence 't is greatest bondage to be free.

Praise him, whose power can grant whate'er you
move ;

Whose ears will hear your prayers, for he is love.

XXX.

Ye righteous souls, untainted by your clay,
Spring through the vast expanse, and wing your
way,

To reach the confines of eternal day ;

Celestial anthems sing, with seraphs join'd ;
And souls unbodied, bless the' Almighty Mind.

XXXI.

Ye humble men, whom self-admiring pride
With all its baits could never draw aside,
Praise him, whose love does o'er the meek preside,
Who throws the purple tyrants from their seat,
And makes the poor of spirit rich and great.

XXXII.

Ye Jewish youths, his wondrous praises tell,
Whose presence could the raging flames repel,
And turn to heaven the punishment of hell :

Who o'er submissive fire triumphant trod,
The man assuming, to declare the God.

All glory, praise, dominion, majesty,
Now and for everlasting ages, be
To the essential One, and co-eternal Three !

TO MY SISTER LAMBERT, ON HER
MARRIAGE.

I.

No fiction fine shall guide my hand,
But artless truth the verse supply,
Which all with ease may understand,
But none be able to deny.

II.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss
Which I in giving rules employ,
To point the likeliest way to bliss,
To cause as well as wish you joy.

III.

Let love your reason never blind
To dream of Paradise below ;
For sorrows will attend mankind,
And pain and weariness and woe :

IV.

Though still from mutual love relief
In all conditions may be found ;
It cures at once the common grief,
It softens the severest wound.

V.

Through diligence and honest gain,
In growing plenty may you live ;
And each in piety obtain
Repose that riches cannot give.

VI.

If children e'er should bless the bed,
O rather let them infants die,
Than live to grieve the hoary head,
And make the aged father sigh !

VII.

Still duteous, let them ne'er conspire
To make their parents disagree ;
No son be rival to his sire,
Nor daughter more beloved than thee !

VIII.

Let them be humble, pious, wise ;
Nor higher station seek to know ;
Since only those deserve to rise
Who live contented to be low.

IX.

Firm let the husband's empire stand,
With easy, but unquestion'd, sway ;
May he have kindness to command,
And thou the bravery to obey !

X.

Long may he give thee comfort ! long
As the frail knot of life shall hold ;
More than a father, when thou 'rt young ;
More than a son, when growing old.

XI.

The greatest earthly pleasure try
Allow'd by Providence Divine :
Be he a husband blest as I,
And thou a wife as good as mine !

TO MR. JUSON, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

TIED fast as life the knot of love we see :
My second now at length is worthy me,
Worthy congratulating verse to share,
Join'd with the young, the virtuous, and the fair.
Begin the song ! if virtue merits praise,
If youth and beauty may demand the lays,
Or friendship ask ; let social joy be shown :
I greet your fortune, while I like my own.

Now scenes of bliss your glowing breast employ,
Scenes of long love and ever-during joy.
Now, smiling sweet, the season fair appears
To fix the tenor of your future years.
By wisdom's power bid fleeting pleasure stay
Its course, and make to-morrow like to-day.
But think not here a Paradise to know ;
Nor hope perfection ; 't is not found below.
Yet easy days and prosperous may you see,
Place but your rest on love and piety.
No foolish pride your steady mind betray
To taint your peace with arbitrary sway,
Merely for rule your empire to extend,
And, when you gain a vassal, lose a friend :
While sympathetic love her soul inspires
To act, before commanded, your desires ;
Well-skill'd in all the offices of life,
A generous mistress and a faithful wife.
If offspring dear the genial bed supply,
O let them rightly live, or quickly die !
Nor children's number nor their want bemoan ;
With babes delighted, and content with none.

Above contempt, by dint of virtue rise,
Which only can avoid it or despise.
To friends a cordial welcome still afford,
While hospitable plenty loads the board.
Be pleased to spend, but seldom glad to spare :
If one must pinch for 't, let it be your heir.
By avarice accursed we perish whole :
It pines the body, and it damns the soul.

It eats out virtue's substance, nay, its name ;
 It robs us of our friend, as of our fame.
 These truths disguised the fabling ancients tell :—
 The same was god of wealth and god of hell.

Bear well in mind, that happiness relies
 On our own hearts, and not another's eyes.
 It glares not, in brocades and velvets dress'd ;
 It lurks not poorly in the niggard's chest.
 In birthday-balls it scorns a place to hold,
 With stars of diamond, and with robes of gold.
 'T is not in pomp, in equipage, in show :
 'T is that which we who find it only know.
 'T is nuptial bliss, which holy vows insure ;
 Though great, yet calm ; and, though transporting,
 pure ;

Which flying years impair not, but improve :
 'T is more than friendship ; nay, 't is more than love !
 Such dear delights from friendships never flow'd ;
 For *those* are join'd by man, but *we* by God.

Perhaps, my friend, some wonder you 'll express,
 I leave out gold in plans of happiness.

My lines on pelf shall no encomium shower,
 Nor satire tell you that the grapes are sour.
 No single verse in praise of riches flows :
 You 'll find enough that honour wealth, in prose.
 To this mankind unfeign'd submission show ;
 It always was and always will be so.

One thousand pounds more reverence will inspire
 Than softest breathings of the best-strung lyre,
 Than all poetic fame from Homer down to Prior. }

Long may your lives in smoothest current run ;
 Your aims, your interest, and your souls but one.
 No carking thoughts domestic quiet sour
 Of fools in private or of knaves in power.
 Let tyrant Whigs despotic schemes pursue ;
 No matter : they be great, and happy you.
 No thankless friends your stretch of temper try ;
 Nor doctors, Dutch or English, make you sigh.
 No teasing school your vital spirits drain ;
 Nor Chancery-suit perplex your busy brain ;
 Nor distant Beckford vex, nor neighbouring Cas-
 tlemain. }
 Long live and love, in mutual faith secure :
 Be happy you the rich, as we the poor !

TO MR. BOURNE, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ERE yet your look'd-for nuptials did appear,
 You shunn'd the greeting of a friend sincere.
 Accept it now ; or must it be my fate
 To speak too early and to write too late ?
 Yet, sure, if joys outlast the honey-moon,
 It is not now too late, though then too soon.
 Hail, friend ! a husband and a master grown,
 The house and house's mistress now your own.
 Resistless love all stops can overthrow,
 And break the barriers of a widow's "No."
 Love, if with wisdom join'd, your days will bless
 With long, well-grounded, serious happiness ;

From usual change preserve your earthly state ;
And what at first was fortune, fix to fate.
'Tis true, mankind must bear their share of woe,
Nor perfect Eden can be found below :
But love, the balm of life, there yet remains,
Our joys to heighten and assuage our pains.
Of all pursuits that lure a mortal's eyes,
The gay, the grave, the foolish, and the wise,
Two things alone a just concern can move,
As worth our notice,—piety, and love.
Your first chief care religion's laws embrace ;
And love should always hold the second place.

By right divine, by love and prudence sway,
And grant her every reason to obey.
From each vain shadow of resistance free,
O may she still a Tory prove to thee !
Let low-born pairs in storms and thunder meet,
When vulgar scolding shakes the narrow street :
Let the shrill fish-wife ply her nimble tongue,
Or the tough cobbler exercise his thong.
Where mean the conquest, odious is the strife :
A wife to beat is the worst shame in life,—
Except the being beaten by a wife.

If petty jars through human frailty rise,
Avoid objections keen and smart replies.
With reason, not with wit, the cause maintain ;
Your words be grave and few, and full and
plain.

Still on one single point your view be placed,
Nor raise your present feud by quarrels past ;

Much less suspicious of the future grow,
Or prophesy unkindly coming woe.
No galling hint departing strife revive :
Let both forget it, and let both forgive.
Poor Eve found favour in her Adam's eyes,
Though by his wife he lost his Paradise :
Else God this lower world in vain had given,
Nor human offspring had re-peopled heaven.

Open, in full proportion to your store,
Your bounteous heart and hospitable door.
Nor e'er to serve your need exactly aim :
'T is always needful to secure your fame.
Wealth is the means of life, and not the end ;
And who deserves it, shares it with his friend.
O may not gold, according to its kind,
Twist round your heart, and grow upon your mind !
Should e'er your soul stoop to so poor a vice,
That paltry crime of Dutchmen, avarice ;
To heap up treasure may you then go on,
Wealthy as Harcourt grow, without a son ;
Or, Heaven's high wrath more plainly to declare,
Have Walpole's riches, and have Walpole's heir.

Your hopes and fears when children shall employ,
Whom all desire, but few aright enjoy ;
Health, more than beauty, bless the rising brood ;
Rather than witty, be they wise and good.
Pledges of love O may they ever be,
Nor sow the seeds of household-enmity !
No favourite son so great a darling prove,
His sire to rival in his mother's love ;

No daughter fair in bloom of beauty rise,
To' outshine her mother in her father's eyes.
May no domestic rebels plead their cause
With tacit compact and with nature's laws ;—
As though the British embryo scorn'd to come,
Except by covenant, from his mother's womb ;—
Define with nicest art tyrannic sway ;
Point out to glorious liberty the way,
How often to resist, how rarely to obey ;
Dispute the parent's privilege every hour,
Till their discretion swallows up your power.

}

Long may you love, in union strict combined
As that whose knot your soul and body join'd ;
No time, no chance the dear affection part,
While kindly life-blood flows around the heart ;
While new endearments, new desires engage,
And mock the sure approach of coming age.
Marriage that ancient quarrel can remove
Betwixt grave wisdom and ecstatic love :
Honour and interest bind the solemn vow,
And duty warmth and ardour will allow.
Passion itself on reason here relies :
To love is to be blest and to be wise.

TO MR. PEARCE, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

LET me for once my friendly verse employ
To wish a long continuance of your joy,

Far as consists with change of earthly state ;
Nor teased by small ills, nor assail'd by great !
Break from your chains of form and visit soon,
But life, in all things else, be honey-moon.

And say, my friend, does woman still possess
No place in all your schemes of happiness ?
Or have you now by sweet experience known
It was not good for man to be alone ?
And sure, if God's authority suffice,
It was not good, no, not in Paradise.

Marriage in Drury-lane the' eternal jest,
To heaven exalted and to hell depress'd ;
As fools adore the dreams themselves create,
Or throw their faults on providence or fate.
They more than life can give would fain receive :
This all experience, and yet few believe.
At sixty they discern, with vast surprise,
That none can come at heaven before he dies.
Their vows to meanest ends subservient prove,
And vice or madness takes the form of love,—
The statesman's tool to bring his ends to bear,
The miser's market, and the cully's snare ;
By jilts a screen to veil dishonour made,
By fops derided, and by wits betray'd.

Our roving fancies will o'erpaint the truth :
Ill follows good, and age succeeds to youth.
No certain skies our various clime can boast ;
We pant in dog-days, and we shake in frost.
No spring with us throughout the year can hold ;
But June is hot, and January cold.

We see no fairy-groves, poetic bowers,
Laden with ripening fruits and opening flowers.
Alas ! no shire in good old England yields
Romantic gardens or enchanted fields.

But what are dreams to you ? May you possess
Your utmost share of nuptial happiness !
To which no flaming sword access denies,
And man may taste, though shut from Paradise ;
No transports vain, by feverish fancy wrought,
But waking reason and reflecting thought.
Your days be friendly, and serene your nights ;
Still in one bed,—though not for fear of sprites.
No sage adviser dash the sweets of life,
By whispering how to break and rule a wife :
No female friend instruct the reins to hold
By curtain-lectures, or by noon-day scold.
Without a third, to please yourselves combine,
And still in all things but in anger join.
With mutual frankness take your common way,
Together serious and together gay.
Be more than friends. When heavenly influence shed
With timely fruit shall bless the genial bed,
Let nurslings dear their mother's arms employ,
And rarely cause a tear, unless of joy ;
With prattlings fond your yearning love engage,
But greater transports yield in riper age ;
When gladness,—to behold the favourite son,
Or daughter fair, in paths of virtue run,—
Too big for words, the parents' hearts o'erflows,
And pays the father's cares and mother's throes.

Each changing scene your happiness improve
 With new endearments of your plighted love ;
 Till grateful you shall own that wedded bliss
 Is less, but only less, than Paradise.

As the "Rehearsal's" fiddlers in the cloud,
 Though no Coranto, play'd a tune as good ;
 So these unpolish'd verses sent by me
 May pass for truth, if not for poetry ;
 Wherein at least I this respect have shown,
 To write your wedding-song before my own.

LINES ON ROBERT NELSON, ESQ.,

THE AUTHOR OF "A COMPANION TO THE FASTS AND
 FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH," &c.

SHALL Nelson, great and good, forgotten lie ?
 Tomb'd with his dust, shall his remembrance die ;
 When Christian saints with just and pious care
 To future ages he recorded fair,
 Whose lives and brighter deaths adorn the
 calendar ?

The same Redeemer's name he gladly bore,
 And sought the triumphs they obtain'd before.
 The same eternal Dove with sacred fire,
 Though not his writings, did his life inspire.

Awake, my lyre ! The subject might demand
 A Waller's art, a tuneful Prior's hand.

Awake! Diviner fame from virtue springs,
Than scarlet war, or sceptred empire, brings
To guilty conquerors or resistless kings ;
Fame, nor by flattery paid, nor gain'd by crime,
That dures, superior to devouring time,
While God his purchased church on earth sustains,
While nature runs her course, while heaven itself
remains.

What virtues join'd did Nelson's worth complete !
Generous, not proud ; without ambition, great ;
To others mild, but to himself severe ;
Polish'd, though learn'd ; and, though well-bred,
sincere.

His cheerful goodness wore a constant smile,
Calm as his speech, and easy as his style :
His style as logic clear, and sweet as song ;
Though short, yet full ; though plain and easy,
strong.

The writer *most*, but *all* the man, esteem ;
For few could write, and fewer live, like him.
His well-weigh'd judgment could avoid extremes
Of formal seemings or enthusiast dreams.
Who made the compound man, demands him whole ;
Not thoughtless matter, nor unbodied soul.
To' evince this truth, his pen and life contend,
Nor careless of the way, nor mindless of the end.
He show'd that warmth and sense might well agree
In sober, strong, affecting piety :
Nor e'er should reason and devotion part ;
The coolest head suits best the warmest heart.

Yet, champion for the truth, he wisely knew
 How small a prospect terminates our view ;
 That infinite no finite comprehends ;
 That here our faith begins, and reason ends.
 Nor dared he rash approach the' Eternal's throne, }
 The light mysterious of the great Three-One ; }
 Contented not to know what rests to all unknown. }
 Amazed, the loved disciple turn'd away ; }
 Nor bore the flash of Christ's diviner ray, }
 On whose incarnate breast, while here on earth, }
 he lay.

Nor to those heights can brightest seraphs rise,
 But veil with humbled wing their dazzled eyes.
 Such doctrines Nelson fear'd not to commend,
 With strength to prove, with temper to defend.
 He strove for truth ; nor sought, yet gain'd, }
 applause :

His candour *praise*, if not *conviction*, draws ; }
 Far as a mortal can, deserving of his cause. }
 For, zeal and moderation well agree,
 And constant firmness hurts not charity.

Whate'er to God belong'd, with homage due
 And reverential joy, his eyes would view.
 He taught in praise to spend the sabbath blest,
 The means and emblem of eternal rest :
 Frequent to take the mystic bread and wine ;
 To' adore the substance, nor neglect the sign :
 Those to revere whom Power Divine shall
 please
 To' intrust with keeping of the sacred keys ;

Though fools their pastors' lives with rigour scan,
 And prize the office as they like the man.
 What shining virtues in the priest appear,
 Their gracious condescension may revere :
 But if a Judas heavenly tidings tells,
 Their hate for sin preserves them infidels.

Wits may desertless preachers scorn secure :
 "Christ ne'er could send ambassadors impure."

But Nelson wise such empty scoffs disdain'd,
 Since weakness proves not the commission feign'd.

Cause for respect he could in priesthood find ;
 Yet, deep his learning, and enlarged his mind,
 Nor paid implicit faith, nor show'd obedience
 blind. }

Nelson, illustrious saint, appears no more :
 Be grieved, ye virtuous ! and lament, ye poor !
 He ne'er unaided could his Saviour see
 With sickness press'd, in chains or penury.
 Whene'er the suppliant wretch for pity moved,
 His Maker's face he saw, and, seeing, loved ;
 And sought to lighten or remove the chains,
 Assuage the griefs, and mitigate the pains.
 Learn hence, ye worldly great, 't is more renown
 To feed a prisoner than to storm a town !
 Yet farther love has Nelson frequent shown,
 Nor to the body's good confined alone ;
 Instructing all to fix their hopes on high,
 Resign'd to live, and innocent to die.
 'T is kind, redressing harm the' afflicted feels ;
 But kinder far, preventing future ills.

On infant heads, behold, his bounty flows,
Preserved from guilt and sure-attending woes ;
Their manners form'd aright with early care,
Ere blasted yet their bloom with tainted air.
'T is this must stop the' infection of our crimes,
And lay foundations for succeeding times.
For this to God are solemn praises given,
And crowds of orphans send their songs to heaven.
O glorious alms ! O goodness well-design'd !
To feed the body, and to save the mind !
Our Saviour, gracious, gave his hearers bread,
His sermons teaching whom his wonders fed.

How far diffused is charity discreet !
How vast the' advantage to be good and great !
How godlike may the rich their blessings shower,
Whene'er their will is equal to their power !
How wide their power to benefit mankind !
Who mercy never give, shall never find.
Nelson on schemes of good employ'd his thought,
And living practised what he dying taught.
What heat divine his latest counsel breathes !
He leaves his art, but not his soul bequeaths.
Let this, you mighty, your ambition be,—
To' improve the well-directed legacy.
So shall his death, like Samson's, profit more
Than even his useful, glorious life before ;
Who still his dear Redeemer's footsteps trod,
And traced the exemplar of the Saviour-God.
Jesus, the God, the perfect pattern gave,
Who lived to teach us, and who died to save.

Be mute, my lyre ! let Nelson's fame command
 A sweeter voice and more harmonious hand ;
 In juster light his virtues to display,
 And praise deserved, not guilty worship, pay.
 We hail not saints with impious rites divine,
 Nor kneel to relics, nor adore a shrine :
 The dust lies mouldering, and the soul is fled :
 To' improve the living, we revere the dead.
 Since, to diffuse the good, the good we show,
 Receive, bright saint, the praises we bestow ;
 Though to the blest above there needs not fame
 below ;
 Nor can a mortal's voice *his* glory raise
 Whom guardian angels greet with joyous lays,
 Whom at the judgment-bar the' all-knowing
 Word shall praise.

ON DR. MIDDLETON.

* * * *Fragili quærens illidere dentem,*
Offendet solido.—HORATII Serm. lib. ii. sat. i. 77.

THE Tories long have claim'd it as their pride,
 That unbelief still sought the adverse side :
 No Blount, no Tindal, on their part declares :
 No stiff, pert, empty Shaftesbury is theirs ;
 No Whiston, that deposes Christ alone ;
 No Chubb, that God the Father dares dethrone ;

No Locke, embodying God in warm debates,
Who spirit from the world annihilates,
Whose pen identity so nicely draws
It makes the' effect the source of its own cause.
Ye Tories, your peculiar pride is gone :
Your party has produced a Middleton ;
Full of himself, and other men despising,
His small theology too highly prizing,
Pertly dogmatic against dogmatizing. }

But he, good man ! disclaims all bad designs ;
Mere slanders these of orthodox divines.
He only raises errors long forgot,
And searches every corner for a blot ;
Objections often-answer'd calls to light,
And sets exploded blasphemies in sight ;
Points out to ready infidels their way,
And conjures demons up he does not lay ;
Bids rabbies witnesses for truth arise,
Exceeding monks in nonsense and in lies ;
Bids Pagans Doctors in our schools proceed,
And teach the Christians to explain their Creed ;
Scoffs at the fall which God's first vengeance
drew,

And, by sure sequel, at redemption too ;
And sees, in books his wit has long admired,
Moses a cheat, and scripture uninspired.
This usage, if revived on earth's vain stage,
Might tempt the meekest of mankind to rage,
Ruffle the calm by heaven so justly prized,
And make him once again be unadvised.

If ancient Jews were stubborn rightly thought,
Who slighted miracles by Moses wrought ;
What, then, our lively writer shall we call,
Who doubts his mission, and yet owns them all ?
Or seems to own, and disbelieves them still ?
A sad alternative of wretched ill !

But every page displays before our sight
How deep his learning, and his wit how bright :
And his whole life, he makes us understand,
He leads as well as Pearce or Waterland ;
As if for virtue more than Clarke extoll'd,
Or stricter than Pelagius was of old ;
As if he nobler parts or learning show'd,
Than drew Apollinaris from his God !
O foolish boast, that balks the wish'd-for end !
O crime, that turn'd an angel to a fiend !
As though his doughty pamphlets first began
From sneaking envy to superior Dan ! *
Suppose him wrong, what Christian priest would
send

Such keen reproaches as a seeming friend ?
A life in service of religion worn
Deserves our gratitude, and not our scorn.
For this some fair professions, thinly sown,
Some cold, unwilling compliments, atone.
E'en frantic Woolston, using Jesu's name,
Seeks out for fig-leaves to conceal his shame ;

* A reference to the "sneaking envy" which Dr. Middleton showed toward Dr. Daniel Waterland.—EDIT.

And, while he antiquated lies explores,
In fact blasphemes him, but in word adores.

Is this the way a lasting fame to raise?
Is his best honour but a sceptic's praise?
How vain the' attempt! True glory is denied
To Bentley's reading, join'd with Bentley's pride.

One only path remains to real fame,—
With retractation full to print his name,
With glad repentance and with glorious shame. }

But if he still persists with haughty mind,
Stiff in his doubt, and by his wisdom blind;
May Israelites indeed his guilt resent,
And drive the' infectious leper from their tent!
Let him, his honest name condemn'd to lose,
Go seek new friends, and fitter patrons choose,
Whose height derives a lustre on their voice:—
The age affords him plenty for his choice.

Let him go boast of diligence mis-spent,
In Puritanic taunts his malice vent,
And difficulties urge, and paint discouragement. }

Let him to Hoadly, friend of Clarke, repair,
And gain applauses and preferments there.
Or if a layman's friendship more he likes,
As faithless Collins had his moral Sykes,
So, Gordon, that his fame complete may be,
Let him be father-confessor to thee.

MELISSA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

THE poem of which this is a close metrical version, was written by his friend, the Rev. Vincent Bourne, A.M. I have subjoined it in the form of a note, that the classical scholar may have an opportunity of comparing the Latin and English together. He will admire the uncommon felicity of manner with which Mr. Wesley has rendered it, verse for verse, into terse and elegant English, without losing one of the original beauties either of language or sentiment.—EDIT.

IF, friend, a wife you mean to wed,
 Worthy of your board and bed,
 That she be virtuous, be your care,
 Not too rich, and not too fair :
 One who nor labours to display
 New complexions every day,
 Nor, studying artificial grace,
 Out of boxes culls a face.

MELISSA.

HANC, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige
 Mensæque consortem et tori :
 Benè moribus morata, quæ formâ placet,
 Nec dote dotatur nimis.
 Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
 Se fingere et refingere ;
 Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex
 Ab hac, ab illâ pyxide.

Nor live-long hours for dressing spares,
 Placing, to displace, her hairs,
 And straight replace ; an idle pin
 Ten times shifting out and in.
 Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
 Thrice her silks, and colours thrice :
 Fond o'er and o'er her suits to range,
 Changing still, and still to change.
 Nor gads to pay, with busy air,
 Trifling visits here and there ;
 Long rapping at each door aloud,
 Nuisance to a neighbourhood.
 If e'er a play she deign to see,
 (Very rarely shall it be,)
 She likes not wit in lewdness shown,
 Jests ill-manner'd for a clown ;

*Nec dislocandis et locandis crinibus,
 Quos iterum et iterum dislocet,
 Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
 Deciesque figens et movens.
 Nec exuendis induendis vestibibus,
 Diversa ter, ter discolor,
 Jubar evehit cùm Phœbus et cùm devehit,
 Mutatur et mutabitur.
 Nec visitando pulsat has et has fores,
 Ut portet importunum Ave,
 Meam inquietans et tuam viciniam
 Ineptiis et otio.
 Si fortè spectatrix theatri interest,
 (Et interest rarissima,)
 Illiberales nescit infacetias,
 Et non verecundos sales,*

But hears, with ignorance or rage,
 Double meanings of the stage.
 Her spotless mind the lustful tale
 Nauseates in the nicest veil.
 She ne'er is found in crowds unclean,
 Enter'd mysteries obscene ;
 Nor seeks, in mask and antic dress,
 Unconfined lasciviousness :
 Nor, pale and angry, gaming high,
 Rattles the unlucky die ;
 Till sun-rise restless vigils keeps,
 Light consuming in her sleeps ;
 Inverting nature, turns with play
 Day to night, and night to day.
 This round of follies let *her* choose
 Flitting life *who* likes to lose,

Audire patiens ; omnis immodestiæ
 Perosa turpitudinem ;
 Sensûsque dubii et involuti ambagibus
 Impura nauseat abdita.
 Nec initiatur mysticis congressibus,
 Noctisque cæremoniis,
 Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
 Lasciviat ut audentior.
 Nec, invenustis ut fritillis increpet,
 Et aleis impalleat,
 Tenebras ad usque solis ortum vigiliis,
 Lucemque dat soporibus ;
 Dulces diei et noctis invertens vices,
 Ratasque leges temporum.
 Properantis ævi circulum nympha expleat
 Has inter elegantias,

And lets her quickly-ending days
 Pass, and perish as they pass.
 The time that vulgar maids despise,
 Careless, thoughtless, how it flies,
 Melissa, wise, esteems, and knows
 Well to use it ere it goes.
 If e'er Melissa wed my friend,
 With her entering shall attend
 Virtues and Graces by her side,
 Bride-maids fit for such a bride :—
 Neat Beauty, without art display'd ;
 Rosy Health with native red ;
 With her bright Innocence shall go,
 Purer than the falling snow :
 Quiet, that far from quarrels flies ;
 Mirth and Pleasure, Love and Joys :

Prætermear quæ fugam vitæ sinit,
 Breveque summam negligit.
 Quos ire et interire permittunt dies
 Indiligens, incogitans
 Vulgus puellarum, Melissa computat
 Felicior calculo.
 Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,
 Et cum Melissâ conjuge,
 Intrare pronubas videbis Gratias,
 Sacrumque Virtutum chorum.
 Sine arte compta, et elegans sine tædio,
 Aderit Venustas ; et Salus
 Suo rubore rosea ; et Innocentia
 Cadente purior nive ;
 Aderit Amor, Risus, Voluptas, Gaudium,
 Et litium fugax Quies.

Firm Faith, that plighted promise keeps,
 Silence, watching o'er her lips :
 Prudence, that ponders all events,
 Wealth-increasing Diligence :
 Religion, mindful what is owed
 To herself and to her God :
 Patient to bear, to pardon free,
 Loveliest grace, Humanity,
 If erring nature chance to fail,
 Feeble, inadvertent, frail ;
 Who hates low-whisper'd spite conceal'd,
 Scandal yet to few reveal'd ;
 Since envy makes, with rumour'd lies,
 Friends and brethren enemies.
 Good-breeding shall her handmaid be,
 Join'd with chaste-look'd Modesty ;

*Aderit labella comprimens Taciturnitas,
 Et fœderis servans Fides ;
 Et omnis eventûs memor Prudentia,
 Divesque rerum Industria :
 Accedet his virtutibus pia Humilitas,
 Nunquam immemor Dei aut sui.
 Regina gratiarum aderit Humanitas,
 Perferre facilis et pati,
 Humana si natura quid deliquerit,
 Aut caverit siquid parum :
 Calumniantium susurros improbens,
 Paucisque notam infamiam ;
 Memor, invidi rumoris ut malignitas
 Inimicat urbes et domos.
 Famulabitur castum intuens Modestia,
 Et docta cultu Urbanitas ;*

While open heart, and hand, and face,
 Hospitality displays.
 If e'er Melissa grace your home,
 These attendants with her come.
 Whate'er can good or ill befall,
 Faithful partner she of all :
 Whose wisdom, teaching well to bear,
 Soothes the bitterness of care ;
 Whose joy, if prosperous fate you meet,
 Adds new sweetness to the sweet.
 These ties will nuptial love engage,
 Down from youth to hoary age,
 If e'er Melissa, lovely spouse !
 Life's companion ! crown your vows.
 Such, such a consort choose to wed,
 Worthy of your board and bed.

Et advenis præsens domi Hóspitalitas,
 Aperta vultus et manum.
 His cum sodalibus Melissa Gratiis
 Ducetur ad tuam domum ;
 Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile est,
 Et vera tecum particeps ;
 Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
 Et consulendo temperet ;
 Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
 Et quæ novis addat novas.
 Irrupta copula hisce continebitur,
 His vinculis firmabitur,
 Validis ab annis ad senectam, si tuæ
 Melissa sit vitæ comes ;
 Quam, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige,
 Mensæque consortem et tori.

WROOTE: A HEROIC POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY.

THE address of these mock-heroic verses, in the author's manuscript, is to his sister "M. W.," who is designated "Hetty" in the beginning of the third stanza, the pet name of Mehetabel, who afterwards became Mrs. Wright, and was celebrated for possessing poetical powers of a high order. Amidst the abundance of pleasant and occasionally ludicrous allusions to domestic names and affairs, the poem seems to have been written with the design of reconciling his sister to her sojourn in the flat and swampy district of Wroote, in the isle of Axholme, of which her father was rector.—EDIT.

I.

How, sister, can you silent lie
When epic subject is so nigh?
What can the matter be? I'll try
At least by guess to nick ye.
Is it for losing Epworth's view,
Or parting with some lover new,
Or pining after sister Sue
Or favourite brother Dicky?

II.

For shame ! now tune your warbling string,
As poets speak ; essay to sing
Of Wroote, till all the levels ring,
 Pleased with a theme so pretty ;
Than Sandhole more,—I'll tell you that,—
Or Pat, or Poll, or Snip the cat,
Or lovers' and long-saddles' chat,
 Deserving of your ditty.

III.

Why, Hetty, is your heart, then, grown
(Perhaps thus Thorndike used to moan)
As cold as any marble stone ?
 Or are you turn'd a Stoic ?
Fancy to me the truth supplies ;
And Wroote now stands before mine eyes !
See, all the images arise,
 And crowd to song heroic !

IV.

The spacious glebe around the house
Affords full pasture to the cows,
Whence largely milky nectar flows ;
 O sweet and cleanly dairy !
Unless or Moll or Nan or you
Your duty should neglect to do ;
And then 'ware haunches black and blue
 By pinching of a fairy.

V.

The house is good, if tight and clean ;
Though there no battlements are seen,
But humble roof of thatch, I ween,
 Low rooms from rain to cover ;
Where, safe from famine, sorest ill,
Folks may live happy, if they will,
As any that St. James's fill,
 The' Escorial, or the Louvre.

VI.

A great dog came with you, I trow ;
As famous Tobit, well we know,
Would that his cur should with him go
 Where'er he meant to wander ;
And faithful dogs, some two or three,
The guards of princes used to be ;
In Dryden's Virgil you may see
 The good old king Evander.

VII.

Kittens and whelps, a friendly fry,
Peaceful in chimney-corner lie,
When cheap-bought fuel, heap'd up high,
 Makes warm the winter-weather.
No fear of brawls of this and that
'Twixt Hetty sharp and envied Pat :
Can sisters jar, when dog and cat
 Agree so well together ?

VIII.

What certain happiness is thine,
When all things for your good combine !
If you now, while the sun shall shine,
 Take care your hay to gather ;
And aim still at improving more
The newly-got domestic store,
Which never eye has seen before,
 Belonging to my father.

IX.

For every now and then, Fame sings,
Glad plenty to your table brings
Boil'd veal and bacon, food for kings,
 Too good for low-born sinner !
Choose you to see the lambkins bleat,
And nibble, innocent, their meat ?
Or else their legs and loins to eat,
 Luxurious, for your dinner ?

X.

No fear that wolves should steal your ewes,
If erst, as tells old Spenser's muse,
A king did by a tax reduce
 Their numerous herds to nothing.
The gentle swains may now go sleep
That use four-footed flocks to keep :
No danger but to two-legg'd sheep
 From wolves in shepherds' clothing.

XI.

Observe the warm, well-litter'd sty,
Where sows and pigs and porkets lie :
Nancy or you the draff supply ;
 They swill, and care not whether.
And much good do the pretty swine :
Secure from penury and pine,
They never out of humour whine
 Except in windy weather.

XII.

Are, sister, you that happy one
That marks the gosling's yellow down,
And noddling of its simple crown,
 When duly food you scatter ?
Who hears the little ducklings quack,
When, waddling at each other's back,
Races they run, a crumb to take
 That 's thrown into the water ?

XIII.

What raptures must possess you, when
Your eyes behold the mother-hen,
Or shut within her evening-pen,
 Or scraping in the muck-hill !
Her callow chicks around her stray,
And chirp, and peck, and flutter : they,
Duteous, though bob-tail, scour away
 At hearing of her chuckle ;

XIV.

Glad of the warmth from whence they had
Their life at first ; but not so glad
As you to wait upon your dad !

O, 't is exceeding pretty !
Methinks I see you striving all
Who first shall answer to his call,
Or lusty Nan or feeble Moll,
Sage Pat or sober Hetty ;

XV.

To rub his cassock's draggled tail,
Or reach his hat from off the nail,
Or seek the key to draw his ale,
When damsel haps to steal it ;
To burn his pipe, or mend his clothes,
Or nicely darn his russet hose,
For comfort of his aged toes,
So fine they cannot feel it.

XVI.

Do you not each one do her part,
With utmost duty, care, and art,
To cheer the cockles of his heart,
As knowing, "Now or never?"
And say?—sufficient sums to get
For former and for latter debt,
And portions then for Moll and Het,—
"O father, live for ever!"

XVII.

What happiness, then, to be driven
Where power of saving may be given !
To hope for unmolested heaven,
While here on earth, too soon is.
But this I 'm sure,—that, if you 're wise,
Wroote is the seat of Paradise,
As much as any place that lies
On earth beneath the moon is.

XVIII.

'T is true, no fairy-lands are there,
Nor spring to flourish all the year,
Or bushes that perfumes will bear,
Flowers, fruits together springing ;
Where Phœbus with perpetual beams
Glitters from gently-gliding streams,
And nymphs are lull'd to pleasing dreams
By Philomela singing :

XIX.

No scenes of feign'd Elysian plains
Smile sweet ; nor learn'd Arcadian swains
Your lovers are, with magic strains
And vocal harp to win ye.
Yet, if from want secure, at Wroote
Contented you may live, no doubt,
Unless or Geoffrey* is without,
Or else the devil in ye.

* The name which they gave to the spirit that disturbed them at Epworth.

TO JAMES OGLETHORPE, ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND, though now far from St. Stephen's
walls

You range, nor Acton for your presence calls ;
Your mind, I doubt not, on some good is bent,
Your heart still ardent, and your head intent.
Your life, I know, admits no idle time,
No vacant spaces, to be filled with rhyme.
But neither is my life of business void :
Each day, each hour, each moment is employ'd.
So only tell me if my verse you slight ;
For if you will not read, I will not write.

'T is probable, as curious people use
When out of London, you'll inquire for news.
Strange news of one squire O—— I hear,
Which he himself, though not his friends, can
bear ;

Told by a man of wealth and man of fire,
Who would be Justice, and who is Esquire ;
Eye- and ear-witness, evidence not weak ;
Who knows his person, and has heard him speak.
This gallant flatly durst affirm and swear,
('T was well the Norfolk colonel was not there,)
“ That the aforesaid Member fierce and thin
The whole last sessions has distracted been
As any out of Bedlam, nay, or in.”

A second tale came from a lawyer shrewd,
And bore, I own, some show of likelihood :—

“That garters he despised, both red and blue ;”

(I wish the green were of the number too ;)

“And that his rage, if once it overflows,

Careless and fearless whosoe’er oppose,

Would pull the pink of knighthood by the nose.” }

But now, my verse, at higher subjects aim ;

From private whisper rise to public fame :

Fame which the consort’s honour has enroll’d ;

Myself am witness it was gravely told :

Fame which your just resentment may engage,

And make you, though not mad, yet in a rage.

Though freeing prisoners from their tyrants’ hand

Meets with unenvied praises through the land,

Yet artful faction colours false applies,

And dashes truth with ever-mingled lies.

“The Commons’ House their hate of villains show,—

As far as partial judges let it go.

The gaols are oped, spite of opposing powers :

No thanks to Hughes or Oglethorpe or Towers ! *

The deed shall bright through future ages shine,

The’ immortal deed of good queen Caroline ! ”

Thrice happy queen ! how certain of renown.

’T is glorious to be married to a crown !

To which, we own, this privilege does belong,—

That those who wear it never can do wrong.

But, sure, ’t would ruin all our virtue quite,

If those who wear it not, could do no right.

From patriots loved, and princes praised by all,

(A strange transition !) to myself I fall :

* See page 180.

As wild a stretch of fancy see display'd
As ere the dithyrambic poet made.
Me now intent on verse you scarce shall see,
Labouring and murmuring like a humming-bee.
My business, too, almost aside is thrown,
And for my father's work I leave my own.
I read his papers with observing eyes,
Commanded to erase and to revise.
Not bound by time or place, I range the globe,
Discourse with patriarchs, and converse with Job.
Far-distant Eastern realms employ my thought,
Where Nimrod hunted, and where Nimrod fought ;
Where brave Semiramis display'd her pride,
Where Joktan planted, and where Esau died ;
Where evil gods were served with rites profane,
And Arabs raised the great leviathan ;
Where conquering swords and politicians' care
Establish'd kingdoms which are now but air ;
Where ancient empires, once extoll'd by fame,
Have lost the poor existence of a name.
In fancy unconfined abroad I roam,
Still mindful of my father here at home.

A rhyming letter to a richer friend
Will, howsoe'er begun, with begging end.
Subscriptions for a father much distress'd
Entreat your utmost vote and interest.
Let wonted humane sentiments prevail :
'T is yours to save the needy from a gaol.
If e'er your generous breast with pity glow'd,
And schemes for private and for public good ;

If e'er a parent you desired to see,
And felt the throes of filial piety ;
If faithful plainness e'er I used to you,
True to your fame, and to your virtue true ;
If aught that friendship and regard might draw
In me you ever saw, or thought you saw ;
In this one instance be it fully shown ;
Preserve the father, and o'erpay the son !

UPON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THESE verses, and the elegy in page 296, contain a fine display of the ardour and sincerity of Mr. Wesley's attachment to his friend and patron. Whatever may be the opinion entertained concerning the guilt or innocence of bishop Atterbury, every right-hearted man will consider this instance of disinterested friendship highly honourable to human nature.
—EDIT.

I.

WHAT morn with more auspicious ray
Or lovelier dawning ever shined ?
Be blest the memorable day
Which gave thee, father, to mankind !
In each hard trial fully shown
Good, wise, and great as Clarendon.

II.

Tempests and storms in vain attack ;
In vain thy foes their arts employ :
Nought thy well-grounded faith can shake,
Thine exemplary zeal destroy.
Nor storms nor tempests can avail :
The rock 't is built on cannot fail.

III.

Thee nor the' opposing world could fright,
Nor humblest fraud or fawning bend,
To shrink from aiding injured right,
To cease the helpless to befriend.
Nor mitres rich, nor exile near,
Could bribe to hope, or sink to fear.

IV.

Superior to the ills you feel,
Triumphant sufferer, well you know
To scorn the instruments that deal,
To' adore the Hand that aims, the blow ;
Like Job, with patience to resign :
O might his latter end be thine !

V.

Mean-season, live ! Nor barbarous foes
Nor exile grievous to sustain,
Nor prospect of thy country's woes,
Nor tortures of afflicting pain,
Force thee to mourn thy longer stay,
Nor cause thee to regret to-day !

VI.

No ; let the statesman, human fiend !
The ruffian base, in murder old,
The vile betrayer of his friend,
The seller of his God for gold,
The false, the traitor, the forsworn,
Bewail the day that they were born !

VII.

Enjoy the peace they cannot find,
No more than they can take away.
Thy happy birth with equal mind
View calmly as thy dying day ;
That second birth-day, happier far,
Which clears thee at the last great bar !

THE BLACKBIRD.

To whom does grateful verse belong ?
Who but the BLACKBIRD claims my song ?
When all the natives of the grove
Yielded obeisance to the Dove,
How cheerful on the green-wood spray
He warbled through the live-long day !
His music gladden'd every hill ;
All but Canary-birds were still.
The Finches, a melodious throng,
Would sometimes listen to his song ;
And, pleased with his harmonious lays,
Though seldom imitate, would praise.

II.

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In vain thy foes their arts employ :
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His music gladden'd every hill ;
All but Canary-birds were still.
The Finches, a melodious throng,
Would sometimes listen to his song ;
And, pleased with his harmonious lays,
Though seldom imitate, would praise.

Now foes inhuman pluck his wing,
And cage him, that he should not sing,
Nor chant his native wood-notes free,
But lose the thoughts of liberty.

Say, shall recording verse disclose
The names and natures of his foes?
The boding Screech-owl, prophet sad;
The Vulture, feeder on the dead;
The Harpy, ravenous and impure;
The Hawk, obsequious to the lure;
The noisy, senseless, chattering Pie,
The mere Lord William of the sky.
Nor shall the Bat unmention'd be:
A mongrel, twilight trimmer he.
When empire is on Fowls conferr'd,
He claps his wings, and is a bird.
When stronger Beasts the conquest get,
He lights and walks upon four feet,
With crafty flight and subtle pace,
Still safe without an Act of Grace.

The Kite fit gaoler must be named,
In prose and verse already famed;
Bold to kill mice, and now and then
To steal a chicken from a hen;
None readier was, when seized, to slay,
And after to dissect, his prey;
With all the insolence can rise
From power when join'd to cowardice.
The captive Blackbird kept his cheer:
The gaoler anxious shook with fear,

Lest roguish traitors should conspire
 To' unbolt the door, or break the wire ;
 Traitors, if they but silence broke,
 And disaffected, if they look.
 For, by himself he judged, his prey,
 If once let loose, would fly away.
 Conscious of weakness when alone,
 He dares not trust him, one to one.
 So, every day and every hour,
 He shows his caution and his power.
 Each water-drop he close inspects,
 And every single seed dissects ; *
 Nay, swears, with a suspicious rage,
 He'll shut the air out of the cage.
 The Blackbird with a look replies,
 That flash'd majestic from his eyes.
 Not sprung of eagle-brood, the Kite
 Falls prostrate, grovelling, at the sight.
 A hero thus, with awful air,
 (If birds with heroes may compare,)
 A ruffian greatly could dismay :
 " Man, dar'st thou Caius Marius slay ? "
 Blasted the coward-wretch remains,
 And owns the Roman, though in chains. †

* " Tell Dr. Arbuthnot," says Pope in a letter to Gay,
 " that even pigeon-pies and hogs'-puddings are thought dan-
 gerous by our governors : for, those that have been sent to
 the bishop of Rochester are opened and profanely pried into
 at the Tower. It is the first time that dead pigeons have
 been suspected of carrying intelligence."

† See PLUTARCH, Life of Marius.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S ROASTING LORD CONINGSBY

ON THE TOPIC OF BEING PRIEST-RIDDEN.

AN ass, well drubb'd with sturdy oak,
Once on a time complaining spoke,
Rebuking prophet* mounted high,
That still laid on, yet scarce knew why.

Of this in memory, of late,
A lordly ass, in warm debate,†
Began to open wide ; when proph.
(For brevity- and rhyme-sake ROFF.)
On the dull creature got astride,
And spurr'd, and gall'd, and bang'd his side.

Each ass then served by way of pad :
One Balaam rode, *one* Francis dad.
They both did speak, and both were beat ;
Yet still *this* differ did from *that* :
For *that* was smote before speech made,
But *this* just after what he said ;
From whence best judges do maintain,
That ass spoke better of the twain.

O Coningsby ! learn wisdom hence,
And give the prophets no offence ;
For Levi's tribe best know the art
How to make Issachars to smart.

* An allusion to Balaam and his ass.

† This was in a debate on the Test Act.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MORICE,
WIFE TO WILLIAM MORICE, ESQ., AND DAUGHTER OF
THE RIGHT REVEREND FRANCIS, LATE LORD BISHOP
OF ROCHESTER.

As the very amiable subject of these elegiac verses was a noble instance of female intrepidity and filial piety, I have, for the sake of modern readers, prefixed to them an account of the circumstances under which that dutiful devotion to her father was exhibited. In his editorial "Advertisement" to "the Epistolary Correspondence, &c. of Francis Atterbury, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester," the late John Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., &c., says :—

"His memorable Speech in the House of Lords the bishop feelingly opens, by complaining of the uncommon severity he had experienced in the Tower, which was carried to so great a length that not even his son-in-law, Mr. Morice, was permitted to speak to him in any nearer mode than standing in an open area, whilst the bishop looked out of a two-pair-of-stairs' window. His confinement was extremely rigorous. Nor did the severity of his treatment cease even with his banishment. The same vindictive spirit pursued him in foreign climes. No British subject was even permitted to visit him without the king's sign-manual, which Mr. Morice was always obliged to solicit, not only for himself, but for every one of his family whom he carried

abroad with him, for which the fees of office were very high.

“When Atterbury first entered upon his banishment, Brussels was the place destined for his residence; but, by the arts and instigations of the British ministers, he was compelled to leave that place, and retire to Paris. There, being solicited by the friends of the Pretender to enter into their negotiations, (which he carefully avoided,)* that he might be the more out of their reach, he changed his abode for Montpellier in 1728, and resided there about two years.

“How far the bishop might have been attached in his inclinations to the Stuart family, to which he might be led by early prejudices of education and the divided opinions of the times, is not necessary here to inquire. But that he should be weak enough to engage in a plot so inconsistent with his station, and so clumsily devised, (to say the least of it, and without entering into his solemn asseverations of innocence,) is utterly inconsistent with that cunning which his enemies allowed him. The

* In vol. i., p. 147, Mr. Nichols has given the following note from bishop Warburton:—“Mr. Pope was convinced, before the bishop's death, that, during his banishment, he was in the intrigues of the Pretender; though, when he took his last leave of Mr. Pope, he told him, he would allow him to say his sentence was just, if he ever found he had any concerns with that family in exile.”—Mr. Nichols has briefly added: “That he had such concerns, is too evident by the Letters which are next to be exhibited.”—EDIT.

duke of Wharton, it is well known, was violent against him till convinced by his unanswerable reasoning.

“It has been said that his wishes reached to the bishopric of London, or even to York or Canterbury. But those who were better acquainted with his views knew, that Winchester would have been much more desirable to him than either of the others. And there are those now living who have been told, from respectable authority, that that bishopric was offered to him whenever it should become vacant, (and till that event should happen, a pension of £5,000 a year, besides an ample provision for Mr. Morice,) if he would cease to give the opposition he did to sir Robert Walpole’s administration, by his speeches and protests in the House of Lords. When that offer was rejected by the bishop, then the contrivance for his ruin was determined on.”

In a letter to lord Townshend, one of His Majesty’s Principal Secretaries of State, dated “the Tower, April 10th, 1723,” the bishop prefers the following earnest request concerning his interviews with his daughter: “MY LORD,—I am thankful for the favour of seeing my daughter any way; but was in hopes the restraint of an officer’s presence in respect of her might have been judged needless, at a time when her husband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleases without witness; especially since we have been parted now for near

eight months, and must soon, if the Bill takes place, be parted for ever.

“My lord, I have many things to say to her, in relation to herself, her brother, and my little family-affairs, which cannot, with ease to her or me, be said in presence of others; and I dare say your lordship does not apprehend that the subject of our conversation will be of such a nature as to deserve to be, in any degree, watched or restrained. She has been the comfort of my life; and I shall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments,—though when I am stripped of them I shall have nothing to support me. Nor is there scarce any loss, besides that of my country, which will touch me so nearly.

“Your lordship, who is known to be a tender father, will feel what I say, and consider how far it is fit to indulge me in so innocent a request. It is a little thing I ask; but nothing is little that can give any relief to a man in my sad circumstances, which deserve your lordship’s compassion, and I hope will obtain it.

“I am, with all respect, your lordship’s most humble and most obedient servant,

“FR. ROFFEN.”*

In a letter to Mr. Williams, dated “Vigan, in the Cevennes, July 22nd, 1729,” the bishop writes:—
“I have been [here] now above ten days, and intend to continue till September, and then return

* ATTERBURY’S “Epist. Correspon.” vol. i. p. 134.

to Montpelier, to spend the winter there with Mrs. Morice and her husband. She comes thither, not merely to see me, but, by the advice of Dr. Wintle, for the recovery of her health, which has been much affected of late, and which, he assures her, the air of Montpelier will soon restore. This has occasioned her resolution of taking so long a journey, and altered mine of spending my winter at Vitry, near Paris, where I had taken a pretty house."

In a subsequent letter to the same person, dated "Montpelier, Oct. 4th, 1729," the bishop writes:—"My ail [an attack of the gout] is over for the present; but poor Mrs. Morice's distemper, a consumption, prevails upon her. She is forced to fly to this place, as her only refuge, and hopes to recover, upon wintering here. Pray God she may, after the terrible journey she has taken, and from which she is not yet arrived! Ten days she lay wind-bound at Dover; and there are twenty days now since she sailed, without my hearing that she is yet landed at Bourdeaux; after that, she has a long step to make hither, whither if she gets safe, I will nurse her as well as I can. She had a mind to have ventured all the way by land; but her physicians judged it impossible in her weak state, and would not suffer her. I hope all will be for the best: the sea itself, if it has done her no harm, will certainly do her a great deal of good. I am in great concern and pain till I see her."*

* Idem, *ibid.* p. 229.

The “Diary of a Journey and Voyage from Westminster to Bourdeaux and to Toulouse, A.D. 1729,” by Mr. Evans, and the letter to his brother which follows it, contain the simple narrative of events as they occurred, written by a gentleman who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice, and whose plain and affecting reflections bear the genuine impress of sincerity, creditable alike to the head and the heart of the unpretending writer :—

DIARY OF JOURNEY AND VOYAGE FROM WESTMINSTER.

“AUG. 19th.—We set out from Westminster; arrived at Dover the 21st; there we were detained by contrary winds ten days.

“31st.—The wind being a little favourable, we put to sea; were drove into Plymouth, Sept. 2d. There we lay wind-bound twenty-five days, not setting sail from thence till Sept. 27th; and, after beating at sea four days in very stormy and tempestuous weather, we were forced into Falmouth, Sept. 30th.

“Oct. 2d.—We set sail from Falmouth with a fair wind, and landed at Bourdeaux, Oct. $\frac{7}{18}$, 1729.

“Mrs. Morice found herself very ill whilst at Dover, as well as at Plymouth. She bore the voyage better than could be expected, was never sea-sick, and seemed easier on the water than ashore; but constantly kept her bed whilst on board.

“Upon our arrival at Bourdeaux, we found a servant belonging to the Bishop of Rochester, who had been waiting there for us above six weeks.

“We stayed at Bourdeaux seven days, as well to give rest to Mrs. Morice, as to make the necessary preparations for our intended journey to Montpellier. One day she attempted to take an airing in a chaise ; but was not abroad half an hour, before she was too sensible of her weakness, and found herself unable to bear that way of travelling ; and that the two chaises which the bishop had taken care to send from Montpellier to fetch her, could be of no use. Upon this we endeavoured to procure a litter ; but no such voiture was to be met with at or near Bourdeaux. We at last fixed our passage as far as Agen, which is about half way between Bourdeaux and Toulouse, by water, and hired a large boat (very commodiously equipped for the purpose) to carry us thither, where we expected to find a litter from Toulouse to meet us, according to the directions that had been dispatched thither on that head.

“We took boat from Bourdeaux, Oct. 25th, in the morning, and arrived at Agen, the 30th, at night.

“Mrs. Morice had been extremely ill some days at Bourdeaux, and gave a good deal of reason for us to fear ill consequences ; but she performed the six days’ journey to Agen beyond expectation, and flattered us with new hopes of her recovery ; though the several stages were very tedious, since we were seldom less than ten or twelve hours in the boat, the weather generally bad, and the accommodations we met with at the inns, where we lay at nights, for the most part very indifferent. However, Mrs.

Morice got no hurt by the way, great care having been taken to prevent her catching cold; a convenient cabin, hung with tapestry, was prepared in the boat, as well as a kitchen, for her use, and a bed for her to lie down and repose herself.

“We stopped at Agen all Monday, Oct. 31st, where we received advice from Toulouse, that no litter was to be had from thence; and that we must take our measures accordingly. Hereupon we agreed for the same boat, which brought us to Agen, to carry us on to Toulouse.

“The boatmen were very pressing not to proceed the next day, and begged earnestly for a little more rest; but Mrs. Morice would by no means consent to the losing one day, saying, ‘Dear Mr. Morice, you do not know what a day may be to me!’ So on Tuesday, November 1st, we began our journey from Agen to Toulouse.

“On the 5th of November we got as far as Grenade, a large town affording good conveniences.

“Mrs. Morice was observed to change for the worse this afternoon; but nevertheless was able to bear the fatigue of going in a chair from the boat to the town, which was a good half league from the river-side, and was the next morning carried back again to the boat, without finding herself more decomposed by the conveyance than she used to be.

“Nov. 6th.—We left Grenade early in the morning, hoping to get to Toulouse that day; but, night overtaking us by the time we reached Blagnac, a

little village half a league short of the town, we thought it best to stop there, and take up with the ill accommodations that place afforded.

“Mrs. Morice was very ill most part of this day’s journey, and became extremely uneasy towards the end of it; and growing still worse towards midnight, it was thought proper to call up the boatmen, and make the best of our way (though by night) to Toulouse, where she hoped to meet her father. We embarked about two o’clock in the night-time, and about five entered the canal. We got ashore, and came to Toulouse between seven and eight o’clock, on Monday morning, the 7th of November, N.S.

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE AFOREGOING DIARY.

“It was a sort of good luck that no litter was to be got at Bourdeaux, nor even at Toulouse; for it soon appeared that Mrs. Morice’s weakness was so great, that she could never have borne any sort of conveyance by land; and would, in all probability, have died on the road to Toulouse without seeing her father, (whom she impatiently longed to see,) had she been carried in a litter, or in any other viture than a boat.

“It is also remarkable, that if Mrs. Morice had not been so pressing to leave Agen the very day we went from thence, but had yielded to the importunity of the boatmen, who earnestly pleaded for a day of rest; or if, upon her being so very ill (on

Sunday night, Nov. 6th) at Blagnac, a resolution had not been taken of travelling on the water by night; in either case she had undoubtedly died without reaching Toulouse, or having the comfort of seeing her father, which of all things she passionately desired.

“It is also observable, as a piece of good fortune, that the Bishop’s health (which is so much impaired by the gout, that for several months in the year he is not able to stir abroad) should, at that juncture, happen to be such as to allow him to take a journey of one hundred and fifty miles to meet his daughter, and take his last farewell of her.”*

“MONTPELIER, *Nov. 30th, 1729.*

“DEAR BROTHER,

“IN mine of the 9th instant from Toulouse, I promised you a more particular account of the death of Mrs. Morice at my arrival here, where I got the 13th; but, within an hour after, was confined to my bed by a fit of the gout, which took me the last day on the road, and held me ten days; so that I was not out of my bed for two hours in all that time: but, having now again the use of my hand, I do with pleasure write to you and keep my promise.

“On Sunday the 6th instant, N. S., in the evening we reached Blagnac, a village not above half a league, by land, from Toulouse; but by water (by reason of a very strong current, and the windings of

* ATTERBURY’S “*Epistol. Correspon.*” vol. i. p. 238.

the river) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was resolved, rather than expose Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue, (of which she had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience,) or keep her late on the water, to rest at Blagnac that night, where she was put to bed in the same weak condition she usually had been, but not seemingly worse. But about midnight the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us, they thought they saw her changed. We rose, and came to her chamber; where we found her so very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to part immediately; fearing much, from the change we saw, that, near as she was to it, she would scarce live to reach Toulouse, which we all earnestly desired to do, since no physician or other help could be had in the poor place where we then were. She herself pressed this matter; and we well knew, that all her desires and wishes were constantly bent upon seeing her father, whom she hoped to find at Toulouse. She was taken out of her bed at her own desire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to sit in the chair which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at her ease; and so we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, sending two servants, by land, to procure a litter to meet her at the landing-place. About five we arrived there: and soon after six the litter

came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the house in Toulouse where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing, till then, how near or how far off she was, though he had despatched a man and horse to get intelligence of us, who happened to miss us. When the servants, who had been sent for the litter, returned, she was informed of the bishop's being at Toulouse, and seemed to take new spirits upon it ; which no doubt were of great use, to enable her to bear going in the litter, which otherwise she could scarce have done, even for so short a way. After she had been put into her bed, (where, as I told you, she never slept till she slept her last,) and had a little recovered the fatigue she underwent in the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile, her father, whom she immediately inquired after, came into her room, and was startled to find her in so very low a condition. After mutual expressions of concern and tenderness, she particularly acknowledged the great blessing that was granted her, of meeting her dear papa ; and exerted all the little life that was in her, in grasping his hands with her utmost force, as she often did ; and told him, that meeting was the chief thing that she had ardently desired.

“The bishop some time after left her chamber, that she might compose herself, and that he might himself give vent to the just grief he was filled with, to see his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found she took no rest ; so he soon returned, and

then said prayers by her, and proposed to her the receiving the holy sacrament the next morning, when he hoped she might have been a little refreshed in order to it : she embraced the offer with much satisfaction. He then asked her, for fear of any accident, if she was not desirous to have the absolution of the church. She declared she was ; and begged to have it. After some little private discourse with her, he gave it her, in the form prescribed in ‘The Visitation of the Sick ;’ and she expressed great comfort upon receiving it. A physician had been sent for immediately upon her arrival. When he came, he gave little hopes, but said all depended upon the manner of her passing that night ; and in the mean time prescribed only what would be comfortable and cordial to her stomach and bowels, which she was to take every three hours. It had that effect ; for she seemed to lie pretty composed and easy the rest of the day ; and her purging, which before had been extremely troublesome, became less violent.

“She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who, you know, had been her physician ; and who had so neglected her as, for some time before she left England, never to come near her, according to his appointment, nor give the least direction for her management in the long voyage she was about to make. She said to the bishop, ‘Dear papa, has Mr. Morice told you how Dr. Wyntle has served us ?’ who answered, ‘Yes, my dear, I know it all ; but do not

let it trouble you now.' She replied, 'O no, papa, I do not trouble myself about that; I have other things to think of at this time; but I did not know whether Mr. Morice had told you.'

"Hoping by this time she might incline to take a little rest, her father and husband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night. But about two in the morning she sent one of her women to me, (who lay on the same floor, in the next room to her,) to desire to speak to me; and when I came, she said, (not seemingly with much pain, but with such a shortness of breath, that she was forced to breathe after every two or three words,) 'Mr. Evans, I have been waking—these three hours—and would fain—have the sacrament.' I wondered at her sending for me on that account, her husband and father being both near at hand; but I found afterwards it was her unwillingness, by a direct message from herself, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not apprized of her reason for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right senses, and said, 'Madam, would you *now* receive the sacrament?' She said, 'Yes, I would—if possible—presently'—. Of which the bishop being immediately advised, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing prepared, he came and administered to her, and to all present, the sacrament; and afterwards, at her desire, continued repeating the prayers of the church till she began to draw very near her end; and then he used and continued the commendatory prayer only; she all the while holding her hands in a pos-

ture of prayer, and sometimes joining in a low voice with him.

“After this, her father being gone from the bedside, she called for him, (as she had very frequently done,) and again said to him, ‘Dear papa—what a blessing is it—that after—such a long—troublesome—journey—we have—the comfort—of this meeting!’

“And indeed, when I reflect on it, and consider the weak condition she was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the last effort she made (when she was at the worst) towards finishing it, I cannot but think that that meeting seemed granted by Heaven to her continual fervent prayers for it.

“About this time she called to her husband, (who was always in near attendance upon her,) and said, ‘Dear Mr. Morice—take care of the children—I know you will—Remember me to the duchess of Buckingham.’

“She also in a proper place recommended her servants to Mr. Morice.

“She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the same time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to swallow it, she turned herself on her left side, and rested her head on her left hand, which she doubled; extending her right hand and arm over the bed-clothes; and in this posture she continued drawing her breath shorter and shorter, but with the least emotion that possibly could be, till she at last expired, a quarter

before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, November 8th, N. S.

“An entire resignation to the will of God, a piety towards her father, husband, and family, made her death full of the religion of a saint, and of the regularity and composedness of a philosopher. It was then she gave a seal and sanction to the judgment and affection of her friends ; and showed one of the best and wisest, as well as noblest, of her sex, (the duchess of Buckingham, who, I have heard, had a very great regard for her,) that she made a right judgment of her, and bestowed her love on one who deserved it. Such a death, at the end of a virtuous life, would make one see what is dearest and nearest to us expire, not only without uneasiness, but with pleasure, were human nature capable of acting by reason at such a time without passion. But the most exalted of mankind partake of the dying pains of those that nature and affection have made dear to them ; and even feel agonies which the dying are sometimes, by special favour, exempted from, as I really think she was.

“I shall conclude this account with a reflection I made at the time : That it was well worth my while to have taken so long a voyage ; though I was immediately to return home again, and reap no other benefit from it than the seeing what passed in the last hours of Mrs. Morice. I am, dear brother, yours most affectionately,

J. EVANS.”*

* ATTERBURY'S “Epist. Corresp.” vol. i. p. 251.

An extract from the bishop of Rochester's letter to Mr. Pope, dated "Nov. 20th, 1729," will furnish an appropriate conclusion to these quotations :—

"Had I stayed, as I intended, there till the end of October, I believe my cure had been perfected ; but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved called me abruptly to Montpelier ; where, after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse ; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards : which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character ; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all ; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

——*'placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.'*

“Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion ; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports ? I can have none, but those with which reason and religion furnish me ; and on those I lay hold, and make use of, as well as I can ; and hope that He who laid the burden upon me (for wise and good purposes, no doubt) will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.”

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MORICE.

——— *Heu ! nunc misero mihi demum
Exilium infelix ! nunc altè vulnus adactum.*

VIRGILII *Æneis* x. 849.

No fabling song, my mournful heart, essay ;
But genuine grief adorn the flowing lay :
In numbers such as friendship can inspire,
Wail the lost daughter, and the living sire,
Till flinty breasts resistless sorrow know,
And melt reluctant at another's woe ;
Till party-zeal the father shall deplore,
And those who hate him most shall pity more.

What time the State its indignation shed,
And lanced its second thunder on his head ;
When Nobles judged the well-defended cause,
And Commons' care supplied defective laws ;
Then first the wound relentless fortune made,
Which, festering, secret on her vitals prey'd.

Guiltless she pined,—or wholly guiltless she,
Or only stain'd with filial piety.
In vain might friends to soothe her anguish try,
No friend a father's absence could supply :
No darling children could afford relief,
Nor parent's fondness heal the daughter's grief :
No sweets of life sufficient balm could prove,
Not the dear softness of a wedded love :
The pangs of loss unbated still endure,
She tastes no cordial, and admits no cure.
With health-impairing sighs, unseen decay,
She wears the slender threads of life away :
Nor ease nor period can her mourning have,
But the dark shelter of the quiet grave.
So when Italians, with destructive skill,
Or Indians, rude in good, but learn'd in ill,
A fatal draught mix for their secret foe,
Avoidless sure, yet unsuspected slow,
The latent death creeps on with lingering smart,
And mocks the antidotes of human art :
So imperceptibly the work is done,
That nature half mistakes it for her own.

When inward fretting grief had almost drain'd
Her ebbing veins, nor much of life remain'd,
Each hour her pious prayers more ardent grow
To meet her exiled father once below.
Whoe'er the hazards of her health display,
Against their purpose urge her speedy way,
Lest death prevent her reaching Gallia's shore ;
That only sting the king of terrors bore.

Still pleasing hope her sickly limbs upheld ;
Weakness itself, by true affection steel'd,
Distance, and toils, and dangers could disdain ;
And seas and mountains were opposed in vain.
Rise to her wishes, rise, propitious gales,
And with new swiftness wing the flagging sails.
What sails can equal to her wishes go ?
The tide rose tedious, and the wind flies slow ;
The pensive days in heavy march proceed,
Time, ever-hasting, seems to slack his speed :
For love too slow, for life he flies too fast,
And every painful hour forebodes the last.
Long-swooning faintness wakes her consort's fear,
And waning strength shows dissolution near.
Her soul, unconquer'd yet, disdains to part,
And holds the citadel of love, the heart ;
Determined, steadfast, not to seek the skies
Till the dear father bless her longing eyes.
In vain did nature, spent, forbid her stay,
And guardian-angels beckon her away :
With frailer flesh the' immortal spirit strove,
Strong to delay the stroke, though not remove ;
And death, all-conquering, yields awhile to love. }
So the brave Theban chief, transfix'd by foes,
(With whom Bœotia's empire fell and rose,)
To death, though deeply wounded, scorns to yield,
Till his loved soldiers gain'd the well-fought
field :
Then bids his willing soul triumphant fly,
And, when his vows are heard, consents to die.

Behold, they meet! so Providence decrees;
All she desires on earth, on earth she sees:
Her terrors now are ceased; when he is near,
Her father's daughter knows not how to fear.
The long-fought strife her spirit now gave o'er,
And sought the quiet that it shunn'd before.
The father bless'd her ere to heaven she went,
The priest absolved the dying penitent.
But lest she grieve for sorrows not her own,
And nature's yearning cause a single groan,
He, self-collected, check'd the ascending sigh,
And springing tears commanded from his eye.
Meanwhile his aching heart tumultuous strove,
With grief despairing and paternal love.
Love inly wounds him with distracting woe,
Compels to feel it, but forbids to show.
His voice unfaltering, and his looks serene,
An outward calmness veils the storm within.
So when, in subterranean caverns pent,
The winds, hard-struggling, labour for a vent,
Direful, but secret, works the mine below,
Strong and more strong the imprison'd tempests grow:
The surface smiles, and verdant fields appear
Secure, and far from danger as from fear:
Not long; for instant springs the breaking ground,
And scatters waste avoidless all around.

When death had seal'd her eyes in lasting sleep,
And gave the afflicted father leave to weep,
In words like these bursts his long-stifled moan:
(If any may be liken'd to his own:)—

“ Is this the healing of my former care ?
This the sad answer of continued prayer ?
No longer space could angry Heaven bestow ?
And thus, thus only, must we meet below ?
Me to remotest realms my fortune sends,
Deprived of present, nay, of absent, friends :
'T is fatal with my woes to sympathize !
He dies who writes, as he who sees me dies !
Nor e'en this exile seem'd enough severe,
To my lost country Brussels rose too near ;
Nor Paris' walls these hoary hairs can screen,
My fate pursues me to the banks of Seine !
Let it pursue ! still, still could I withstand
The utmost fury of a mortal hand.

But with resistless force the vengeance flies,
When God inflicts the ' pains and penalties.'
Yet, O ! had judgment fallen on me alone,
Nor broke a heart far dearer than mine own !
The arrow glancing pierced her faithful side,
For me she languish'd and for me she died !
My late sole stay ! ”——

But hold—if speech the anguish may reveal,
He only can describe it who could feel.
Then cease, my soul, O, cease the plaintive tale,
And where the pencil fails thee, draw the veil !

Yet, still himself let the great prelate know,
Still raised superior to his weight of woe ;
Instruct mankind their load of life to bear,
And shame the murmurer, and the wretched
cheer :

Tried, not forsook ; one refuge yet remains,
(So nature's everlasting law ordains,)
Which statesmen's art and soldiers' force defies,
And mocks the rage of keenest enemies ;
Which kindly softens the severest doom,
The loser's conquest, and the exile's home :
To that sure refuge let him calmly fly,
And bless the glorious privilege,—to die.
Late may he land on that safe, happy shore,
Where loss afflicts, and pain torments, no more ;
There sleep, from grief and banishment released,
And there the wearied father lie at rest ;
His course well ended, heavenly glory share,
And rise triumphant to the last great bar ! *

* On reading these affecting verses, the disconsolate father sent the author of them a letter of thanks ; and lest, in those unsettled times, it should not reach him, he repeated his thanks in other words in the two following months. I subjoin extracts from each of those letters :—

“ April 24th, 1730.

“ I HAVE received a poem from Mr. Morice, which I must be insensible not to thank you for,—your Elegy upon the death of Mrs. Morice. It is what I cannot help an impulse upon me to tell you, under my own hand, the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear you, for this good deed and good work ; as a poet and as a man, I thank you, I esteem you.”

“ PARIS, May 27th, 1730.

“ I AM obliged to W. for what he has written on my dear child ; and take it the more kindly, because he could not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him—though, if ever I am, I will ; for he has shown an invariable regard for

ELEGIAC VERSES.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 24.

I.

FREELY to grief indulge the reins :
 In mourning for a friend so dear
 What bounds are placed? what weakness can
 appear?
 Begin, Melpomene, the mournful strains ;
 The Muse to whom thy sovereign sire
 A silver voice vouchsafes, and sadly pleasing lyre.

me all along in all circumstances ; and much more than some of his acquaintance, who had ten times greater obligations."

"PARIS, *June 30th*, 1730.

"THE verses you sent me touched me very nearly, and the Latin in the front of them as much as the English that followed. There are a great many good lines in them, and they are writ with as much affection as poetry. They came from the heart of the author, and he has a share of mine in return ; and if ever I come back to my country with honour, he shall find it."

John Nichols, Esq., in a note to bishop Atterbury's "Epistolary Correspondence," &c., after having given these three extracts, adds, "I wish I could have given these letters entire." I have seen the three extracts in Mr. Wesley's hand-writing. Immediately beneath them his widow intimates, that they were copied by himself after they had been received, and each of the original letters was burnt without delay, for reasons obvious to every reader.—EDIT.

II.

And must an endless sleep his eyelids bind ?
Where shall the Virtues now his equal find ?
Whither for shelter shall repair
Firm Faith, Astræa's near ally,
And Truth, without adorning, fair,
And unaffected Modesty ?

III.

He fell lamented and deplored by all ;
And most, O bard divine, by thee ;
Who, vainly pious, on the gods dost call
Thy friend from death's embrace to free,
To' unbind the fix'd decrees of changeless destiny.

IV.

Could thee the Muse with sweeter sounds inspire
Than flow'd from Thracian Orpheus' magic lyre,
When savages around did throng,
And forests listen to his song ;
Thou couldst not to the lifeless warmth restore,
That image of a man could breathe no more.

V.

When once on earth we cease to live,
Led to the shades by Hermes' rod,
No prayers can purchase a reprieve,
Or soften the relentless god.
What, then, but patience does remain ?
That sole relief of each avoidless pain :
Since what is past is past, 't is fruitless to complain.

VERSES UPON MR. BEAR'S CAT,

CALLED ROGER ROKIN.

I MEAN my doggerel for a token
Of due respect to Roger Rokin ;
And eke, as the poetic phrase is,
In verse to' immortalize his praises.

But here my stubborn wit refuses
To beg assistance from the Muses ;
Because 't has long been known by many,
There never were nor will be any.
Yet, not to' offend against the fashion,
That still insists on invocation,
I thus go on, in form proceeding
To boast my parts and show my reading.

Thou four-legg'd god, in former ages
Adored by wise Egyptian sages,
(Who deepest learning well express'd
By painted shapes of bird and beast,
Whose secret meaning all the while was
As secret as the head of Nile was,)
Thou four-legg'd deity, a cat,
Assist a rhymers desperate :
For rhyme thine influence will go *fur* in,
Since verses often spring from purring.
But if, like Apis, thou 'rt deceased,
And thy *nine lives* are gone and past,
I 'll even—with reverence be it spoken—
Fill up thy place with Roger Rokin ;

Whose worth and usefulness and beauty
As well deserve religious duty,
As e'er did animal of Nile,
From humblest rat to crocodile.

First, with his beauty we begin :
As soft as Negro's is his skin.
Of darkest tabby are his hairs,
Becoming gravity and years ;
Which yet so bright has Nature made,
They cast a lustre in the shade,
Whence truer sparks of light arise
Than e'er were shot from ladies' eyes.
Much less can ladies' eyes exceed
Those eyes that shine in Roger's head.
At night compare them,—though they say
“ At night ” that “ every cat is grey : ”
Your women's twinklers then are gone,
And disappear like Bristol-stone ;
While his are eminently bright,
Like truest diamonds, in the night.

Mustachios large his mouth environ
That need no crimping curling-iron :
No Spanish Don can equal be
In whiskers or in gravity.
His stiff, fair eyes are open, but
His mouth is almost always shut.
Roger that piece of wisdom prizes
Which old philosopher advises ;
True way to wisdom still appearing,—
Tardy of speech and quick of hearing.

Yet when he pleases to be jolly,
And shake off form and melancholy,
You 'd think his whole employ and calling
Was nought but mirth and caterwauling ;
Though in the midst of all his glee
He keeps a wondrous majesty.
Gracious he stretches out his paw,
And pulls-in close his harmless claw :
A pattern for the town and court,
To do no mischief in their sport.
To human mouth he gives his phiz,
And to the dogs his breech, to kiss :
The pink of courtesy all o'er ;
'T is all his skin ; what would you more ?

And here we would discourse concerning
His reading books, if not his learning.
Obedient to his master's call,
As much in study as in hall,
Whole hours he sits, nor even stirs,
Nor mews, nor scarce so much as purs :
For Greek and Arabic as well
As plainest English he can spell ;
And grave and wise the leaves he looks on
As any nobleman of Oxon.

Ye heavenly brace of dogs, make room !
Let worthy Rokin thither come.
He will not spit nor quarrel, seeing
With Lion * here so well agreeing.

* The mastiff.

And, sure, a cat is fitter far
Than e'er was dog to be a star ;
The verdant lustre of whose eyes
Like stars at night can gild the skies.

O would the man whose words did promise
To pay due glory to Sir Thomas,
Once more employ his tongue well-spoken,
And rise to honour Roger Rokin ;
Then should this cat in fame be greater
Than Puss, the darling of Spectator.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND

WHO CAME TO THANK ME FOR HIS HAVING GOT
PREFERMENT.

THOUGH better work I have to do
Than rhyming on your friends and you,
Dear Hab, for once I will employ
An hour at least to wish you joy ;
Nor can I such a Heathen prove
As not to give you love for love.
I joy to see your growing store,
Because, *imprimis*, you are poor ;
And, next, because it makes me sneer
To see what merit they prefer ;
And, lastly, 'cause, without all doubt,
Your being in keeps some one out.

No help I to your rising lent
By precept or by precedent.

To me you therefore nothing owe
For what you are or what you do.
'T was want of friends and want of pence,
'T was all-performing confidence,
Courage to press in every place,
A changing and unchanging face,
A ready tongue and supple knee :—
Thank these, instead of thanking me.

For me, I'd rather labour on,
Than turn to rise as you have done.
Who would not poor and friendless be,
And doom'd for life to A, B, C,
Rather than give the least consent
To standing arms and Parliament?
Than swear to plots that no man sees,
And bawl for "pains and penalties?"
Than Britain's liberty o'erthrow
And Magna Charta at a blow?
Than with soft smiles and favour view
All sorts of worship but the true?
Than cease these evils to gainsay,
And seem a rascal,—for a day?
Than worship Satan for his power,
And join with Simon,—for an hour?
When me you thus tranform'd shall see,
Then is your time for thanking me.

Or if, by ills you have endured,
Your Mercury should e'er be cured;
If, saved from creditors and need,
Instead of writing, you should read,

And sense of ancient Fathers seek
In their own Latin or in Greek ;
If e'er your changes you should mourn,
And from your turning should return ;
If e'er severely you compare
The life you lead and gown you wear ;
And then, as far as lies in you,
The past recall, and done undo ;
If e'er you follow my advice,
And grow by true repentance wise :—
If e'er that happy day you see,
Then is your time for thanking me.

Note, this is not my spouse's wit :
She knows not of my writing it.
Nor care I who may read my verse,
Except they be decipherers.
For those, if hired for such a job,
Might swear that " Satan " is Sir Bob ;
Since 't is beyond disputing clear,
S is the letter next to R.
Conclusions follow as they please,
No matter for the premisses.

TO MR. FITZGERALD, UPON HIS MARRIAGE.

At length the long-weigh'd doubt is fairly past
And vows are plighted that with life must last,
That passion into reason can improve,
And clip the wanton wings of flying love ;

Whence timely bliss in every season flows,
In youth our transport, in our age repose.

A scene unknown before disclosed you find,
New-launch'd into the world of womankind ;
Woman, the cully's hate, the coxcomb's scorn,
Made to preserve our race and to adorn.
Immortal souls inform their softer frame ;
Their passions like, their faculties the same.
Kindness and worth their just affections move ;
As firm their friendship, and as warm their love.
From reason deep as ours their acts proceed :
Pleased they will smile, and wounded they will
 bleed.

Nor smallest difference there betwixt us lies,
But what from different stations must arise.
View them where most their conduct we deride,—
The jilt's hypocrisy and beauty's pride,
The haughty grandeur of a flatter'd fair,
The turns and doublings of a hunted hare ;
These faults, perhaps, are feminine :—but stay,
And mark the prosperous statesman for a day :
His saucy frown and cringing sneer attend,
When he insults the foe, and cheats the friend :
Soon, with John Dryden, you 'll acknowledge then
That deep dissembling has a place in men ;
And own that female pride must quit the field,
And Parthenissa to Sir Robert yield.

Though wedding-songs have almost drain'd my
 store,
That scarcely can I find one lesson more ;

Yet something still I must repeat to you ;
And though the sense is old, the dress is new.
By strictest reason love should govern'd be,
As well as law, or arms, or policy.
Needs there an artist in his business skill'd,
The slightest skiff or meanest cot to build ?
And must we, then, to chance or humour owe
Our love,—the greatest happiness below ;
Hardly regain'd when lost, but kept with ease ?
Desire of pleasing seldom fails to please.
Rather than give the dear one cause to grieve,
A friend, a brother, nay, a parent, leave.
'T is well if *two* for life-time can agree :
None e'er should marry to *a family*.

Who gaily laugh at caution and at rules,
Oft find by dear experience they were fools.
A man who first in heat of transport cried
He scarce could live a week without his bride,
Grows cool ; and if the father would but take
The wife alone, without the portion, back,
Would glad restore her ere the year and day,—
The time the law allows us for a stray.
But you, no doubt, despise these idle dreams,
Who prudence love, and are a friend to schemes.
And where can mortals better show their skill,
Than in protecting love from fear of ill ?

Many are arm'd 'gainst fate's severest blows,
Whom every petty cross can discompose.
Each day our life must little evils meet :
Who knows not how to bear them, makes them great.

'T is no advantage to the cure at all,—
If deep the wound be,—that the sword was small.
'T is always want of temper or of sense,
To start impatient of impertinence.
Shall I be out of humour, vex'd, and dull,
As oft as coxcombs please to play the fool?
What man alive on earth can folly shun,
When all is folly that's beneath the sun?
No fits of peevishness your bosom seize,
Nor gusts of whimsies interrupt your peace.
With eagerness for trifles to engage,
Is not a woman's, but an infant's, rage.
So, thwarted by his nurse, the wayward boy
Will scold, and scratch, and whimper for a toy.

Business unsought has made my pen too slow,
As business often is to love a foe :
Though still I finish this my friendly lay
Ere quite the sun brings round your marriage-day ;
Nor yet too late my verses will appear,
If honey-moon can last throughout the year.
May wisdom's power make it endure for life,
And choke the rising seeds of infant strife !
No more in haste to sing your wedding I,
Than you to wed ; though wiser 't is to try,
(If aught I understand the nuptial state,)
A year too early, than a day too late.

A LETTER TO MR. KILNER ON HIS
MARRIAGE.

DEAR Jemmy, (if with patience you can bear
Any but one alone to call you "dear,")
Now fast as life the knot of love is tied,
The virgin-widow is once more a bride ;
Permit a friend his social joy to show,
One who is sped like you,—or would be so.

Long may you both promote each other's bliss,
Receiving and returning happiness ;
Secure from great, dispense with little, flaws,
Still keeping anger for a weightier cause ;
Both worthy of belief and both believed,
And undeceiving each and undeceived ;
From every art and all dissembling free,
And thirst of domineering sovereignty !
Nor let your rest on friends' opinion stand ;
But scorn a happiness at second-hand ;
Who must, whate'er to others may appear,
Be blest in what you find, not what you hear ;
While either part the other's good intends,
Forgetting man and woman in the friends.

In all her actions may religion shine,
And meek obedience, fix'd on right divine !
Yet let her add another motive too,
A just endearing cause,—*the love of you* ;
That virtues, which before to all were shown,
Her love may now direct to you alone.

So rays, diffused, a fainter warmth inspire,
Which, when contracted to a point, are fire.

Long may you live and love, a happy pair !
She what you wish, and you be what you are.
Long may you both by sweet experience prove,
The best, the surest ground of love is love !
Say, is it not ? If aught we disagree,
Think, I 'm as near to you, as you to me :
And if perhaps to vengeance you 're inclined,
Wreak it,—whene'er you like occasion find ;
I should be glad to feel it,—if in kind.

ADDISON'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS,

BURLESQUED.

Lo ! the man that has whilom establish'd his fame,
Is now grown, with some reason, ashamed of his
name.

Yet the Muse that so oft could with politics fire
Great sir Richard the knight, nay, and Joe the
esquire ;

That with marvellous courage and lucky invention
Britain's laws could defend, and deny her intention ;
Make old Cato a Whig when the Tory court grieved
her,

And then stoutly durst rail at the man who believed
her ;

Makes bold to the princess this writing to tender,
But desires not to print it till Preston surrender.

Joseph's hopes are assured ; but of what, is yet
latent ;

Though it should by his gaping be pension or patent.
This princess secures what we now are possessing ;
Though he stays not to tell us the name of the blessing.

'T is no matter : it ages to come shall be seen in ;
And though sense there is none, you may guess at a
meaning.

He tells us, the land shall no longer bemoan
Herself as a widow, since Anna is gone :
Who was widow'd, we know, for some years of her
reign ;

But the king has a consort,—deny it who can :
As if our good fortune from thence did arise,
Where our monarch's severest unhappiness lies !
The royal line broken, new set, shall be stronger ;
And the throne, you must know, shall be doubtful
no longer.

That is, for a certain, howe'er he has minced it,
The throne always is doubtful when Whigs are
against it.

Many babes shall immortal this family render,
All as right as my leg, not a rag of Pretender.
The females, poor girls ! if we credit our prophet,
Shall have kings to their sweethearts ; though
nought will come of it.

But then, for our comfort, their hopeful young brother

Shall find out one lately born just like his mother :

And though his less fortunate sisters did fail,
He shall speed in his suit ; and then heigh for heirs
male !

Why art thou not, Joe, with thy friend still a
sharer,

And to trusty Sir Richard a true armour-bearer ;
To furnish out arms for the dead-doing knight,
To prompt panegyric, and satire indite ?
Then each, as his genius best led him, might praise
The sad Children i' th' Wood or sublime Chevy
Chase ;

And you, while your wit did old ballads adorn,
Might with better grace talk of the babes yet
unborn.

The Whig poets at length should, he owns, be ap-
peased ;

Nor be worse than Old Nick, who is good when he's
pleased.

For abusing their betters there once might be reason :
Now it merits a gaol for suspicion of treason.

Their warm moderation should now become colder—
In verse ; for in prose they may write a “Free-
holder.”

Nay, they may, if they please, and have nought else
to say, too,

Call the king “great as Cæsar, and virtuous as
Cato ;”

Whose soul was unmoved, though his rage could
perplex it ;

And who made in the play such a notable exit.

Meanwhile (for these praises must take up some time)

The princess may view the arts couch'd in his rhyme ;

Which here shall be nameless : perhaps she may know 'em ;

They are used at a court, and sometimes in a poem.

To' encourage such bards is her interest, says Joe :

For she then on the stage shall be set for a show ;

Her character such as no Whig drew before,

More a Christian than Cato, and purer than Shore :

And in Drury (which, sure, she with rapture must see !)

She shall shortly the subject of tragedy be.

'T is well Joe is loyal, and means not to harm her :

Had a Tory talked thus, he might fear an informer.

One of wit with his zeal would have wish'd from his heart,

That she never might make of a tragedy part.

As a queen Waller sung, though for no mighty matter,

Yet she lives to this day, 'cause the poet could flatter ;

Even so shall the princess in after-times shine,—

But the flattery then must be nicer than thine.

Our grandsons with eyes, like us, smitten shall be

When they read of her charms, as we are when we see ;

As with Henry's kind eyes we see Rosamond fair :
 Which compliment makes the squire's loyalty
 clear ;
 For, though made to himself, he ne'er grudges it
 her.
 But should no Whiggish bard (which, I own, would
 surprise)
 Be in sense not poetic ambitious to rise,
 And sing her rare charms, then we all are undone ;
 For, though never so rare, they'll be possibly gone
 In an age, or in less,—'t is a hundred to one.
 But for aye they must certainly live, if they 're
 placed in
 Some verse—but not this—that shall prove everlast-
 ing.

UPON THE PICTURES OF ONE MARRIED AND TWO MAIDEN SISTERS,

DRAWN BY BING AND A GERMAN.

My Muse must to the fair belong :
 Three sisters' pictures claim my song ;
 Yet such as none can truly call
 "Shadows of an original."
 Scarce artificial colours show
 So odious on a living brow.
 A painter deaf we often find,
 But ne'er before a painter blind.

Whene'er a smooth Italian's art
The Venus paints that has his heart,
She fairer than the life appears :
And Frenchmen all are flatterers.
But when these pieces once we see,
The German and the Briton we
Can ne'er suspect of flattery.

The first, her sweetness laid aside,
More like a widow than a bride,
Frowns, and looks sad, and seems, to view,
A scold, a vixen, and a shrew.

The next betrays an idiot air,
As all were foolish that are fair ;
Unknowing both of good and harm,
And tortured with a broken arm.

The last, a coarse and ruddy face,
A smirking, sprightly country lass,
If a straw-hat but added were,
A perfect milkmaid would appear.

She that the first and eldest stands,
Seems angry at the painter's hands.
For very spleen and rage she cries,
As wounded by his injuries,
Or mourning in a silent tear
The fleeting empire of the fair :
Fleeting indeed, if past as soon
As marriage-ceremony's done ;
If those that Graces were before,
Turn Furies when the wedding's o'er.
Must those that were so gay erewhile,
That look'd so dangerous in a smile,

When married, lay their beauties down,
And wear no terrors but a frown ?
Is every wife so given to prate
That those who, in a virgin-state,
In softest sounds their lips unfold,
When wed, in every picture scold ?

Next she whose wit does all surprise
With lustre equal to her eyes,
In spite of sense an idiot made,
Belies her nature in her shade.
The' artificer's mistaking hand
An easy pardon might have gain'd,
If spots of snuff had scatter'd been
Like moles upon a lovely skin ;
Since 't is not an unerring rule,
That too much snuff declares a fool ;
Nor are they always void of sense
Who take such care to dung their brains.
But who her folly seems to' have shown,
Too plainly manifests his own :
Whoe'er his pencil can approve,
Must do as ladies when they love
An ape, or Black, or Indian piece,—
Admire it for its ugliness.
So, when a boy, I've often seen
A king, a princess, or a queen,
Whose tawny face and gilded head
Have both my eyes and stomach fed,
Carved on enticing gingerbread.

A foreigner would last express
The features of an English face.

But, sure, our artist had design'd
Some High-Dutch beauty in his mind,
Since delicacy needs must be
A thing unknown in Germany.
Neglecting that resistless air,
That taking softness of the fair,
With clownish looks and Gothic mien
He draws a rustic heroine.
The' Italian thus, about to paint
The Virgin or some lesser saint,
Because they seldom care to come
From heaven to be drawn at Rome,
Prefers the mistress of his passion
To mother-church's adoration.

Expect not, fair ones, from my Muse
The justice painters could refuse :
For as unskill'd in writing I
As they at pencil's image-ry.
Could I in lasting colours lay
The charms the' originals display,
Could but I soar to such a height,
Could but my fancy reach my sight,
Scarce you yourselves so much should please
As in my verse your images,
Limn'd by the Muse's nobler toil,
More lasting, painter, than thy oil ;
Pictures as much transcending thine
As Raphael Urbin does a sign :
Still should you live, preserved in lasting song,
Without a compliment, for ever young.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF OXFORD.*

UPON HIS NOT APPEARING AT ST. JAMES'S, 1724.

WHILE thick to court transported Tories run,
Spurn'd by the sire, scarce smiled on by the son,
Freed from an iron reign's continued curse,
Expecting better, and secure from worse ;
Beyond their principles now passive grown,
They lick the spittle which the Whigs have thrown ;
Embrace the authors of their former fears,
Forgetting in an hour the spoil of years :
Reserved and silent you at distance stand,
Nor haste to kiss the oft-extended hand.

* This nobleman was not Robert Harley, the first earl of Oxford of that family, and the famous Tory minister at the close of queen Anne's reign ; but Edward his son, to whom in 1736 Mr. Wesley dedicated his " Poems." A hard student himself, he excelled even his noble father in his love of literature, and patronage of learned men. But he derives his chief celebrity from having been the greatest collector in Europe of scarce books and manuscripts, especially of such as were of general interest, and tended to elucidate particular portions of our national history. The utilitarian character of this magnificent library, the foundation of which was laid by Robert the first earl, had become so manifest, that, after the death of his son, Parliament purchased it for the use of the nation. Under the expressive title of THE HARLEIAN COLLECTION, it forms at once a valuable part of the British Museum, and the most appropriate and desirable monument to the memory of Edward earl of Oxford.—EDIT.

Their compliments and hopes let others show ;
And if they must be laugh'd at, be it so.

If George, ascending his imperial throne,
With decent grief a father may bemoan,
Let not his partial greatness e'er require
That duteous Oxford should neglect *his* sire ;
A sire who left a heritage more fair
Than hoarded wealth or sceptres to his heir.
A Harley seldom treads this mortal stage ;
But kings and misers rise in every age.
He used for public good the public store,
Still daring to be just and to be poor ;
Firm to his country's and religion's cause,
True to her ancient faith and ancient laws.
He due regard to learning's seat profess'd ;
Nor awed with threatenings, nor with troops oppress'd ;

Skilful through suppliant crowds to force his
way,

And call retiring merit into day.
No narrow views his mighty soul confined,
Friend to the world, and patron to mankind.
He join'd in glorious peace contending kings,
And pluck'd the Austrian eagle's spreading wings.
He knew the rage of faction's tide to stem,
And gave the Brunswick race the diadem.
Graved in your bosom let his image dwell,
Great while he stood, but greater when he fell.
Fearless, serene, he look'd on danger nigh ;
Let Harcourt double, and let Saint-John fly.

Against the storm he turn'd his steady face,
 And scorn'd the shelter of an Act of Grace ;
 Let Whigs by mean retreat their gains insure,
 Conscious they need the pardons they procure.
 'T was vain, O George, that mercy to refuse
 Which Harley could not want and would not use ;
 To' insert his name who, faithful to thy line,
 Amongst the British kings inserted thine !
 What prince so vast a benefit would own ?
 Thou couldst not pardon ; for he gave thy crown !
 Fairly rewarded he,—to death pursued :
 O glorious act of German gratitude !

To greet *their* power how nobly you disdain'd
Who strove with Oxford's murder to be stain'd ;
 To George, with supple fawning, scorn to bow !
 Persist ; remember *you* are Oxford now.
 Faithful, but never cringing, to the throne,
 Forgive his father, not forget your own.

A PINDARIC ODE TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE LADY MARGARET HARLEY
 WAS RECOVERED FROM A FEVER.

I.

WHEN Cowley to his native isle
 Imported the Dircean song,
 And high as Pindar raised his style,
 As bold and spirited and strong,
 The judging few the strain admire,
 Unheard before in modern lands ;

And Ignorance condemns the lyre
Which only Learning understands.

II.

Not quite complete the poet rose,
Inferior in his numbers still ;
Rugged the rapid torrent flows,
By nothing limited but will.
The audacious verse no fetters bind ;
But, wild as air and unconfined,
He leaves the Theban swan behind.

III.

Sacred to devil-gods, the sports
That claim'd the Grecian lays :
The Briton truer virtue courts ;
Yet, ah ! his lyric praise
We find unworthy objects share,
We meet assassin Brutus * there.

I.

No smiling murderer be here,
By whom the better tyrant dies ;
But faith and constancy appear,
And Harley's envied virtue rise ;
What time ungrateful party strove
To' insult the dust of Anna dead ;
And thunder of an earthly Jove
Was pointed at his fearless head :

* Cowley's ode on Brutus ; in which he praises the Roman for his share in the murder of Julius Cæsar, and for his act of suicide.—EDIT.

II.

His country's love no foes repress,
 No Cæsar threatening from afar ;
 More nobly valiant in his peace
 Than bravest veterans in their war,
 Steady he steers the commonweal,
 Though St. John's rage ordain'd to feel,
 And fury of a Guiscard's steel.

III.

Let royal wrath intensely burn,
 Let angry senates lour ;
 Let mean-soul'd faction merit spurn
 With insolence of power ;
 So Providence with gracious care
 Rewards an Oxford by his heir.*

I.

Hail, heaven-born Piety ! unknown
 Where mad ambition taints the mind :
 The son usurps his father's throne ;
 The father, by resentment blind,
 To death or bonds his son consigns ;
 Both loudly pleading "public good :"
 And oft the' unbaptized sultan shines
 In purple of his kindred blood.

II.

Not kingdoms, from a sire obtain'd,
 Can filial jealousy remove ;

* This is the reading of Mr. Wesley's manuscript ; which, in the quarto edition of his Poems, he altered so as to give no offence to his political opponents.—EDIT.

See Savoy by his son enchain'd,
Deposed from liberty and love.
Nor need we roam so far to see
Gay, guilty, glittering great ones free
From nature and from piety.

III.

Where Love, the balm of life, we miss,
What station can be blest ?
Nor highest pomp affords us bliss,
Nor softest pillows rest.
If love domestic smiles not there,
How poor the Garter and the Star !

I.

Unmingled pleasure, whence there springs
No evil, Fate forbids below ;
Diseases fruitful autumn brings,
Fevers in fairest sunshine glow :
The darling offspring sinks beneath
A fire, wide-wasting through the veins :
And terrors of a daughter's death
Make happiest parents suffer pains.

II.

Its anguish either breast conceal'd,
Proportion'd as the fever grows,
Throbb'd as the vital current swell'd,
And panted as the pulses rose :
Untented, silent-wounding smart !
Mead, who from death can wrench the dart,
Could ne'er yet reach it by his art.

III.

May each, the dreaded danger past,
Grateful their hours employ,
To welcome coming good, and taste
Vicissitude of joy ;
Joy, that may long as life remain,
And great as their forgotten pain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF OXFORD.

ON THE RECOVERY OF LADY MARGARET HARLEY, NOW
DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, FROM THE SMALL-POX.

I.

HAIL, the parents, trembling late,
Anxious rack'd with love and fear,
Lest a life should yield to fate,
As their own to either dear !
Hail, their offspring, born again !
Welcome pleasure after pain !

II.

Heaven the mother's prayer, distress'd,
Heard, and, mercy prone to show,
Gave a daughter to the breast,
Melting soft at others' woe ;
Never leaving to despair
Orphan's want or widow's prayer.

III.

Let her, now to health restored,
Lengthen'd life aright employ ;
Every coming year afford
Fresh foundation for your joy ;
Happy as her parents prove,
Well and wisely live and love.

IV.

Let her virtue, perfect grown,
Daily to your mind recall
Kindness to your father shown,
In his age, and in his fall.
Long, with interest, long may she
Repay your filial piety.

V.

Only let her, though inclined
Tenderest duty to display,
In her father's life-time find
No misfortune to allay :
In that instance let her be
Not so dutiful as he.

AN EPISTLE TO MY LORD OXFORD, 1732.

BUSIED from morn to noon, from noon to night ;
With little time to read, and less to write ;
A few short moments I on thought bestow,
While through the Strand's long emptiness I go.

No laden carts divert my studies there,
 Nor rattling coaches shake the quiet air.
 No din of wonted trade the town employs ;
 'Change has no buzz, and Billingsgate no noise.
 Silent and few, like ghosts, the walkers glide
 Through desert Fleet-street and forlorn Cheapside.
 Thames rolls, unpress'd with ships, an idle flood ;
 Shops vacant mourn, where trade was once so good ;
 And corn may almost grow, where Troy-novant
 has stood :

Whether retiring crowds the summer fear,
 Or Sirius Walpole cause a desert here ;
 Whose pestilential breathing death inspires,
 And into tenfold rage the Lion fires.
 Justice perhaps may grace the ethereal plains ;
 Still in the Zodiac feign'd Astræa reigns,
 Stranger, alas ! on earth ; unhappy we
 Nor meet the Virgin, nor the Balance see.
 Nor hopes of sweet vicissitude appear,
 But Walpole's dog-days burn us through the year.

Nor yet shall sad despair our courage seize,
 If lazy senators forget their ease ;
 Stoutly oppose the measures which they blame ;
 Nor throw the cards up, though they lose the game ;
 Dare to be overcome, though not to yield ;
 And, beaten inch by inch, yet keep the field ;
 Endure the heat of noon and length of night ;
 Persist, secure as Oglethorpe from fright ;
 And die, like Lyster, on the field of fight !
 The spirit raised within St. Stephen's walls
 A little wider spread, the robber falls.

That spirit brave the boaster may confound,
And make his head against his heart compound;
Who ne'er with good the least compliance show'd,
Except for hinderance of a greater good :
That spirit, long in Harley's house admired,
Through change of times unbroken and untired ;
Whose perseverance has at length prevail'd,
The son succeeding where the father fail'd.
Hereditary friend to virtue's cause,
To real freedom, and to righteous laws ;
He bids unbiass'd juries verdict give,
By whose decisive breath we die or live.
To laws yet nobler let his worth aspire,
With all his father's, nay, his uncle's, fire.
Sooner than Oxford shall be lost to fame,
And Harley be esteem'd a vulgar name,
The miscreant Gordon shall a Christian turn,
And Tindal martyr for religion burn ;
Walpole shall tricks and tyranny give o'er,
And call back Francis to his native shore ;
The world in Wilmot chastity shall see,
In Dunton wit, in Dryden piety !

O could a Harley farther yet proceed,
Our Holts and Hales recalling from the dead ;
Or give to Price his ancient strength of mind,
Before his glory from its height declined ;
Dismiss each wretch unfaithful to his trust,
And teach the reverend ermine to be just ;
The streams untainted and the fountain clear,
Justice in native splendour might appear,
And none but Walpole and his minions fear !

}

So while departed ghosts their vices mourn,
 Impartial Minos shook the dreadful urn ;
 (A judge of firm, inexorable mind,
 Except in fable, we can hardly find ;)
 The truth, of colours stripp'd, severe he weigh'd,
 By love unsoften'd, and by hate unsway'd ;
 Then, stern, consign'd them to their changeless state:
 The' award was righteous, and the doom was fate.

Accept, my lord, these unpretending lays ;
 And give them pardon, where you cannot praise.
 Who now to charm an OXFORD shall aspire ?
 His Pope is waning, and deceased his Prior.
 Though tinsel verse weighs not with sterling
 prose,
 Yet still some small regard a rhymers shows,—
 Not to discharge his debt, but to confess he owes. }

A PINDARIC ODE TO THE RIGHT HON.
 THE EARL OF OXFORD.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I.

WHAT genius in the bard must glow,
 Who soars a birth-day to adorn !
 Since what so frequent can we know,
 Except to die, as to be born ?
 No vulgar subject should inspire,
 No grovelling artist tune the lyre.

II.

Low ballad pictures to our eyes
George, the champion of our land ;
Nor can a monarch higher rise,
Sculptured by a meaner hand.
For, Fate no human power can stay,
Oblivion sweeps the worthless ode away ;
Scarce in twelve months conceived, it hardly lives
a day.

III.

No Romish saint awakes my string,
True Protestant the lyre ;
Nor need I laurel from a king
To light poetic fire.
Words spontaneous dance along,
Fly, for OXFORD is the song.

I.

No levellers in Pindar's days
Had found that pedigree was vain ;
Nobility of ancient race
Has often claim'd his lyric strain :
Mankind aright he understood,
Nor idly parted *great* and *good*.

II.

'T is little fame confinement bears,
Pent in scanty place or time ;
That sees not centuries of years,
Prison'd in its native clime.

Or ever Norman William came,
In France illustrious flourish'd Harlay's name ;
So foes in satire write, mistaking it for shame.

III.

Let Herald's art, with busy care,
Trace heroes through the line ;
'T is theirs, time's ruin to repair,
But to prevent it, mine.
One alone my verse shall call,
One suffices for them all ;

I.

Who, chosen by his country, fill'd,
And worthy fill'd, the Speaker's chair ;
To guide the various senate skill'd,
Nor knew to lose a question there ;
Unbiass'd and undaunted found,
To choose and to maintain his ground ;

II.

Whom ever-glorious Anna chose,
(Anna loved by God and man !)
To calm the rage of foreign foes,
Foes domestic to restrain,
Make warring kings her balance own,
Give great Alcides' Straits to Britain's crown,
Bid Austria's eagle stoop, and lay the thunder
down.

III.

Fortune in vain his virtue cross'd,
 Conspicuous in the Tower ;
 Blest with what others cannot boast
 In plenitude of power ;
 Blest, when seemingly undone,
 In himself and in his son.

I.

The life this birth-day gave his heir,
 However late, too soon must end ;
 But honour bright, and virtue fair,
 Can never to the grave descend ;
 These still will shine to future eyes,
 Till learning and till wisdom dies.

II.

Our Tongue, though sensible and strong,
 Grecian harmony denies,
 Unable high as Pindar's song
 Or Amphion's harp to rise.
 Music, 'tis said, the stones could call ;
 Music forbad the house, when built, to fall ;
 Less was the power that raised than that preserved
 the wall.

III.

If Oxford's glory and his sire's
 Unequally I sing ;
 If loftier numbers it requires,
 And asks a stronger wing ;
 Who to adorn their fame shall strive ?
 Who, while Pope is yet alive ?

AN EPISTLE TO MY LORD OXFORD.*

WHILE me far off the present hours remove
 From him I reverence and from her I love,
 For writing ill-disposed and ill-prepared,
 A wifeless husband, and a lordless bard,
 What genial warmth my bosom can inspire,
 As void of amorous as poetic fire?
 What noble hints can helpless I pursue,
 Who want a patron, and a mistress too?

Yet still some lays for Oxford must I find :
 The *gift* he marks not, but *the giver's mind* ;

* These pleasant verses describe the author's joyous feelings, while admiring the beauteous face of nature, on his journey into Lincolnshire, to visit his relations, and to attend one of the meetings of the *Spalding Antiquarian Society*, to which, I believe, both he and his father belonged. It was instituted by Maurice Johnson, Esq., in 1717 ; and flourished many years under favourable auspices, numbering among its early members, sir Isaac Newton, sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Stukeley, the earl of Oxford, and other men of eminence. In "the Gentleman's Magazine," (vol. lvi. p. 560,) a correspondent gives a doleful account of the dilapidated condition in which he found the Society and their hall in 1788 :—"A museum, by no means despicable, is now decaying. A variety of preservations in spirits, specimens of many natural productions, ancient coins, and other relics of antiquity, collected in a long series of years by its once-industrious members, with philosophical instruments, machines, &c., are absolutely decayed with rust, and almost returned to dust. To the list of valuables I must add a small, but neat and well-chosen, collection of books, making an elegant little library, with several curious and finely-written ancient manuscripts, records, &c."—EDIT.

The mind which gratitude to Harley shows
In verse, distinguish'd but by rhyme from prose.
For here no sign of poetry shall be,
If *fiction* be the soul of poetry.
Rather with punctual truths I 'll fill my verse,
In mode of grave, unlying travellers:
How summer's weather usually is good ;
How turnpikes mend, and waggons mar, the road ;
How various windings tempt our steps astray,
Except, like hounds, we smell the doubtful way :
While guides themselves sometimes mistake it quite,
And seldom know their left hands from their right ;
Till paths, through rational directors lost,
Are surely pointed by some wiser post.
Each man we meet with, differs in report,
The road still lengthening as the time grows short ;
While computation all our hope beguiles ;
For northern way-bits beat our southern miles.
Who would not fret, such crosses long to bear ?
Who would not shake, to feel the' inclement air,
Did not strong ale, as far we journey on,
Supply the fervour of the distant sun ?

But, more than ale, warmth to my heart it yields
To see glad plenty load the fruitful fields ;
To hope that orphans yet again may eat,
Nor friendless widows quite despair of meat ;
That Irish thousands, with oppression worn,
Who still survive their want, may taste of corn ;
Nor step-dame earth to merchants now deny
A morsel of her grain, before they die ;

That even clothiers may perhaps be fed,
And starving weavers gain a piece of bread.
Though Heaven in vain its bounty may bestow,
If intercepted by the gods below :
In vain may valleys smile with timely grain,
And crowded garners boast their hoards in vain,
If taxes' weight the sinking farmer grinds,
And want resistless threats the labouring hinds.
They pine for food which their own toil supplies :
The muzzled ox so looks with longing eyes,
And, while he treads the sheaves, with famine }
dies. }

Hence, gloomy thought and second-sighted care !
Spalding I view, and meet with OXFORD there,
Where friendly minds in social bonds agree,
And politics exclude by policy ;
Studious to search, since first their rise began,
Whate'er becomes the dignity of man ;
Whate'er can knowledge to the soul impart,—
The ways of nature, and the works of art ;
Of various trees the unexhausted store,
Herbs in the mead, and shells upon the shore ;
Whate'er in life they worth remark behold,
Or trace in books the modern and the old ;
Whate'er can creep or walk or swim or fly,
The deepest centre and the farthest sky.
Yet, to relax the bow so well they bend,
From physics down to music they descend ;
And stoop sometimes from mathematics strong
To the light trifles of a poet's song.

But, what more justly must applauses gain
 Than all the arts and sciences from Cain,
 They strive to' advance *good-will*, as well as sense ;
 (Which learn'd Sir Richard styled "benevolence ;")
 And well they execute that glorious aim,
 As witness OXFORD's honourable name.

If Harley, used to far sublimer strains,
 This artless verse and humble voice disdains,
 Let him the sign to other poets give,
 Whose works to future age may hope to live.
 His powerful nod can rouse the tuneful throng,
 And call their sweetest numbers into song ;
 Bid heaven-born music cheer the listening glades,
 When Fenton sings and blushes in his shades ;
 Bid humorous Gay in harmless fancy sport,
 And please the good and fair, though not the court ;
 Bid Pope, harmonious, strike the' obedient lyre,
 And make us less regret the loss of Prior.

A PINDARIC ODE TO THE RIGHT HON.
 THE EARL OF OXFORD.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE LADY MARGARET HARLEY
 WITH HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

I.

HYMNS, ye regents of the lyre,
 Pouring plenteously along !
 Nuptial friendship's hallow'd fire
 Claims the torrent of my song :
 Hither wing ye from your sky,
 Spotless Faith and Piety.

II.

Say, if your heaven its morn displays
Less beauteous here below,
Than when the sun first spread its rays
Five thousand years ago.
Let those who hate the cheerful light
To darksome graves descend ;
And all who sacred marriage slight,
And lawless lust defend,
Instant from mankind remove :
None should live that never love.

III.

Pernicious fable old
Unfixes nature's bounds :
Love reigns the same in all, we're told,
If man or beast it wounds.
The Latian bard adorns the shame
Of mad Pasiphaë's hateful name,
And gilds what he should hide ;
In fields of sorrow sets to view
The monstrous false, and faithful true ;
And ranges wives that husbands slew
With wives who for them died.

I.

Truth superior drives away
Thinly wove poetic lies,
Bids well-grounded passion stay,
Deathless constancy supplies.
Truth makes wedlock happy prove :
Truth is duty and is love.

II.

When love exerts its genuine power,
Deduced from virtue's spring ;
When parents' blessing, richest dower,
Prevents a future sting ;
When mutual trust and mutual vows
Put all reserve to flight,
The bliss our mortal state allows
Attains its utmost height :
Bliss the virtuous and the chaste
Only give and only taste.

III.

When Anna graced the throne,
To Britain justly dear,
She found that nuptial love alone
Could toils of greatness cheer ;
A faithful consort's friendly breast
Could lull imperial cares to rest,
And spotless pleasure yield :
Pleasure she might have sought in vain
From martial glories of her reign,
From Calpe or Ramillies' plain,
Or Blenheim's well-fought field.

I.

Chance the atheist and the fool
Call absurdly to their aid ;
Wisdom always acts by rule :
Who by Chance is happy made ?

Youth and wisdom join'd presage
Love triumphant over age.

II.

Blest in their love, may Portlands' eyes
 Ne'er weep their offspring gone !
Much less may just and bitter sighs
 Bewail a living son !
No ; let them view with dear delight,
 Their blossoms' opening prime,
Matured to virtue's perfect height
 By culture and by time ;
Well rewarded for their cares,
Fully answer'd in their prayers !

III.

Each virtue of their line,
 Revived again, be known ;
Nor let the' immortal lustre shine
 In memory alone !
Let heirs from their distinguish'd blood,
Prosperous and healthy, wise and good,
 Through every age arise,
Till seasons leave the circling years, .
Till heaven dissolve its radiant spheres,
Till Harley's honour disappears,
 And Anna's glory dies !

AN EPISTLE TO MY LORD OXFORD.

February 17th, 1738-9.

SHALL my plain verse at Dover-street intrude,
From age, from sickness, and from solitude?
Old age, before the time of nature brought;
Long sickness, following what the doctor taught;
Deep solitude, that spreads its horrors round,
Though fifteen thousand in the place are found.

But far may every ill from Oxford fly,
As distant from his ear as from his eye!
Farther than men can ever fly from men:
For these, when parted most, may meet again;
Yet when to meet with him can I propose?
(Alas! not *that* the lord of Oxford knows:)
Meet near the place where laws our senate give;
Where kings their sceptres and their tombs receive;
Where wise Eliza's royal gift appears,
Transmitting knowledge down to future years;
Where winning Sprat display'd each art to please,
With courtly elegance and learned ease;
In sense and strength where Atterbury shined,
Not yielding to the greatest of mankind;
Beneath whose smiles my youthful race began,—
The boy one favour'd, and one built the man?
No need in distant climates to be seen:
Leyden, forgive; excuse us, Aberdeen!
Shall tawny mounsieurs mould our rising breed,
A grisly Switzer, or a hard-faced Swede?

Hither shall some Italian scoundrel come,
Full-freighted with the fraud and lust of Rome ;
Virtue and vice instruct us to miscall ;
Oft with wrong faith, but oftener none at all ?
Shall northern kirk-men lead our sons to own
The church establish'd and prelatie throne ?
Or rather teach those altars to deride
Which Laud and Cranmer triumph'd for and died ?
Shall sour republicans, to murders bred,
With Greek and Roman cut-throats in their head,
Show from pure faith what firm obedience springs,
And paint the sacred majesty of kings ?
To' infect our youth shall modern statesmen try,
Train to deceive, and discipline to lie,
And count all other rules of life a jest
But present, paltry, private interest ?
But hold : to mention more I now decline
Who err through dulness, passion, or design.
Let happy Westminster enjoy the while
Murrays or Hayes, a Bertie or a Boyle.
Healthy and hatless let the Harleys run,
And show their honest faces to the sun.
Those learning slight who laugh at virtuous fame ;
While those advance it who deserve a name.
So empty Laureates to invention fly,
But ancient Muses sprang from memory.
Admire not that I truth and fable join,
Who name old Greek and Cibber in a line.
The small poetic gift I here intend,
Oxford, accept ; for Chaucer bade me send.

While weak I wear out life remote from you,
 But few approving, and approved by few ;
 Though still in health more than in wealth I
 thrive ;
 To please my friends, though not the crowd, I
 strive,
 And, spite of knaves and fools, am yet alive !

TO MR. FORESTER, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

SOME think that nuptial bliss can never stay,
 A nine-days' wonder or a week of play ;
 While others fix its end not quite so soon,
 But grant a lunar year—a honey-moon ;
 And most conclude its happiness is done
 Before one annual journey of the sun.
 Nay, every modish gentleman will swear
 A perfect miracle it must appear,
 To last a legal life-time—seven year !
 Yet wisdom oft these narrow bounds has pass'd,
 And made the transport long as nature last.
 In your own hands your quiet chiefly lies,
 And neighbouring forty warns you to be wise.

I grant, the thoughtless vulgar still suppose
 Passion and reason always must be foes.
 They throw off one, to make the other stay :
 And where's the wonder travellers should stray
 Who shut their eyes that they may hit their way ?

The date of vulgar loves is hard to find,
Or tell how long a coxcomb will be blind.
Tell me how long a fever's heat will glow,
Or winds inconstant in a corner blow,
Or jilts and statesmen keep their solemn vow,
Or losing gamesters ply their desperate trade,
Or maids continue maids at masquerade.

Mankind below is destined to sustain
Labour and grief and weariness and pain.
To' avoid this lot, in vain a mortal strives :
It is not in our loves, but in our lives.
Lives there on earth who will not own 't is so ?
Yet few remember that which all men know.
The wise with patience greatest ills endure,
Which love may lighten, but can never cure ;
And e'en for trifling crosses are prepared ;
The fort, where weakest, needs the strongest guard.
So, when a dame, in men and manners skill'd,
Lives with a darling, but a wedded, child ;
Reason, not instinct, all her actions guides ;
Against her offspring still the mother sides.
Experienced age has taught her long to know,
To seem impartial is to seem not so ;
Else household-jar the true-love's knot unties ;
And life may linger, but affection dies.

True happiness no more consists in shows,
Than breeding can be found in gaudy clothes.
In spite of forms, your comfort will arise
From your own judgment, not another's eyes.

Far, far from view both grief and joy remove,
And ask no witness to dispute or love.
Those who to praise their consorts never fail,
Almost suspicious seem as those that rail.
Grant they speak truth, 't is foolishness at least
To try to' express what ne'er can be express'd.
But if they lie, the boast but ill is borne ;
In some moves pity, and in others scorn.
So have I known a matron who has reign'd
Over her husband with supreme command ;
And yet, behind his back, at every word,
Has gravely styled him "governor and lord."
Nay, to that height at last arrived she was,
She dared to call him "master" to his face.

You 'll scarce accept these verses from a friend,
Except I wish you joy before I end.
May all the children Providence shall give,
Or die in childhood, or in virtue live.
Long may your loves in even temper hold,
Free from youth's fever and from age's cold.
Dearer than all things to each other grow,
Except your heaven above and faith below.
May timely death your happiness improve,
The sole divorcer of well-grounded love.

TO MR. LLOYD, ON HIS MARRIAGE, 1732.

SINCE still my tributary verse attends .
The close or open wedlock of my friends,
With moral lesson schooling in their turn
The' adviser Juson and the lingerer Bourne ;
Whilst in the dark my arrows aim'd have been,
Not without meaning, though the mark unseen ;
You too my song—not quite exhausted—claim :
The man is different, but the thing the same ;
For the fair end which virtuous loves pursue
Will ever be the same and ever new,
If wisely guarded by religious rules,
Not built on chance, the deity of fools.

When sprightly youth its bloom no more shall
hold,
When the joints tremble and the veins are cold,
When wrinkled age furrows the smoothest face,
When the speech falters and the sight decays,
Love, even then, time's insults may repel,
And taste the rapture which it cannot tell.

'T is a sure rule, and never yet was cross'd,—
That who expect the least, enjoy the most.
Yet idiots dream that flitting life can stay,
That no December will succeed to May ;
Crosses and pains and griefs amazed to find,
And failures, not of sex, but human-kind ;
Then lay the fault on husbands or on wives ;
And curse their *loves*, when they should blame their
lives.

For seldom 'cause of wedlock discord springs ;
 If, safe from great, we mind not little, things.
 But fools will cherish seeds of rising jar,
 And wage for every trifle household-war ;
 List friends on either side, and idly vent
 Their griefs to male or female confidant,*
 Till long-repeated feud proceeds to hate ;
 And then mistake their *folly* for their *fate*.

Calm may your days in even tenor glide,
 Remote alike from avarice and pride :
 Low-thoughted *avarice*, that strains to find
 Reasons for all the roguery of mankind ;
 And *pride*, that, by herself too highly prized,
 As all despising, is of all despised.

Methinks, our daily drudgery affords
 A cure for pride more forcible than words ;
 Which, duly constant as returning day,
 In paltry bondage wears our lives away ;
 Toil without thanks, and labour without end,
 That makes five enemies for every friend.
 Be letters taught, be sense or wit display'd ;
 Yet Ben grows richer, and is better paid.
 Ourselves inglorious, shall we vainly claim
 Reflected dignity from public fame ?

* It is now many years since I had in my possession the original letter addressed to the Rev. Pierson Lloyd : in it Mr. Wesley had written the subjoined couplet, which, as the text shows, he subsequently altered :—

“ List on each side (to battle without end)
 The she-relation, or the meddling friend.”

—EDIT.

As well might galley-slaves, oppress'd with chains,
 Because their ship is guilt, forget their pains ;
 Exult to view the colours wave on high,
 Or the loose streamers float along the sky ;
 Laugh, when the billows dance against the shore ;
 And when the bubbles shine, enjoy the oar ! *

* Among the curious coincidences, both of style and sentiment, which one occasionally finds in literary compositions, may be reckoned the following lines by Robert Lloyd, who was the offspring of the marriage which is here celebrated, and who was personally acquainted with the drudgery of an usher :—

“ Were I at once empower'd to show
 My utmost vengeance on my foe,
 To punish with extremest rigour,
 I could inflict no penance bigger
 Than, using him as Learning's tool,
 To make him usher of a school.
 For, not to dwell upon the toil
 Of working on a barren soil,
 And labouring with incessant pains
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
 The duties there but ill befit
 The love of letters, arts, or wit.

“ For me,—it hurts me to the soul
 To brook confinement or control ;
 Still to be pinion'd down to teach
 The Syntax and the parts of speech ;
 Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
 The links, and joints, and rules of verse ;
 To deal out authors by retail,
 Like penny pots of Oxford ale :—
 O ! 't is a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar !
 Yet such his task (a dismal truth !)
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth ;

Long may your loves with mutual transport flow,
Sincere as Heaven admits of here below.

The husband's power let sweetest softness join ;
Power, not from merit sprung, but right divine :
While she, expert your thoughts to understand,
Obeys unbidden, and prevents command ;
Though still improving, never boasting sense ;
Careful with ease, and gay with diligence.

Around your knees may lisp'ing prattlers stand,
And daily faster tie the true-love's band.
Plain, humble sense may all the daughters share ;
Wise, if not wits ; and healthy, if not fair ;
Unstain'd with spots of affectation foul,
That odious, nauseous leprosy of soul.
May all the sons their father's rule obey,
Nor Whig rebellion break paternal sway.
From either parent let them heir the good :
No matter for your means or for your blood.
For names are idle ; pedigrees are vain,
Could you with certain steps deduce the train
From Caradoc the old, or later Charlemagne.
And as for wealth, let them by toil ascend :
Would you desire them greater than a FRIEND ?

And while (a paltry stipend earning)
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And tills their minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
His own lies fallow all the while."—"Apology."

—EDIT.

Well may their virtues pay your tears and pains,
 And warm the chilness of your ebbing veins!
 May filial gratitude with cheerful ray
 Gild the calm evening of your well-spent day;
 And tenderest duty to a mother shown
 Reward the love you yielded to your own!

TO MR. JEWEL, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

THEN it is done,—the' important work is done!
 Cæsar at length has passed the Rubicon!
 Let unresolving doubts be lost in air:
 Outstrip that can, and follow him that dare!
 Now all, unblamed, may taste the marriage-sweet,—
 Or Fitz long-pondering, or myself discreet.
 If fix'd, whene'er they please may take their turn
 "The' adviser Juson or the lingerer Bourne:"
 True Protestants at last! * 't is now no crime
 To wed; for custom varies with the time.

A proverb just the management upbraids
 Of wives by bachelors, and sons by maids.
 The wedded pair can watch with quicker eye,
 Rejoiced the parents' fondness to supply,
 When he the yearnings of a father knows,
 And she the' experience of a mother's throes:

* These gentlemen were Mr. Wesley's co-adjutors in Westminster school; and all of them, I believe, in holy orders. As Protestant Clergymen, therefore, they were not disqualified from entering into the holy state of matrimony.—EDIT.

So shall the doting sire his darling heir
Intrust with less reluctance to thy care.

Honest and just, who darest thy deeds display !
(More than for Bentley man on earth can say ;)
Who threatening danger view'st with careless
eye,

Though clouds low-gathering blacken all the sky,
Resolved love's pleasing dictates to perform,
To' outfly the whirlwind and prevent the storm,
Wisely to gather rose-buds while you may ;
For who to-morrow dies, should love to-day.
Let ruling Whigs the disaffected see
Increased in numbers, and increased by thee ;
While infant Tories swell the teeming womb
With slaves for tyrant Walpoles yet to come.

'T is pass'd ; and to recall the fleeting hour
Be distant from your will as from your power.
Loving, be loved ; believing, be believed ;
And undeceiving each, and undeceived.
Be female arts and windings far away,
And male aspiring to tyrannic sway :
Mild to command be thou ; she, joyful to obey. }
Choose rather lord *to be* than *to appear* ;
Resolved, not proud ; and constant, not severe.
Nor many words to praise the state employ ;
Your peace unboasted, and unseen your joy :
Except, when transport unawares shall rise,
And conscious friendship sparkle from your eyes ;
When smiles unbid the secret shall display,
Far more revealing than the tongue can say.

To crown your joys should numerous issue join,
And timely clusters load the fruitful vine,
May all impartial tenderness partake,
The babes be fondled for the parents' sake.
Yet still let plighted faith superior be ;
Nor praise the fruit to slighting of the tree :
No favourite child a dangerous rival prove ;
But nature powerful ever yield to love.

Should e'er—though Heaven avert it !—should
your mind

Be prone to murmurs, or to rage inclined,
Early advised, this obvious truth believe,—
That you of Adam sprang, and she of Eve.
Since Eden lost, no Paradise we boast ;
But who expect the least, enjoy the most.

AN ODE TO THE REV. DANIEL PRAT, M.A.

OCCASIONED BY ONE OF HIS.*

I.

IN vain thou wouldst invoke the Muse ;
The Muse thy calling will attend ill :
She ne'er would such a poet choose.
To sing the harmony of Handel.

* “To Mr. Handel on his playing upon the Organ, 1722.”
Mr. Prat was rector of Harrietsham, Kent, and Domestic
Chaplain to George I.—EDIT.

“How shall she teach?” Ah! how indeed?

Then know, my friend, the strength within ye:
Leave praising organs, and proceed
To’ extol the sense of Buonancini.*

II.

Our souls, like Jacob’s, take their flight,†
Borne up to heaven in rapture seeming:
But heaven, if I remember right,
Came down to Jacob in his dreaming.
Pindaric flights we find in thee,
Base earth with highest heaven confounding:
Poor symbol is the trumpet-key
Of an archangel’s trumpet sounding.‡

III.

Hark how in Pope with “*lengthen’d*” notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.”
Hear Congreve’s wit employ his tuneful tongue
To tell how beauteous Arabella sung;

* “How shall the Muse attempt to teach,
Artist divine! in fitting lays,
What voice with equal thought can reach
Thine and the sacred organ’s praise?”—PRAT.

† “With joy and wonder fill’d, we seem
Borne by the swelling sound on high,
Like Jacob in his blissful dream,
All heaven approaching to descry!”—*Idem*.

‡ “Now in more *lengthen’d* notes and slow,
We hear, inspiring sacred dread,
The deep, majestic organ blow,
Symbol of sounds that rouse the dead!”—*Idem*.

And bid each ruder *gasp* of breath
*Be calm as in the arms of death.**
 Freely from either bard purloin,
 And spoil the verses :—They are thine.
 “Again we hear” the words ; the sense is drown’d,
 Lost, like thy wits, “in ecstasy of sound ;” †
 In ecstasy of sound, without pretence
 To raise our souls to ecstasy by sense.

I.

The clown, (a brute !) as well he might,
 Gapes at the sounds that would amaze one,
 Terms that like conjuring affright,
 As “solo, fugue, and diapason.”
 Some god, he guesses, is at least
 In the’ organ that his heart so pierces ; ‡
 Which none was ever such a beast
 To fancy of *thy* lyric verses.

* “All things are hush’d, and every breath
 Seems stopp’d as in the arms of death.”—PRAT.

† “Again we hear ! and silence now is drown’d
 In rapturous notes and ecstasy of sound !”—*Idem*.

‡ “Fix’d in one solid, steadfast gaze,
 The rustic hind, a human brute,
 Devours the sounds in deep amaze,
 Entranced, immovable, and mute.
 His wakening soul begins to guess
 Some God within that frame must dwell ;
 Now full convinced, that nothing less
 Could speak so sweet, so wondrous well.”—*Idem*.

II.

“It speaks so sweet, so wondrous well :”

How strong the thought ! how fine the rhyme
is !

That line, if Dennis aught can tell,

A perfect pattern of sublime is.

Should strains like these stop the career

Of Puritanic zeal advancing,

As strange the story would appear

As Orpheus with his country-dancing.*

III.

Though rage accurst the frantic breast can swell

With more than barbarous Puritanic zeal,

Music divine demands the poet's praise,

Worthy Cæcilia's ode and Dryden's lays.

Thy numbers yet unheeded flow ;

And reason is they should do so :

Nor needs the fancy heighten'd be

To scorn thy grovelling poetry.†

* “What sacred rage their breast alarms,
Whose more than barbarous zeal exclaims
Against the soft, persuasive charms
Of music which the savage tames !
Such they that tore the Thracian bard,
And with their frantic clamour drown'd,
What woods and rocks with rapture heard,
Both voice and harp's melodious sound !”—*Idem.*

† “But as the' unheeded numbers flow,
Thy skill no sooner they rehearse,
Than (as too grovelling all and low)
My heighten'd fancy scorns the verse.”—*Idem.*

Let Phillips sing sweet Philomela's fate ;
 Who durst the' harmonious artist emulate ?
 Concerns it you ? except like her you try,
 Then drop the contest, flag the wings, and die.*

I.

But let this melancholy pass :
 The sing-song is not yet half over :
 You quickly die ; but then, alas !
 Revive as quickly, like a lover.
 Struck *with the sound alone* stark mad,
 You scorn, whilst in your head 't is ringing,
 What by the world is done or said ;
 And one would guess so by your singing.†

* " Thus the fond bird whom shade and silence cheers,
 Some great musician's varied solo hears ;
 Her little soul, alarm'd, his notes essays ;
 She sings alternate as the artist plays :
 Warbling she strives, each modulation tries,
 Till, tired, her weak wings droop, and, grieved, she dies !
 In Roman strains *this* Strada sweetly sung,
 But sweeter Phillips in our ruder tongue."—PRAT

† " While bless'd with thy celestial airs,
 How vain we count the views of life,
 The miser's hopes, the lover's cares,
 Domestic feuds, and public strife !
 No more amused with gaudy sights,
 The world seems now to disappear,
 While sound alone the soul delights,
 Which, ravish'd, would for ever hear !"—*Idem*.

II.

It is not *sound alone or air*,
 But harmony, the soul engages :
 Yet harmony must not compare,
 Though Handel's, to the sacred pages.
 If human art to such high-flown
 And dangerous compliments can win ye,
 And raise "a spirit not your own,"
 I fear 't will prove the devil's in ye.*

III.

Avaunt, ye lies ! and devils, fly the ground !
 Nor break the circle of the sacred sound ;
 Nor mingle truths divine with Pagan dreams,
 Nor Jordan's flood with Aganippe's streams.
 No Thracian fable should be here ;
 Nor Delphic Pythoness appear,
 With all Apollo's rage oppress'd,
 Tormented, raving, and possess'd.
 Sure, even in verse some difference is allow'd
 Betwixt vain idols and the living God.
 Name not Jove's nod with great Jehovah's will,
 Nor join Olympus' top to Sion-hill.

* "Thy music, like the sacred page,
 Tempers the fierce, uplifts the faint,
 Composes youth, enlivens age,
 The' obdurate melts, inflames the saint !
 Each now, refined from low desires,
 Raised high by thee, and nobler grown,
 His elevated thought admires,
 And feels a spirit not his own."—*Idem*.

I.

Bassoon, flute, cornet, fiddle, voice,
 Humane or human, choice delight is :
 Rapt up to heaven and angels' joys,
 We spurn the world that out of sight is.
 Nor had our poet been to blame,
 To give his readers better bargain,
 All kind of instruments to name
 Betwixt a Jew's-harp and an organ.*

II.

That "long nor king nor god can please
 The stubborn, murmuring British nation," †
 Is just like simile of Bayes,
 And wants a little application.

* "Hark ! Cornet and Cremona join,
 Deep diapason and bassoon,
 With flute and voice human, divine !
 A choir of instruments in one !
 Now loud all stops in concert blow !
 By the harmonious whirlwind driven,
 Our souls are ravish'd into heaven,
 And seem to spurn the world below !"—PRAT.

† "Bless'd emblem of seraphic joys !
 Where various forms and powers combine
 In harmony of thought and voice,
 While all to hymn their Sovereign join !
 But man, unhappy man, whose mind
 In the same heaven was framed for peace,
 Varies discordant like the wind,
 Whom God nor sovereign long can please."—*Idem.*

When Whigs, in peaceful Charles's reign,
 Their *Ignoramus*-men relied on,
 This truth, express'd in Tory strain,
 Flow'd from the matchless pen of Dryden :—

III.

“A pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No king can govern, and no god can please,”
 Handel can calm, as when Aurora's beams
 Dispel vain phantoms and delusive dreams ;
 Though vainer phantom cannot be
 Dispell'd, or verier dream, than she.
 “The Graces with his finger move,
 Inspiring concord, joy, and love ;”
 Though moving Graces can no more be found
 Than Fairies dancing upon Christian ground.*
 Whate'er your sermons or your prose may be,
 At least half-heathen is your poetry.

I.

But now, as Yorkshire dragon's was,
 The poet's sting too in the tail is :
 “Long as a flail,” the ballad says ;
 And there no fence against a flail is.

* “Gladsome, as when Aurora's cheerful beams
 Dispel vain phantoms and delusive dreams,
 The' attendant Graces with thy fingers move,
 And as they interweave the various notes,
 Concord and ease, delight and purest love,
 Flow where the undulating music floats !
 Base spirits fly, and all is holy ground
 Within the circle of the sacred sound !”—*Idem*.

Music can care and frenzy quell,
 Make discord bland and envy hearty ;
 Nay, make the fiend forego his hell,*
 But not the Whig forget his party.

II.

Let Pope of Orpheus talk no more ;
 For Handel's organ can go further :
 Were all things into chaos tore,
 He could restore them into order.†
 Lions to tame, or teach a jig
 To trees, is but a simple story :
 He can extract a passive Whig
 Out of a furious rebel Tory.

III.

Behold how Pope in genuine beauty shines,
 And sings harmonious his unborrow'd lines :
 "Intestine war no more our passions wage ;
 E'en giddy factions hear away their rage."

* " See Discord of her rage disarm'd,
 Relenting, calm, and bland as Peace ;
 Even restless, noisy Faction charm'd ;
 And Envy forced thy skill to bless !
 Here Frenzy and distracted Care
 Pleased and composed would ever dwell ;
 While joys, unknown till now, they share,
 And feel a heaven possess'd for hell !"—PRAT.

† " Should Hate, with Furies leagued, combine,
 Till all be into ruin hurl'd,
 Say, would not harmony like thine
 Quell the wild uproar of the world ?"—*Idem.*

His bullion is ; *thine*, wire alone :
 The colour stays, the weight is gone.
 “ Some secret power the storm restrains,”
 You tell us, “ when the tempest reigns.” *
 Know you not, then, the Power who bade it blow,
 And taught the’ obedient surges where to flow ?
 The God who made the seas, alone, can say,
 “ Hither, ye billows, roll ; and here, thou whirlwind,
 stay ! ”

I.

E’en let the grumbler rave that will ;
 While Handel plays, we need not fear him.
 Paulet and Hungerford, be still :
 Lechmere and Wharton, hear him, hear him !
 When reason gets into the throne,†
 The court shall teach us to be godly ;
 Pipes sound with breath that ’s not their own ;
 Is Fleetwood such an one, or Hoadly ?‡

* “ As, when a raging tempest roars,
 Some secret Power the storm restrains,
 Hush’d are the waves, gay smile the shores,
 And peace o’er all the ocean reigns.”—*Idem*.

† “ That all, in one assembly join’d,
 Could hear thy healing, soothing strain !
 Soon shouldst thou calm their troubled mind,
 And Reason should her seat regain.”—*Idem*.

‡ “ Then, in sweet sounds like *thine*, so soft a style,
 Hoadly or Fleetwood, silver-tongued, should show
 How rage would ravish, from our frighten’d isle,
 The dear-bought blessings to the laws we owe.”—*Idem*.

II.

When Whigs are out of power and place,
Their country bleeds ; they rise to save her :
They rise then in their prince's face,
Are always patriots—out of favour.
Let the king smile, the tables turn,
The changing dyes change the chameleon ;
The Whig shall at resistance spurn,
Whose very essence is rebellion.

III.

'T was Harcourt's speech which taught the turn to
use,
“ That Tories cause the mischiefs they accuse.”
Thus Appius blind could Rome's great senate guide :
But Roman Appius never changed his side.
We need not *silver tongues* to show
The dear-bought blessings which we know.
“ Dear-bought ” the blessings needs must be
With seven-years' Commons and South Sea !
May gracious Heaven more mercy to us show
Than these its rods and scourges here below !
Grant us at last that happy state to see
Where, without discord, all is harmony !

TO MISS B., ON HER GOING AWAY FROM
THE WELLS AT NORTHAW, 1718.

How pleasing to the fair and gay,
To meet and dance, and chat and play,
Where well-placed tapers' friendly light
Affords advantage to the sight !
Each virgin seems of finer mould,
And brighter show the gems and gold.
The more distinguish'd youth and maids
Sweat beneath velvet and brocades.
In vain the lovely breast is bare,
And, glowing, rises to the air :
In vain the spacious rounds below
Draw all the breath the winds can blow ;
Nay, give to the licentious eye
The garter'd knee or snowy thigh :
For music, motion, youth conspire
To' increase the heat and fan the fire,
To kindle and to feed a flame
Which all their waters cannot tame.

Lives there whose fancy, wisely chaste,
Can scorn the pleasure she can taste ?
Who, free to praise and skill'd to know
The well-dress'd belle and finish'd beau,
Yet ne'er essay'd admired to be
For dress transcending her degree ;
Whose bloom of youth would ne'er endure
A mode enticing and impure ;

Who, far from sullen and from proud,
Courts not applauses of a crowd ;
Yet knows the sprightly dance to lead
With measured, graceful, easy tread ;
And, sure of pleasing by her stay,
Can nobly choose to go away ;
Gay and well-humour'd, when she flies ;
Without degrading others, wise ?
And can there such a virgin be ?
There can, there is ; and thou art she !

WHIGS AND TORIES :

IN FOUR POETICAL EPISTLES.

THE subjects discussed in these verses, which appear to have been written in the reign of George II., are curious, and possess much interest. They constitute, in fact, an able defence of Mr. Wesley's principles and public conduct. The first epistle playfully purports to be a political address to him, from the members of "the Calves'-Head Club" of the Dissenters, claiming him as their own, and prematurely congratulating each other on his accession to their list of literary patriots. The second is his spirited answer. The third pretends to be a letter from a Tory acquaintance, who extols passive obedience to the unjust commands of the worst of kings, — a *theoretic* doctrine to which our poet would never

have given his *practical* assent. The fourth, in reply, contains an apology for the keen irony of his political verses, an acknowledgment of the impropriety of one of the epithets which he had employed, and the object which he contemplated in his "lighter strains,"—"to make the losers laugh at them that win."—EDIT.

I.—WHIGGORUM PIETAS ET CONGRATULATIO.

THOUGH sordid slaves their base obedience teach,
And passive fools their non-resistance preach ;
Yet in each age some generous souls we see,
Bold to' assert the cause of liberty.

In Charles's reign Prynne, Burton, Bastwick, rose,
Who dared "malignant counsellors" oppose.
Then Milton, Marvel, Ayloff, Phœbus sent,—
The scourges dire of guilty government.
Next Molesworth, Pulteney, Saint John, Wesley
came :

Alike their labour, and their drift the same,—
To lash corruption, to expose to hate
Courtiers and pimps and ministers of state.
Nor fear we now the' encroachments of the crown,
Since Wesley's pointed satire is our own.

Should our foes boast the numerous spawn of
hell,—

Manwaring, Hobbes, L' Estrange, Sacheverell ;
Should some their sacred characters display,
Wesley and Prynne are priests, as well as they.

Should some their wit and poetry oppose,
 Wesley and Marvel are as arch as those.
 Should cringing Tories court a rising lord,
 From the green ribbon to the red preferr'd ;
 These merry wags would wish the knave a third. }
 Should awful blockheads, void of flouts and fleers,
 Reverence the image which the metal bears ;
 These wits would show what did the gold debase,—
 Cæsar's inscription, Cæsar's cuckold-face.
 Slaves homage much the' insignia of the great,
 The tools of power, the mere machines of state :
 But Wesley 'stalments, 'crownments, turns to farce,
 * * * * *

Thus, nor cajoled, nor by nicknames misled,
 Thou dost the paths of thy forefathers tread.
 Go on, brave Whig ! bad ministers defy :
 Still dart thy keen invectives boldly high,
 To the old tune, " Which no one can deny." }

January 30th, 1727.

From the Calves'-Head Club.

II.—PIIS ET GRATULANTIBUS WHIGGIS RESPONSIO.

YOURS I received ; and stood surprised to see
 Your *Calves'-Head* "gratitude and piety ;"
 To me, I own, beyond my merit kind,—
 As friends make beauties which they cannot find.

But this and greater errors I pass by :
All faults are venial in a lover's eye.

Long ere I wrote, your politics had shown
You fear'd no more the' encroachments of the throne.
Let wicked Stuarts dare to' affect the power
Your suffrage often gave their successor,
Hampden in arms his sovereign shall defy,
And Sandys the blood-hound open with full cry,
Bradshaw expect his death for public good,
And Onslow sign petitions for his blood.

Though compliments you strain, this pen of mine
Like root-and-branch work authors cannot shine.
Peers, prelates, kings they strike : My lower flight
Can only reach the gewgaws of a knight.
Did knighthood catch the peerage in a string ?
Or did St. George's Garter make him king ?
If so, then Charles's sentence let him bear,
And lose his head for signing with an R ;
While " Like for like " may sneaking Tories please,
Who wish no more than Pains and Penalties !
Did half your ardour but my breast inspire ;
My soul did Sidney, Locke, or Hoadly fire ;
I'd act the Roman tyrant-killer's part,
And stab him, though unsceptred, to the heart,
For senates, armies, taxes, without end,
A plot decipher'd and a South Sea screen'd ;
Serene and pleased to' avenge my native isle,
And prove my poniard sharper than my style !
Through you secure of endless fame, should I,
Like Felton, Sindercomb, or Brutus, die.

Yet think not I applauded verse disclaim ;
 For who denies the works that bring him fame ?
 Whate'er you please is mine : your word 's enough ;
 Or add your oath too,—never want for proof.
 What, though your saviour Oates has closed his eyes ?
 Decipherers breathe, and circumstances rise.
 Thus friends and foes my merit shall descry,
 While you shall swear it, and I not deny.

III.—ANSWER TO A COPY OF VERSES,

ENTITLED, “ PIIS ET GRATULANTIBUS WHIGGIS
 RESPONSIO.”

DEAR SAM, erewhile you did a copy show,
 To which, I find, you 've sent an answer now.
 The Whiggish knaves, 'gainst whom you write,
 disown
 Their due allegiance to the British throne,
 Except when pleased. We honest Tories dare
 Be true and just to the worst kings that are.
 If a weak prince, by wicked men misled,
 Makes subjects bow to gods of wood and bread ;
 If such, as maggot bites and he sees cause,
 Dispenses with the cobwebs of the laws ;
 Still are we faithful. How much more, when Heaven
 A monarch of a different stamp has given !
 Who courts his people, who their altars tends ;
 Mild to his foes, and constant to his friends ;

To base revenge and mean resentment blind ;
 Parent of Britain, friend of human-kind ;
 Who still his just prerogative avers
 Of placing or displacing ministers !

Even ministers of state (to whom, 't is true,
 There 's no submission of allegiance due)
 We treat with reverence ; nor, like Strafford's
 foes,

To vulgar rage the envied great expose ;
 Nor hunt to ruin by the people's breath,
 Who yell for justice, and who scream for death.

The ills of civil rage so much we dread,
 We dare not even in patriots' footsteps tread.
 Falkland opposed the court with honest view :
 That opposition soon rebellion grew.
 Whilst upright hearts redress of grievance meant,
 The wily few were on black mischief bent.
 Though *those* "bad ministers" alone decried,
These struck the master through the servants' side.
 And if fresh opposition we allow,
 There may be Hampdens, Onslows, Bradshaws now.

Hence we unlimited obedience teach,
 And strictly practise what we, ardent, preach.
 The Calves'-Head politicians may combine
 To father what they will on thee for thine ;
 Yet I 'll be sworn, no verses came from thee
 That strike direct at sacred majesty.
 Yet even such (or all the world are wrong)
 In careless hours slip thy unguarded tongue,
 And have in gaiety or heart been sung.

}

This asks a friend's reproof. It dangerous is,
 Since plaguy Whigs have Pains and Penalties;
 And it would grieve me much to have it said,
 My friend for an old song had lost his bread.

I take the liberty to thus reprove
 This and one other word in him I love :
 The name of "saviour" I must frankly own
 Too big for jest, sacred to Him alone
 Who "Like for like" forbids, revenge denies
 To basest men and blackest enemies ;
 "Makes prayers and tears his church's sole defence,
 Nor suffers factious pens to strengthen Providence."

IV.—AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

DEAR JEM, to better converse are we come,
 Our mask thrown off, our friendship to resume ?
 The prince whom you extol I can revere :
 No good I hope for, and no bad I fear.
 I weigh not George's reign with James's days,
 Nor wound my sovereign with ill-grounded praise.

To God for mercy let me humbly cry :
 For man,—his utmost justice I defy.
 Are songs objected ? Let it first be told
 What Acts of Grace have pass'd and years have
 roll'd.

Or are such Acts for rogues alone design'd,
 That those who *least* deserve them, *most* may find ?

Though Whigs would scarce rejoice, were I to say
 Who made, who call'd for, and who taught the lay.
 Let terror Chesterfield or Edgecombe seize ;
 Or let sir Robert tremble, if he please :
 So, if great things we may compare with small,
 Did Marlborough stoop to Oxford in his fall.

Think not, I hope from danger to be free,
 Or dream, like madmen chain'd, of liberty.
 'Tis gone : no care, no innocence avails
 To fence against decipherers and flails.
 Was not Layer hang'd, by justice of the nation,
 For reading good king William's Declaration ? *
 And may not I next week as justly swing
 Because a courtier's song I will not sing ?
 The case, no doubt on, when they please, is clear :
 Sam surer signs with S, than Frank with R. †
 Yet wrath of Whigs my dread shall never move :
 I cannot fear them ; for I cannot love.

My characters too low or high have been :
 No more like Falkland I, than like to Prynne.
 Our Commonwealth's-men are, I hope, deceased,
 Save the few heroes of the Calves'-Head feast.

* Christopher Layer, Esq., a young Popish lawyer, found guilty of high-treason, was executed at Tyburn, May 17th, 1723, not as it is here poetically intimated, "for reading good king William's Declaration," but for employing in his treasonable placards language and motives somewhat similar, to incite the people to rebel against king George's person and government.—EDIT.

† A reference to the signature of Dr. Francis Atterbury, lord bishop of Rochester.—EDIT.

Hardly is left them here and there a man ;
And Gordon seems but half republican.
Our times abound with other sort of knaves,—
With rebels metamorphosed into slaves.
I think not in my pen there virtue lies
To flash due vengeance in the' oppressor's eyes.
No ; if there did, the knight should feel its power
Sharp-piercing every day and every hour.
In glaring light should all his deeds be seen :
I 'd pull the mask off, and remove the screen ;
Pursue him till he dropp'd his guilty state ;
Accuse, condemn, but not "accumulate."

For one reproof I thank you as a friend,
Since there indeed I seemingly offend.
That Oates a "saviour" should entitled be,
I grant, is vile,—I think, is blasphemy.
Yet saints profane that monster so adored,
Whose tender conscience call'd no bishop "lord :"
That fact I with abhorrence should have shown,
To keep you from suspecting 't was my own.

I judge the tree corrupted, by the fruit :
Did e'er the gospel stop a just pursuit ?
What texts a Bambridge or a Huggins fence,
Who against Francis pick'd up evidence ?
And may not "Like for like" a villain seize ?
Then nearest just are Pains and Penalties.
I throw no wire-drawn guess on knighthood's name :
He owns as glory what I write as shame.
I own I think, as Christian, I am free
Within the bounds of laws and charity :

Do these forbid to hear the merchants' moans,
While starving thousands echo to their groans ?
If so, let courts of law no longer stand,
And pull down Tyburn : 't is a Christian land !

One only aim I seek in lighter strains,
Whatever monarch lives or party reigns ;
Nor has my aim quite disappointed been,—
To make the losers laugh at them that win,
Suspend by starts their anguish and their fear,
And sometimes in a smile forget a tear.

ON THE SIEGE OF SAGUNTUM.

I.

Alas, poor Saguntum ! evil starr'd,
Twice miserable city !
By Punic foes and English bard
Subjected to our pity.

II.

Thy sons drop dead for want of food,
Nor war its heat assuages ;
Yet rampant lust, in midst of blood,
And spite of famine, rages.

III.

What, though by Rome's neglect they die ?
They perish unrepining ;
Praise Roman virtue to the sky,
And fall like lovers whining.

IV.

No pains on earth to bring them to't
Has Sicoris in the story.
He bids them burn themselves ; they do't,—
And there's an exit for ye.

V.

To leave one's friends in such extremes,
Is Roman faith befitting ;
Though basest treachery it seems
In any queen of Britain.

VI.

To these the bard prophetic shows
A prospect but unpleasant,
Gives them for comfort future woes
When sinking with the present.

VII.

A new Saguntum shall, he saith,
Rise in the self-same nation,
Not near the first in fall, or faith,
Or cause, or situation ;

VIII.

Like in misfortunes and renown,
Or Theron is mistaken ;
Though ne'er forsook before, the town
Again shall be forsaken.

IX.

Thy glory, Phil, shall never fail
As poet or as prophet,
For truth in telling of thy tale,
And wit in timing of it.

TO THE HONOURABLE

THE LADY MARY HAY. 1731.

THIS small acknowledgment be paid ;
Let me discharge my debt in metre.
Must it be sung as well as said ?
Let Lady Mary make it sweeter.

I leave fine speeches till eighteen,
When warmer love may pay its duty :
In fairest light may then be seen
The Wit, the Virtue, and the Beauty.

Meanwhile she's innocent and gay,
Nor smallest scandal rests upon her :
Far more than man on earth can say
For Carolina's maids of honour.

Though her own hand the letter writ,
Our years will from suspicion save her ;
And me from arrogance acquit,
Though hourly boasting of the favour.

No slander can our conduct stain :
Indeed the case might something vary,
If twenty years from me were ta'en,
And ten were put to Lady Mary.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THOMAS AND HIS CASSOCK.

As great Tom of Westminster chanced to sit still,
Either reading a letter, or writing a bill ;
Either silently pulling his gold out to view,
Or nicely computing when more would be due ;
A grumbling he heard from a corner so sly,
Where a cassock neglected had long been thrown by ;
And upstarting he cries in a fury, " What noise !
I thought I had set them their business,—those
boys."

But an answer was whisper'd,—

CASSOCK.

Ah ! never, sir, yet
Any business to me, your poor cassock, you set.
I have stay'd till I 'm tired : but you fancy, I see,
That I can't speak to you ; so you won't speak to
me.

TOM.

Why, indeed, Mr. Cassock, I did not, I own,
Think you would have begun with your preaching
so soon.

I hope you 'll this faculty keep when I wear ye :
So your sermon begin ; for I promise to hear ye
Without nod or yawn ; and I 'll tell you—what 's
more—
That I ne'er so much minded a cassock before.

CASSOCK.

How can you, hard-hearted, thus let me lie here
Idle month after month, nay, and year after year ?
Your gold you have treated much better than me,
And have kept it from rusting,—though not from
South-Sea ;
While I lie crumpled up in dust and in sloth,
To be rotted by age, or be eaten by moth.
If thus, I can tell you, much longer you do,
You 'll be forced, when I perish, to buy you a new
Nor yet can you sell me, that loss to prevent,
Without losing twenty or thirty per cent.

TOM.

I hope you don't think that my brain is unsound,
For the saving a penny to squander a pound ;
For the sake of a cassock that 's old, though not
worn,
From the channel of getting so sudden to turn.
Would you have me aside my advantages fling
Ere my thousands to ten or to twenty I bring ?
As well a brush'd beaver to Chelsea might range,
Or resort to Spring-Gardens, in time of the 'Change.

CASSOCK.

You can't be so ignorant, sure, of the town
As to fancy that gain is forbidden the gown.
You may talk of the Funds and the Stocks all the
day,
And at night may resort to the park or the play.
You may write billets-doux, if you have but a care ;
And may farther proceed than to Phyllis the fair.
You may carry on every design as before ;
Of which take two proofs, that are good as two-score :
That a man may in orders be rich and gallant,
Bear witness their Graces of York and of Cant.

TOM.

But then folks all my failures with malice will note,
Who will damn in a gown what they like in a coat.
And if I disgrace you by wearing, you 'll own
I should do you more credit to let you alone.

CASSOCK.

If so much you 're afraid of becoming a jest,
Keep your counsel, and no man will smell out the
priest.
Though you orders should take without farther
delay,
You may keep them *in petto* against a good day.
If his braying the ass will take care to keep in,
He may meet with respect in a lion's old skin.
So a Jesuit disguised like a Quaker may go,
Or an abbot lurk safe in the form of a beau.

Brother Penn in his time by court-favour c
thrive,
And the rogue Robin knows Abbé Strickland al
You may still wear a sword, nay, and write yourself
'squire,
Like the great Mr. Hill, or the greater Matt. Prior.

TOM.

No ! your mongrels I hate, and, whate'er you can
say,
Will be plainly and openly cleric or lay.
I like not sir Robert's condition, who long
Had betwixt hawk and buzzard so foolishly hung ;
Who was first to be bishop to Durham preferr'd,
And then (but in Ireland) a temporal lord ;
And, desiring at least somewhat better than that,
Chosen knight for a shire, as a commoner sat.

CASSOCK.

There can never be danger that you should appear
In a Whig House of Commons, except at the bar.
But if doubling and shuffling you hate, as you say,
Either put me on now ; or else wait for a day,
And then let a positive answer be given :
Never hang like Erasmus between hell and heaven.

TOM.

Nay, hold there : I long have been used to command,
If not by the turn, by the weight, of my hand ;

But I must not, when gown'd, for the aid of my
tongue,
Use that orator's weapon, though never so strong.
I 'm afraid I in vain at my studies may pore,
And talk till my lungs and my stomach be sore.
When they know me disarm'd, I doubt, people will
mind
Words only no more than what makes them,—the
wind ;
Nor value what blows to the cushion I deal :
Seeing is but *believing* ; the truth we 're to *feel*.

CASSOCK.

However, one thing you 'll have power to do,—
For them care as little as they care for you.
If your voice to o'erstrain, being weakly, you fear,
You may mumble your sermon, and let no one hear.
If you like not the pulpit except you could bawl,
You may let it alone, and not come there at all ;
Nay, and yet save your pence : any younker will go,
For the honour of preaching, a dinner, or so.

TOM.

But before I to orders directly proceed,
Methinks I a year or two longer would read.

CASSOCK.

You would read! pray, for what? In the court, I
can tell,
It is not expected so much as to spell.

You by far other ways for preferment must seek :
 Ask Bentley : A bishop should never read Greek.
 It is better, if aught for advancement you care,
 To be Talbot or Hoadly than Potter or Hare.

TOM.

When my schemes I have finish'd, and made up my
 store,
 I will then put you on.

CASSOCK.

I 'm afraid, not before.

Much more would between them have pass'd, with-
 out doubt ;
 The one was so pert, and the other so stout.
 But the boy brought up word that a coach there
 attended :
 So Tom ran to my lord, and the dialogue ended.

A SATIRE AGAINST SNUFF.

THESE verses are dated "Oxford, 1714;" and were written when Mr. Wesley was in his twenty-third year, and student of Christ Church. They exhibit great poetic talent, and much force and felicity of language. From the lines at the commencement of the last paragraph it will be perceived, that they were addressed to his father, who was

immoderately fond of snuff; and the apology for this severe attack on his favourite dust, is extremely ingenious, the blame (if any) being imputed to Fate, in the person of his beloved aunt, whose commands he declares himself in this instance bound to obey. That entire paragraph was omitted in the quarto edition of his "Poems," on account of the striking personalities which it contains; he having at that early age imbibed strong political prejudices, to which he here shows himself to have been capable of giving adequate expression. The grossness of some of his conceptions, which under the guise of deterring images may be deemed pardonable, and the rapid flow of his numbers, forcibly remind us of the first productions of Charles Churchill, himself a Westminster scholar; who admired Samuel Wesley as the modern Juvenal, but who will be found to have more frequently become a copier of his blemishes, than an imitator of his beauties.—EDIT.

I SING of snuff! What power shall I adore?
Or whence shall needy rhymers aid implore!
Old threadbare Muses now no more will do,
And Sylphs and Sylphids are as much too new,
I'll e'en address, to purpose full as good,
An earthly mortal SHE, of flesh and blood.

O thou, for whom these numbers are design'd,
Be ever present to my labouring mind!
Still may I think on thy severe command,
To' inspire my tardy wit, and urge my backward hand:

So shall thy smiles as real strength infuse
As ever bard received from goddess Muse.
My task perform'd, with grateful joy I'll own,
That every single line proceeds from thee alone.*

The snuff-box first provokes our just disdain,
That rival of the fan and of the cane.
Your modern beaus to richest shrines intrust
Their worthless stores of fashionable dust.
Or wrought, or plain, the clouded shell behold,
The polish'd silver, or the burnish'd gold ;
The agate landscape, drawn by nature's hand,
Or finer pebble from the Arabian strand,
The shining beds where pearls imperfect lie,
Smooth to the touch when roughest to the eye ;
While distant climes their various arts employ
To adorn and to complete the modish toy.
Hinges with close-wrought joints from Paris come ;
Pictures dear-bought from Venice and from Rome ;
While some with home-made lids their fancies
 please,
And bear enshrined their own dear images :

* The original manuscript contains this note : " My aunt Ann Annesley made me write it." To this accomplished relation, who afterwards became the wife of James Fromantle, Esq., Mr. Wesley always showed the most respectful attention. Concerning her, John Dunton, her brother-in-law, writes : " Madame Fromantle's life is one continued act of tenderness, wit, and piety. However Time may have dealt by her, Art never feigned, nor Nature formed, a finer woman."—EDIT.

True to themselves they need no foreign face ;
 Nature divine can human arts surpass,
 And each Italian paint must yield to looking-glass. }
 The lovely hand is now no longer bare
 The rumpled neckcloth to compose with care,
 To fix a falling patch, or smooth a ruffled hair : }
 The never-failing snuff-box ready stands
 To show the well-turn'd joints, and lily hands :
 Arm'd at all points, with this the beau can move
 Envy in men, and in the females love ;
 Against this flail the fair have no defence ;
 'T is humour, breeding, wit, and eloquence.
 A kind employ the snuff-box can afford
 To youths that scorn the pen, and fear the sword ;
 The well-cut nails are placed in open day,
 And wanton on the lid the taper fingers play.
 Circled with gold the brilliant diamond glows ;
 So fond the fop its lustre to expose,
 That, like an Indian prince, he'll wear it at his
 nose. }

The radiant box of treasured dust is full,
 And richly furnish'd as its owner's skull.
 A thousand shapes the Indian weed disguise,
 Veil'd in a thousand shapes the weed they prize :
 Of barbarous names who can recount the train ?
 The scented Bergamot, and Spanish plain ;
 The Orangerie with odour not its own,
 Or that from Seville named or Barcelone ;
 The greenish sand which Portugal bestows,
 Perfumed with urine to regale the nose !

Far-fetch'd Brazil, almost for touch too fine,
 Which toiling merchants seek beyond the Line.
 Let foolish Indians be no more our scorn,
 Who truck their gold or gems for beads or horn ;
 The gay polite of sage Britannia's land
 Will part with sterling in exchange for sand.
 With what disdain the belles would glance askew, }
 Were leaf, not powder, proffer'd to their view ! }
 Though still the thing's the same, the title only new. }
 For, favourite snuff, disguise it as you will,
 In spite of art, remains tobacco still :
 As when a fair is lured to sin and shame,
 Though coach'd or carted, praised or damn'd by
 fame ;

Though miss or duchess, lowly-born or great,
 With cinders on her head, or coronet ;
 Down to Nell Gwynne, from Rosamond or Shore,
 Whate'er her title be, in English she's a whore.

There are who veil their stinks with utmost care,
 Scents, not Arabian, breathing from their hair ;
 Who, conscious of themselves, are frequent known
 With sweat of civet-cats to hide their own.
 When sweets and essence fail, and in their room
 Too powerful nature conquers the perfume,
 In self-defence they stench to stench oppose,
 And guard with clods of snuff the suffering nose.
 No smell can pierce through that secure defence,
 No, not their own, not jakes or frankincense.
 On wights like these nature in vain bestows
 The jasmine, jonquil, violet, and rose ;

No more to them, than if alone there grew
 The loathsome garlic and the stinking rue.
 Vain are the sweets that either Indies bring ;
 Vain are the blooming fragrances of spring.
 As when the libertine, long used to rove,
 Confirm'd in lust, unknowing how to love,
 At random takes his undistinguish'd prey,
 (Alike at midnight every puss is grey,)

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Strange is the power of snuff, whose pungent
 grains

Can make fops speak, and furnish beaus with brains ;
 Nay, can enchant the fair to such degree,
 Scarce more admired could French romances be,
 Scarce scandal more beloved, or darling flattery ;
 Whether to the' India-house they take their way,
 Loiter i' th' park, or at the toilet stay,
 Whether at church they shine, or sparkle at the
 play.

Nay, farther yet perhaps their snuff they keep,
 Take it in bed, and dream on 't when asleep ;
 For, sure, unless the beau may claim a part,
 Snuff is the topmost trifle of the heart.

Nor care of cleanliness, nor love of dress,
 Can save their clothes from brick-dust nastiness.

Let work employ the poor, snuff the genteel ;
 Your well-bred spinster scorns the spinning-wheel :
 Let coop'd-up seamstresses their fingers ply,
 And cloister'd nuns drudge at embroidery,

Fatigue for belles too great ! who would as soon,
As deign to play the seamstress, play the nun.

Some think the part too small of modish sand
Which at a niggard pinch they can command ;
Nor can their fingers for that task suffice,
Their nose too greedy, not their hand too nice :
To such a height with these is fashion grown,
They feed their very nostrils with a spoon.
One, and but one, degree is wanting yet,
To make our senseless luxury complete ;
Some choice regale, useless as snuff, and dear,
Which shall in future times perchance appear,
To feed the mazy windings of the ear. }

Let not a father frown, though stars conspire
To make the duteous son forget the sire,
Though *what he likes* unwittingly I blame,
And seem to slight a parent's sacred name.
Guilty my hands, but passive is my will, }
If Fate's commands we mortals must fulfil,—
Fate the resistless cause and just excuse of ill !
If Fate permit, adieu, ill-natured lays !
Still let it be my task, with truth to praise !
Never shall satire more my quill engage,
Let Faction storm, and Moderation rage ;
Let patriot Steele, in revolutions read,
Blaspheme the generous hand that gave him bread,
Call Delia " whore," friends guard, and foes infest
In verse and prose, in earnest and in jest ;
The same in every mask, in every state,
Alike ingenuous, and alike ingrate !

Still may my theme be praise, nor e'er again
 Let keen invectives point my stabbing pen,
 Till parties cease, till Dunton scribbles sense,
 Till Tories match the Whigs in diligence,
 Till *Low-Church* Harley love, and Cowper *scorn*,
 Till bold Sacheverell shall a coward turn,
 Till Tindal shall the Christian faith embrace,
 Till Commonwealth's-men praise the Stuarts' race,
 Till *Secret Histories* from lies are free,
 Till Perkin shall in Scotland hated be,
 And till De Foe no more deserve the pillory,
 Till Sarah bounteous grows, Argyle content,
 Till Steele shall learn to blush, and Wharton to
 repent.

WEDLOCK: A SATIRE.

THIS Invective against Marriage is generally supposed to have been written by Mrs. Wright, one of Mr. Wesley's sisters, a lady of distinguished talents, unhappily married to a man who, as Dr. Adam Clarke justly observes, "did not know the value of the woman he had espoused. He associated with low, dissolute company, spent his evenings from home, became a drunkard, and, by a series of ill-management and ill-treatment, broke the heart of his wife."

This Invective seems to have been written within a few years of her marriage. From a letter addressed to her father, and dated July 3d, 1720, which I am inclined to believe contained either these objectionable verses, or the substance of them, I give the following extracts:—

"HONOURED SIR,—Though I was glad, on any terms, of

the favour of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for *the flower of my letter*, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.... I earnestly beg, that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be *as little witty as possible*, though I cannot help saying you only accuse me of being too much so: especially these late years, I have been pretty free from that scandal.

“You ask me *what hurt matrimony has done me*, and *whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now*. Home-questions indeed! I had not always such notions of wedlock as now; but thought that where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and any thing to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a possibility of happiness in a married state. But, where all or most of these were wanting, I ever thought people could not marry without sinning against God and themselves.

“Though I cannot justify my late indiscreet letter which made me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that *I am not more than human*; and if the calamities of life (of which perhaps I have my share) sometimes wring a complaint from me, I need tell no one that though I *bear* I must *feel* them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much.” She lived twenty-two years after writing this letter, resigned to her hard fate, and confiding in God as her Heavenly Father.

Reference is made by her father, as well as by her brother, to her wit, which is represented to have been transcendent both in degree and quality. That the matrimonial wrongs of such a young and accomplished lady should have wrung from her the strong and offensive expressions to be found in this poetical “Satire against Wedlock,” will excite surprise in no

one who has perused the following impassioned "Address to her Husband," which was written some years after the letter:—

I.

THE ardent lover cannot find
A coldness in his fair unkind,
But, blaming what he cannot hate,
He mildly chides the dear ingrate;
And, though despairing of relief,
In soft complaining vents his grief.

II.

Then what should hinder but that I,
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,
By saddest, softest strains, to move
My wedded, latest, dearest love,
To throw his cold neglect aside,
And cheer once more his injured bride?

III.

O thou, whom sacred rites design'd
My guide, and husband, ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends!
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
Or tell me why I cease to please.

IV.

Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
Ah no! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height.

These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing woe :
Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place :
A youthful grace informs these lines,
Where still the purple current shines ;
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart :
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in woe.

V.

Or is it that, oppress'd with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear ;
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent ?
Ah no ! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody :
For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent ;
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Conceal'd my cares, and curb'd my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.

VI.

Had I not practised every art
To' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,
To make me pleasing in thine eyes,
And turn thy house to Paradise ;
I had not ask'd, " Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth ;

Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
 At witless oaths and jests obscene,
 Till the most learned of the throng
 Begins a tale of ten hours long ;
 While thou, in raptures, with stretch'd jaws
 Crownest each joke with loud applause ? ”

VII.

Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
 And rivall'd by such things as these ;
 This latest effort will I try,
 Or to regain thy heart, or die.
 Soft as I am, I 'll make thee see
 I will not brook contempt from thee !

VIII.

Then quit the shuffling, doubtful sense,
 Nor hold me longer in suspense ;
 Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,
 Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart ?
 Must all attempts to please thee prove
 Unable to regain thy love ?

IX.

If so, by Truth itself I swear,
 The sad reverse I cannot bear :
 No rest, no pleasure, will I see ;
 My whole of bliss is lost with thee !
 I 'll give all thoughts of patience o'er ;
 (A gift I never lost before ;)
 Indulge at once my rage and grief,
 Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
 And call that wretch my mortal foe
 Who tries to mitigate my woe ;
 Till life, on terms severe as these,
 Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease ;
 To thee thy liberty restore
 To laugh when Hetty is no more.

WEDLOCK: A SATIRE.

THOU tyrant, whom I will not name,
Whom heaven and hell alike disclaim ;
Abhorr'd and shunn'd, for different ends,
By angels, Jesuits, beasts, and fiends !
What terms to curse thee shall I find,
Thou plague peculiar to mankind ?
O may my verse excel in spite
The wildest, wittiest imps of night !
Then lend me for a while your rage,
You maidens old and matrons sage :
So may my terms in railing seem
As vile and hateful as my theme.

Eternal foe to soft desires,
Inflamer of forbidden fires,
Thou source of discord, pain, and care,
Thou sure forerunner of despair,
Thou scorpion with a double face,
Thou lawful plague of human race,
Thou bane of freedom, ease, and mirth,
Thou deep damnation upon earth,
Thou serpent which the angels fly,
Thou monster whom the beasts defy,
Whom wily Jesuits sneer at too ;
And Satan (let him have his due)
Was never so confirm'd a dunce
To risk damnation more than once.

That wretch, if such a wretch there be,
Who hopes for happiness from thee,
May search successfully as well
For truth in whores and ease in hell.

A FULL ANSWER :

“And God said, It is not good for man to be alone.”

AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING INVECTIVE.

I.

ATTEND to verse with meaning good :
Perhaps of dulness you 'll accuse it ;
And fancy, with conjecture shrewd,
For want of wit I do not use it.

II.

No matter : smartness I despise,
When serious is the theme or holy :
Better you to yourself seem wise,
Than I be partner of your folly.

III.

Poetic faults I shall forbear,
No doubtful sense to laughter wresting ;
For jesting were in me unfair,
Who blame you seriously for jesting.

IV.

Think you the Bible all a lie?

If inspiration be not dreaming,
You shoot your bolts at the Most High ;
And cursing wedlock is blaspheming.

V.

“’Tis apt to raise forbidden flames ;
Care, discord, pain, despair to waken :”
Design’d by God for other aims ;
Say, then, was Providence mistaken ?

VI.

That marriage *hell on earth* must prove,
How vainly would Invective show us !
“Because unfit for souls above,
And mindless animals below us.

VII.

“Nay, worse than endless flames ’t will be,
And add to hell itself new trouble :
Were Satan wedded to a she,
’T would render his damnation double.”

VIII.

What madness ’t is, abroad to deal
Firebrands and death on this occasion !
O may you never come to feel,
Eternity is in DAMNATION !

IX.

Yet "truth in whores can never live :"
Where would the rant your frenzy carry ?
Pray, why should "soft desire" survive,
If men must neither whore nor marry ?

X.

What 's whoredom ? Loss of friends and fame ;
False calm, and real desperation ;
Poor guiltless children born to shame ;
And guilt and pain and salivation !

XI.

Repent, renounce all wicked wit :
Think not your pride I bear too hard on.
So may the world your flights forget,
And God forgive, and Willy* pardon.

TO MISS MARTHA WESLEY.

AN EPISTLE, 1735.

THE authorship of these verses has been claimed for Charles Wesley ; but his brother Samuel has classed them among his own productions ; and the caustic severity by which they are characterized would, of itself, countenance such an assumption, even if they had not been copied by himself into the manuscript volume of his poetry, from which

* William Wright was her husband's name.—EDIT.

they have been faithfully transferred to these pages. They were written at the time of his father's death, to which an affecting allusion is made in the first couplet.

The ladies to whom they allude were two maiden sisters of our poet,—Miss Martha, afterwards Mrs. Hall, and Miss Kezia, the Delia of the poem. The circumstances under which they were composed will be best learnt from the following narrative of Dr. Adam Clarke:—

“ While Martha was at her uncle's house, she received the addresses of a gentleman of the name of Hall, who was one of Mr. [John] Wesley's pupils at Lincoln College. He was then, according to every evidence, not hypocritically, but deeply, pious; though not of a strong judgment, and, consequently, of a fickle mind. His pretensions were all fair, his deportment correct, his education truly pious, his person agreeable, his manners pleasing, and his property good. In his addresses to Martha, there is no doubt he was sincere; and in order to secure her, he took the expedient, common enough in those days, to betroth her to himself. All this was without the knowledge of her parents, or her brothers, and was done at her uncle's house in London. He then accompanied her brothers John and Charles to Epworth, and there he saw her sister Kezia, grew enamoured of her, courted her, obtained her consent, and that of the family in general, who knew nothing of his pre-engagement with Martha; and he was on the point of leading poor unconscious Kezia to the altar, when a sudden qualm of conscience reproached and reminded him of his prior engagement, and he came back to Martha. The family were justly alarmed at his conduct; in vain they questioned him on the reason of this change. He had not honour enough, however sore his conscience was, candidly to confess his prior engagements with Patty; but talked of a ‘revelation he had from heaven’ that he should not marry Kezia, but Martha. As Martha had made the contract with him without consulting her parents, she was afraid to allege it in her own vindication; and most probably Mr. Hall had bound her

not to discover the previous engagement. And she was obliged, in consequence, to suffer the heaviest censures of her brothers, who regarded her as the usurper of her sister's rights; whereas, had she frankly declared that she had been affianced to the man before he had even seen her sister Kezia, they could not have blamed her for redeeming her solemn pledge; though they might have judged her imprudent in putting herself in the hands of a man who had shown such a flexibility of affection, and such a versatility of character. But there is no doubt that he used all his artifice to persuade Patty that his heart stood right, though for a time he had yielded to violent temptation. As the family knew nothing of Patty's prior engagements, it is no wonder that in their strong method of expressing themselves, especially in poetry, they should consider Patty's marriage as a kind of incest, as they supposed she had, in fact, the husband of her sister. Wounded in her affections in the tenderest part; deserted by the husband she so much loved; bereaved of her ten children; falsely accused of taking her sister's lover, whereas, though ignorantly, that sister had taken him from her; reduced from ample competency to a narrow income; yet no complaint was heard from her lips! Her serenity was undisturbed, and her peace beyond the reach of calamity. Active virtues command applause; they are apparent to every eye; but the passive are only known to Him by whom they are registered on high, where the silent sufferer shall meet the full reward.'

"Kezia, on hearing the true relation, cordially renounced all claim to Hall; and, from every thing I have been able to learn, sat as indifferent to him as if no such transaction had ever existed.

"I need scarcely say, that Mr. Hall, who was a clergyman of the church of England, and had a curacy at Salisbury, became a Moravian and Quietist, an Antinomian, a Deist, if not an Atheist, and a Polygamist; which last he defended in his teaching, and illustrated by his practice. He married

Miss Patty Wesley in 1735, and died in 1776, being her husband for about forty years."

Mrs. Hall was one of Dr. Samuel Johnson's greatest favourites, and lived to the age of eighty-five, loved and respected by all who were honoured with her friendship.—EDIT.

TO MISS MARTHA WESLEY.

WHEN want, and pain, and death besiege our gate,
And every solemn moment teems with fate ;
While clouds and darkness fill the space between,
Perplex the' event, and shade the folded scene ;
In humble silence wait the' unutter'd voice,
Suspend thy will, and check thy forward choice ;
Yet, wisely fearful, for the' event prepare ;
And learn the dictates of a brother's care.
How fierce thy conflict, how severe thy flight,
When hell assails the foremost sons of light ;
When he, who long in virtue's paths had trod,
Deaf to the voice of conscience and of God,
Drops the fair mask,—proves traitor to his vow ;
And thou the temptress, and the tempted thou !
Prepare thee then to meet the' infernal war,
And dare beyond what woman knows to dare :
Guard each avenue to thy fluttering heart,
And act the sister's and the Christian's part.
Heaven is the guard of virtue ; scorn to yield,
When screen'd by heaven's impenetrable shield.
Secure in this, defy the' impending storm,
Though Satan tempt thee in an angel's form.

And O, I see the fiery trial near ;
I see the saint, in all his forms, appear.

By nature, by religion, taught to please,
With conquest flush'd, and obstinate to press,
He lists his virtues in the cause of hell,
Heaven, with celestial arms, presumes to' assail,
To veil with semblance fair the fiend within,
And make his God subservient to his sin !
Trembling I hear his horrid vows renew'd,
I see him come, by Delia's groans pursued.
Poor injured Delia ! all her groans are vain ;
Or he denies, or listening mocks her pain.
What, though her eyes with ceaseless tears o'erflow,
Her bosom heave with agonizing woe ?
What, though the horror of his falsehood near
Tear up her faith, and plunge her in despair ?
Yet can he think, (so blind to heaven's decree,
And the sure fate of cursed apostasy,)
Soon as he tells the secret of his breast,
And puts the angel off—and stands confess'd ;
When love, and grief, and shame, and anguish meet,
To make his crimes and Delia's wrongs complete,
That then the injured maid will cease to grieve,
Behold him in a sister's arms, and live ?

Mistaken wretch ! by thy unkindness hurl'd
From ease, from love, from thee, and from the world ;
Soon must she land on that immortal shore,
Where falsehood never can torment her more :
There all her sufferings and her sorrows cease,
Nor saints turn devils there to vex her peace ! *

* This last paragraph seems to have been chiefly intended for Hall, the inconstant and unprincipled lover. — EDIT.

Yet hope not then, all-specious as thou art,
 To taint with impious vows her sister's heart ;
 With proffer'd worlds her honest soul to move,
 Or tempt her virtue to incestuous love.
 No : wert thou as thou wast, did heaven's first rays
 Beam on thy soul, and all the Godhead blaze,
 Sooner shall sweet oblivion set us free
 From friendship, love, thy perfidy, and thee ;
 Sooner shall light in league with darkness join,
 Virtue and vice, and heaven and hell, combine,
 Than her pure soul consent to mix with thine ;
 To share thy sin, adopt thy perjury,
 And damn herself to be revenged on thee ;
 To load her conscience with a sister's blood,
 The guilt of incest, and the curse of God !

AN ELEGY ON MR. CHARLES WESLEY,

SUPPOSED DECEASED.*

FALLEN is the youth that was so good,
 And corn now grows where Troy-town stood.
 I wail in melancholy rhyme
 A youth departed in his prime.

* This facetious piece of badinage seems to have been written soon after his brother Charles had embarked for Georgia.—EDIT.

His favourite fair ones all lament him,
From Mrs. Prat to Nanny Bentham.*
The lads are all in the same tune :
“ Pity poor Charles should die so soon ! ”
Was it for this, through cares and fears,
For more than ten long tedious years,
Pommell'd in college and in school,
He bore the doctor's iron rule ?
Was it for this,--to die at last,
Soon as his captainship was past ;
Not to be heard of now, or seen,
Unless his ghost glides o'er the green,
Who used alive to' employ his tongue
In singing of the fairy song ?

What might we well have hoped to see
From such a hopeful one as he !
Books, poems, letters, and what not ?
And, sure, a pretty hand he wrote.
He might have held forth, when a priest,
As well as Henley can, at least.
But now our golden hopes must fail,
Since there 's no fence against a flail,
Nothing from death can refuge give,
We die as sure as we're alive.

* *Mrs. Prat* was, I believe, the wife of the Rev. Daniel Prat, of whom the reader will find a slight notice in page 512 ; and *Nanny Bentham* probably was the wife of the Rev. William Bentham, rector of Tasborough, Norfolk, on whose marriage Mr. Wesley wrote the congratulatory verses inserted in page 108.—EDIT.

Fancy his voice and form supplies,
Which ne'er must bless mine ears and eyes.
His back—methinks I see it yet—
A quarter-staff might well befit.
His legs, that seem'd not made to skip,
Would leap; O dear, how they would leap!
His countenance sweet he could disguise,
And wink and goggle with his eyes;
Sometimes a leer of archness throw,
And raise aloft his shaggy brow.
How would he show in tunes his skill
In warbling an Italian trill!
How would he Rhodes * on errands send,
Or break the lamp of Dr. Freind,
Or maul the Whigs with libels keen,
Or at a turncoat show his spleen,
Or still poor Bradshaw handle worse,
Spit in his face, and call him "horse!"
In vain I count his virtues o'er;
He's dead,—and so I'll say no more.
For what, alas!—ah! what, indeed?—
Is to be done or to be said?

* See a copy of verses addressed to this gentleman, in page 585.—EDIT.

TO MY WIFE, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

*December 1st, 1717.**

I.

HAIL, day, the fairest of the year !
Which did to birth the virgin bring ;
Less lovely opening buds appear,
Less sweet the violets of spring.
Nature her gifts on woman showers ;
More beauteous, but as frail as flowers.

II.

'T is not the sun alone which gilds
The skies, or glads the smiling day :
Her form a livelier prospect yields,
And turns December into May.
May this revolving light dispense
Joy spotless as her innocence !

III.

That only morn claims more regard
Which sees the maid in marriage given ;
Since life itself, with love compared,
Seems but the second gift of heaven.
Long may the sister-days auspicious prove !
Long may the one give life, and the' other love !

* See, in page 232, the song entitled, "The December Day," which was addressed to Mrs. Wesley in 1731 ; as were the verses in pages 336, 341, 342.—EDIT.

ANACREONTICS

TO MY WIFE.

I.

O, to see my Nutty smiling,
Time with amorous talk beguiling,
Love her every action gracing,
Arms still open for embracing,
Looks to mutual bliss inviting,
Eyes delighted and delighting,
Spotless innocence preventing
After-grief and sad repenting ;
Neither doubting, both believing,
Transport causing and receiving ;
Both with equal ardour moving,
Dearly loved and truly loving !
Long may both enjoy the pleasure
Without guilt and without measure !

II.—1715.

ERE I found you fair and good ;
Ere the nut-brown maid I view'd ;
Sunny walks and spreading trees,
Sports and theatres, could please.
Soon as e'er my Love was known,
All I left for her alone.

Golden hours glide smiling on,
 Golden all without the sun ;
 Since I, happy all the while,
 Hear you talk, and see you smile.
 Sunny meads and living trees,
 Sports and theatres, displease ;
 Learning's self and friends, adieu !
 Joys are centred now in you.
 Yet by learning shall I prove
 Partly worthy of your love.
 Hope so glorious will despise
 Aching head and watering eyes :
 Hope so glorious will allay
 Midnight watch and toil of day.
 Books for you aside were thrown,
 Now resumed for you alone.



III.

MEANEST rhymer that I am,
 Scoff'd and branded for the name ;
 Still I write, if you approve ;
 Glory shall submit to love.
 Were I fill'd with poet's fire,
 Sweet as gay Anacreon's lyre,
 Verse if you should disapprove,
 Glory should submit to love.
 Truth you read without disguise ;
 Stranger I to sugar'd lies,
 Faithless, fawning flatteries !

}

Love like mine will still compose
Verse as faithful as my prose.
Fabling poetry shall ne'er
Paint you lovelier than you are.
Talk of goddesses who will,
Still you 're dear, but woman still.
Be but what you 're now, I 'll ne'er
Wish you lovelier than you are.

IV.

DEAR, and ever dear, whom I
Woody and won without a lie,
Let my growing passion prove
Still more pleasing to my Love.
Verses smiling have you view'd,
Graced alone with gratitude :
Still they 're grateful : may they prove
Still more pleasing to my Love !
Here no witty falsehood shines ;
Here no tinsel gilds the lines.
This suffices, if they prove
Full of truth and full of love !
Truth can never need a lie :
Truth is sense and poetry.
Truth alone could Nutty move :
Truth is happiness and love.
May our age be as our youth,
Full of love, and full of truth !

One the other never grieving,
Undeceived and undeceiving ;
Happy thou, transported I ;
Faithful, blest, without a lie !

V.

May 6th, 1732.

My dear, whatever you believe,
To me 't is natural to grieve,
When round about my eyes I throw,
And view my country's present woe,
And see—or think, at least, I see—
A worse, far worse futurity.
I inly mourn, but quickly try
To mingle laughter with a sigh.
This thought, perhaps, some satire draws
On villains who our ruin cause ;
That patriots from continued grief
May find in mirth a short relief.
Thus laudanum will ease insure,
And dead the pain it cannot cure.
But if the respite others find
Gives greater torment to your mind,
For ever, if disliked by you,
To pleasantry in verse adieu !
Henceforth then, to my dying day,
Shall I compose the future lay,
Merry or melancholy ? Say.

}

FOR A SICK CHILD.

JOHN IV. 46—53.

I.

JESUS, great Healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear,
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his prayer !

II.

I look for help in thee alone,
To thee for succour fly ;
My son is sick, my darling son,
And at the point to die !

III.

By deep distress a suppliant made,
By agony of grief ;
Most justly might thy love upbraid
My lingering unbelief.

IV.

But thou art ready still to run,
And grant our hearts' desire :
Lord, in thy healing power come down
Before my child expire !

V.

Surely, if thou pronounce the word,
If thou the answer give,
My dying son shall be restored,
And to thy glory live.

VI.

Rebuke the fever in this hour,
Command it to depart ;
Now, let me now behold thy power,
And give thee all my heart !

VII.

O save the father in the son !
Restore him, Lord, to me !
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give him back to Thee.

VIII.

I will, I will obey thy word,
To thee my all resign ;
I and my house will serve the Lord,
And live for ever thine !

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

ADIEU, my Nutty, dearly bought !
I envy thee, but pity not ;
Happy the port betimes to gain,
Secure from shame and guilt and pain !
No lover false thy youth beguiled ;
No wicked and unthankful child
Tortured with grief thy riper years,
Or crush'd with woes thy hoary hairs.

O blest, beyond misfortune blest,
And safe in never-ending rest !
Let me, if not for thee, my dear,
Drop for myself a secret tear.
For me, my best of life-time knows
Decreasing friends and growing foes :
To those whom most I wish to please,
The cause of pining and disease ;
Alive,—in storms and tempests tost ;
And dead,—perhaps for ever lost !
If doom'd to feel eternal pain,
Never to meet with thee again !
Though, midst the pangs of stinging thought
And bodings of despair, if aught
Can make me pleased with life to be,
'T is that I being gave to thee.

“A WOUNDED SPIRIT WHO CAN
BEAR?”*

I.

WHAT ease, what medicine for a wounded mind ?
Why to the wretch are sense and being given ?
Why should I live, or wherefore die, to find
Nor ease on earth, nor yet repose in heaven ?

* These stanzas must have received their gloomy cast of thought and feeling from the most intense mental anguish. Some of the expressions will remind the reader of the language employed in Romans vii.—EDIT.

II.

My breast still swells with unavailing sighs ;
 My eyes still flow with unavailing tears :
 Tears that, unbid, gush silent from my eyes ;
 Sighs where true, genuine, secret grief appears.

III.

With taste most exquisite of every bliss,
 Stranger to joys, I every sorrow feel ;
 While in myself the cure neglected lies,
 I see and like the good, but do the ill.

IV.

Curst by myself, I of myself complain ;
 As none the guilt, let none the torment, share !
 'T is sore, distracting anguish, bitter pain,
 Sure, full damnation of extreme despair !

 EPITAPHIUM VIVI.

JUXTA quiescit (credite, posteri)
 Contemptor auri, propositi tenax
 Risûsque, vir severus, æquè
 Dedecoris decorisque risor :

Quem nec popelli nec procerum favor
 Perstrinxit unquam ; quem neque perculit
 Famæve mendacis susurrus
 Vel fremitus minitantis aulæ :

Curâ solutus, rege beatior,
Motus per omnes invariabilis ;
Amicus Harlæi cadentis,
Walpolii dominantis hostis :

Annam parentem qui patriæ ratus,
Semperque eandem, semper amabilem,
Solvebat extinctæ perennem,
Parva, licet pia, dona, laudem :

Non exulantis præsulis immemor,
Qui lege latâ fugerat Angliam ;
Utrâque fortunâ probati,
Patris amans et amatus illi.

Quos sprevit omnes tutus ab hostibus,
Hic dormit infra ; nec cineri nocet
Seu, lector, irridere malis,
Seu tetricam caperare frontem.

ENGLISHED.

A MAN who slighted gold lies here,
True to his laughter and his aim ;
Yet, even in his mirth severe,
He laugh'd at glory and at shame :

Who counted vulgar favour light,
And smiles of lords ; who held as sport
The whispers of defaming spite,
The thunder of a threatening court :

Stranger to care, than kings more bless'd ;
Unmoved, however parties go :
A friend to Harley, when oppress'd ;
To Walpole, when in power, a foe :

Who Anne her country's parent thought,
Still lovely princess, "still the same ;"
And praises to her ashes brought,
An humble offering to her fame :

Not mindless of the prelate great,
By statute sent across the main ;
A father, tried in either state,
He loved, and was beloved again.

Safe from the foes he ne'er could fear,
Unhurt, in dust he lays him down,
Whether you praise him with a sneer,
Or sourly blame him with a frown.

EPITAPH.

HERE Wesley lies in quiet rest,
Hated in earnest for his jest.
Here he his worldly bustle ends,
Safe from his foes and from his friends.

LINES

ON HEARING SOME WISH THAT I HAD NEVER WRITTEN.

July 28th, 1733.

Not oaths of ministers of state,
Not starving threaten'd as my fate,
Could tempt me once to fear or frown,
Or make me leave "Hey derry down!"
Could cause my sporting pen to cease,
Or make me write a line the less.
But here my resolution ends ;
I yield, I 'm conquer'd by my friends.
"My cask of joy to dregs is run,
And I must taste my other tun."

Adieu, my mirth ! to which alone
I owe that I am loved or known ;
With which the rage of foes I stood,
And even friends' ingratitude ;
Which willingly I 'd not resign
For Homer's Iliad, Pope, and thine.
The pleasantry of life is o'er,
And I must laugh and sing no more.
No more thy strains I must pursue :
Adieu, my darling mirth, adieu !

Now, granting what my friends would have,—
That, very wise and very grave,
With verse and satire I have done,
And shadows of offences shun,

Till deep discretion owns at last
 The quarantine is fully past ;
 Behold the' effect ! At fifty-five,
 If things should hit and I should live,
 Or not perhaps till seven years more,
 Preferment comes, at past threescore :
 Then (wondrous fruit of wisdom !) I
 Shall just be rich enough to die.

Fuit lætitia.

VERSES

UPON MY RUNNING OUT OF THE ROOM WHEN SOME
 LADIES CAME INTO IT.

WHAT an idiot should I prove,
 Once transform'd by mighty Love,
 That so simple now appear,
 Awkward, clownish, full of fear !
 My trembling voice would then forego
 Its faltering, solitary "No ;"
 Nor could my eyes unfold my mind ;
 Dumb, alas ! at once, and blind ;
 Undeserving of the fair,
 Sad, and certain to despair !
 Knowing, then, myself, by flight
 Timely I avoid a sight
 That my heart might captive lead,
 Never, never to be freed ;

Which, while free, on fear relying,
Shuns unpitied, fruitless sighing ;
Ever safe, while ever flying.

AN EPISTLE TO ME.

THESE verses seem to have been intended as the production of James Oglethorpe, Esq., when he conducted his infant colony to Georgia.—EDIT.

DEAR SIR,

NOR wild ambition nor mean hopes of gain
Provoke your friend to tempt the watery main.
A long-weigh'd scheme, to full perfection brought,
Bids strain each nerve, and quicken every thought.
Nor flies he toil, nor fears he tyrants' rage,
Nor still 'gainst numbers wordy war to wage.
He flies a wicked land, from heaven withdrawn ;
Where Aires and Hoadly stain the fur and lawn ;
Where dire oppression wears the garb of laws ;
Where * * * owns aloud the devil's cause ;
Where the press groans with licensed blasphemies ;
Where father Francis in long exile dies ; *
Where faith with virtue 's punish'd as a crime ;
Where the gull'd Tories Sandys and Pulteney join,
To their ambition give up church and laws,
Give up their party's and their country's cause,

* Had Mr. Wesley lived, he would have altered this, which seems to be a contradiction or modern "bull."—EDIT.

And right and wrong no longer now dispute,
But *which Whig ministry shall rule the brute!*
Vanquish'd or victor, since his country's lost,
His duty bids him seize another post;
Whence rallied, honest men may make a stand,
Regain their own, or plant a better, land.

EPILOGUE TO *ADELPHI*.

SPOKEN BY DEMEA.

UPON AN ACTOR'S BEING TAKEN OFF THE STAGE AND
CARRIED TO BRIDEWELL.

SINCE angry Justice late her power essay'd
To stop the progress of dramatic trade,
In earnest ended what in jest begun,
And dropp'd the curtain ere the play was done;
An arch comedian-wag compell'd has been
To make his entrance in another scene,
To act a part he never play'd before,
And from low life descend to suffer lower:
Perhaps you'll ask us, if our bard and we
Can stand the test of legal scrutiny.
Small privilege, I fear, can Terence have,—
By birth and fortune African and slave.
From their own parish far, his persons come;
At Athens born and bred, they stroll to Rome.
But there the vagrants meet uncommon grace,
And e'en his worship Scipio signs the pass;

Where'er they roam, of favour still secure,
 If wit may favour claim, or language pure.
 But who in court *a plea of wit* e'er saw?
 And Latin, all must own, is dead in law.

These reasons fail, perhaps, if strictly tried;
 But, sirs, I Demea take the milder side;
 And those who carry *summum jus* so high,
 'Tis hoped, will change their minds as well as I.
 Let mercy temper rigour: though, I own,
 I dread no other danger than your frown.
 On Rome I little build, on Athens less;
 Yet no commitment fear nor law-distress:
 I act by licence from the good queen Bess.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

January 15th, 1728-9.

TAKEN PARTLY FROM A LATIN ONE BY THE SAME
 AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY DEMEA.

My former humours I with ease lay down,
 No more a churl, a snarler, and a clown.
 Much is already done: for—let me see—
 Hegio is wealthy made, and Syrus free;
 My brother, aged sixty-five, is sped,
 And my young daughter finely brought to bed.
 Is there aught else? Yes; I must higher rise,
 Proceeding you, my audience, to advise.

Why, what a ruin'd, paltry place is here !
 Is this, sirs, like a Roman theatre ?
 Ask not superfluous questions,—what to do,
 Since the old structure totters ; build a new ;
 Erect a nobler : nor regard expense :
 Consult our use and your magnificence.
 'T will cost you little to remove that wall :
 You need not pull it down ; but let it fall.
 Nor vast will be the charge to carry on
 What all degrees so gloriously begun.
 Away with doubts, excuses, and delay !
 Nor stop, where peers and kings have led the way ;
 Where priests and prelates have example shown,
 The reverend guardians of Eliza's gown.
 Thus soon the bounteous, patronizing great
 The dome may perfect, and the work complete ;
 And to our common glory be it said,
 That you perform it, and that I persuade ! *

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

YOUR ancient bards were wiser far than we ;
 Their usual epilogue was, *Plaudite*.
 What need of *many* words, when *one* would do ?
 Though sometimes they would add, *Valete*, too.
 But different now with us the mode is grown ;
 None but long-winded epilogues go down ;

* Concerning this building see the Epilogue in page 345.
 — EDIT.

Of smooth and suppliant words an idle store,
That sometimes mean as much, but never more.
'T is true, excuses were superfluous then :
The plays were sterling sense, and worthy men;
The characters of life were mark'd so fair,
And all who trod the stage had business there.
Why should apologies perplex the brain ?
They then were needless, and they now are vain ;
Unless to' acquaint the gentle lookers-on,
"Take notice, this is all ; the play is done ;"
Which else the sharpest critic had not thought,
And ne'er had guess'd at by the finish'd plot.
Now wit is scarcer grown, for more you call ;
As taxes heaviest on the poorest fall.
Say, is not Terence of applause secure,
Without this fond, unclassic garniture ?
Our author's merit is our strongest hold ;
Not antiquated yet, however old.
For us, your favour we desire to share :
For him, condemn the' *Adelphi* if you dare !

PROLOGUE TO "THE EUNUCH."

WE'RE now no more in those enlighten'd days
When squeamish murderers took offence at plays ;
When *stage to kill a king* had approbation,
But *stage for plays* was vile abomination.
Their tragedies by night were never done ;
They scorn'd a meaner witness than the sun :

While scenes and lights unsanctified their eyes,
 Resembling antichristian pageantries.

Nay, Protestant besides the stage is grown :

It breeds no whore,—at least, of Babylon.

Dramatic bards with pious pens conspire

To maul old Popery with poetic fire ;

And preach in “Lady Jane,” and sneer in “Spanish Friar.”

From a suspicious place is Terence come,

Yet humbly begs a favourable doom :

’T was Rome he lived in, but ’t was heathen Rome.

He wrote and flourish’d long ago, ’t is plain :—

His mirth is chaste, nor is his wit profane.

Pity what well is writ, should ill be play’d ;

Which should it chance, it justly may be said

That acting is our sport, and not our trade.

Actors have gain’d applause for D’Urfey’s plays,

For female farce and sing-song operas.

Let it on t’ other side for once be known,

An author’s worth for acting can atone :

And though your doom should prove at last severe,

Be just ; and, ere you sentence, see and hear.

PROLOGUE, 1716.

WHEN public ills late claim’d the public care,

And feuds and tumults boded civil war ;

When, gathering black, were hovering thunders
 heard,

And bravest patriots for their country fear’d ;

Nor dared we act, nor had you liked to see,
 The ill-timed mirth of sportive comedy.
 Though, had we on preposterous mirth been bent,
 Well could we clear ourselves by precedent :
 And precedent has screen'd a greater crime
 Than disregard to decency of time.
 When the famed whirlwind shatter'd Albion's coast,
 And British mountains mourn'd their honours lost ;
 When wrecks of navies strew'd our shores around,
 And palaces and temples spread the ground ;
 The players, merry mortals ! undismay'd,
 True to their bills, and constant to their trade,
 The next-succeeding night their comic "Tempest"
 play'd :
 Machines the terrors of the storm must feign,
 And roll disturb'd their imitated main ;
 Mock lightnings flash, incarnate devils fly,
 And puny thunder shakes the mimic sky.
 Art ill-employ'd ! From art, 't is true, *we're* free ;
 But want as well their flagrant *piety*.
 Your favours, then, impartially extend :
 Like them we please not,—nor like them offend.

HENLEY'S SHIELD.

AN orator with wit so keen
 A shield would hammer from a screen,
 Whose hardness has been often tried,
 Whether of brass or of bull's hide.

He shielded Preston-rebels many,
Who got their penn'orth for their penny.
In Porto-Bello's peaceful field,
What thousands slept beneath our shield !
He members shields in his good graces
From loss of pensions and of places.
He shields our traffic ; as is clear
By captain Jenkins and his ear.
He shields alike, in peace and war,
Our freedom and our Gibraltar.
How did astonish'd Europe dread
Our shield, when shaken at Spithead !
And then for shielding, who but he,
Widows and orphans in South Sea ?
He shields our laws,—the case is plain,—
By Acts of Penalty and Pain.
He shields our army, too, no less,
With Wolfenbuttle and with Hesse.
He shielded George the First, and shook
His promise made to Bolingbroke.
And though no shield he did appear
To save the promised life of Laver,
Yet no man can deny, I hope,
He shielded Charteris from a rope :
The fittest cause that e'er was known
To show the shield in, but his own !

TO CHRISTOPHER RHODES, ESQ.,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY BEING TRANSFERRED FROM JUNE
TO JULY.

I.

WHEN the late king demised, his son
Seem'd not in haste to take the crown.
The tenth of June was slunk away ;
He wore it on the' eleventh day ;
Though an apostle lost his place,
And George thus routed Barnabas.

II.

Now loyal subjects, I maintain,
Should imitate their sovereign.
Wherefore, whene'er it serves a turn,
We days and seasons may adjourn
For a whole month : 't is in our power
As easily as for an hour.

III.

Another plea, too, may arise,—
That July next to August lies ;
And Walpole, if we credit fame,
First into life in August came.
Your birth, then, stands, by this delay,
The nearer to sir Robert's day.

IV.

But Time, for all our care and sleight
To slacken or to stay his flight,
With speed uninterrupted flies ;
As one is born, another dies.
Virtue alone will ever stay ;
But life "has wings, and will away."

V.

Age comes unheeded and unsought,
Not hasten'd by a serious thought.
No ! if it were, my friendly lays
Should never hint at fleeting days :
Unhurt, unsung, you should, for me,
Live to the year of jubilee.

VI.

Live ! for your spouse and daughter, live ;
That *each* protection may receive
From slight or wrong. Live, that your son,
By kindness and by spirit won,
The love you thought a mother's due,
Transported, may repay to you.

VII.

Well may you spend the remnant-space,
And wisely close the' allotted race !
Since happy, only happy, they
Who, fitted for the final day,
Secure their other birth can see,
Born to a bless'd eternity.

SPANISH INSULTS, 1729.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

STRANGE are the turns the course of ages brings,
And fickle Fortune plays with human things.
At will the Wanton roves from coast to coast,
And gives *this* land the worth which *that* has lost ;
Bids mighty Valour make a mean retreat,
And steady Wisdom quit her ancient seat ;
Patriots in different climes their virtue show,
And various tides of empire ebb and flow.

How great, how awful once the British land !
When old Plantagenets and Tudors reign'd ;
When Edward's arms to farthest North were known,
Or fix'd a monarch on Iberia's throne ;
When vassal-crowns were conquering Henry's prize,
And Gauls aspired not to be term'd "allies."
Nor less illustrious was our realm confess'd
In that bright period which Eliza bless'd ;
While either Indies dreaded from afar
Raleigh and Drake, her thunderbolts of war.
Hither she bade the eastern spices flow :
Ours were the gems the Orient could bestow,
And treasures of Peru and Mexico. }
In vain conspired the powers of Rome and Spain ;
The deep beneath the' Armada groan'd in vain ;
When from her arm was aim'd the' avoidless blow,
And Heaven's auxiliar storm dispersed the foe.

Great without pride, without oppression strong,
She took no insult, as she did no wrong.
Thee, too, victorious Anna, own'd so late
The glorious arbitress of Europe's fate !
Thee Philip fear'd ; nor, fearing, could repine
To yield his Calpe to a hand like thine,
Worthy to hold what rightful conquest gave ;
For, wise thy statesmen and thy heroes brave !

But where, ah ! where are all our glories flown ?
O wounding thought ! and O distressful moan !
Britannia's sons, condemn'd to new disgrace,
Now fly the spoilers they were used to chase ;
Seek not to beat, but bribe, the' injurious foe ;
And beg the peace they wanted to bestow ;
See thousands slain, their forts besieged ; nor dare
To give the' outrageous waste the name of " war ;"
Submissive bow to proud Hesperian lords,
And with but passive valour meet their swords.
Wide though our stately fleets o'er ocean ride,
Mock'd is their threatening, and contemn'd their
pride.

Mere farce of war ! to' avenge our ravish'd trade
Forbid, and only licensed to persuade !
We share no more the rich Peruvian mine ;
No second Vigo must adorn our coin.
Old patriot valour leaves this hapless land,
And, leaving, rises on a foreign strand.
'T is hard the sad vicissitude to bear,
And see the Spaniards what the Britons were.

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON TO HIS MISTRESS HERE :

IN ANSWER TO "A LETTER FROM A LADY" BY
MR. TICKELL.*

WHILE far from thee in exile sad I rove,
With double weight of banishment and love,
Thy letter cheers me in a distant land ;
But, O ! 't is written by another's hand.
Yet why should anxious doubts my bosom grieve,
Inclined by love and party to believe ?

You ask, what steady friends our cause will own
To fix the favourite wanderer on a throne,
Desperate if nothing stronger he prepares
Than female armies or than Popish prayers ;

* The following lines from the former part of Mr. Tickell's
"Epistle" will show the reader the state of the rival parties
with regard to the Pretender.—EDIT.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends ;
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvied by your haughty foes at home ;
For ever near the royal outlaw's side,
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide ;
On glorious schemes and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, (for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine, and the right divine,)
Say, what new succours does the chief prepare ?
The strength of armies ? or the force of prayer ?

What wondrous schemes our dying hopes revive ;
What countless sums our plunder'd friends can give ;
What generous aid the hireling Swiss intends ;
What swarms depopulated Sweden sends ;—
At home inquire : The' Exchange will tell you all ;
Or learn the' important secret at Whitehall,
Where plots most dangerous are to statesmen shown,
With us unheard-of, and at Rome unknown.

Let wonted pleasures wing your softer hours,
Nor church's safety banish matadores.
Nay, view the public as your usual game :
The stakes are different, but the chance the same.
Yet boast not, though you plead our exile's right
In all your dreams by day or feasts by night :
No passive fair one half the fury shows
Nor half the reading of her female foes.

Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive ?
From saints departed ? or from priests alive ?
Nor saints, nor priests, can Brunswick's troops withstand,
And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand ;
Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause and thee my heart inclined,
Or love to party had seduced my mind,
In female joys took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night :
But now, with fears and public cares possess'd,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.
The Post-boy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends and new allies ;
What armies march from Sweden in disguise ;

To them the gentle Tatler gave alarms,
 And aged Nestor* kindled them to arms ;
 Legions of authors edified their zeal,
 From Locke and Sidney down to Oates and Steele.
 Can solitary Abel battle these ?
 Numbers bear down a single Hercules.

How on the beauteous sex can James confide,
 If half still combat on the adverse side,
 With eyes opposed to eyes, an equal crowd,
 Their nails as piercing and their tongues as loud ?
 While general Addison, the Squire of Dames,
 Proud of enrolling their associate names,
 Teaches their party-ribands to display,
 And leads their banner'd host in fair array,

How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
 And Rome deals out her blessings and her gold :
 Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray
 'Cross many a region, marks the winding way ;
 From sea to sea, from realm to realm, I rove,
 And grow a mere geographer by love.
 But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast,
 That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most ;
 Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
 And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :
 In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
 War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
 The' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers ;
 Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
 We reason with such fluency and fire,
 The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,

* The Englishman.

With patches ranged, the Tories to confound,
 While fans loud-fluttering should the triumph sound,
 What boot your headless, unexperienced bands
 'Gainst troops so wise a veteran commands?

Vainly, alas! you rue and wormwood chose,
 Or graced your bosoms with the Yorkist rose;
 For herb-of-grace each loyal soldier hates,
 And guards are planted at your churches' gates,
 Justly enraged that damsels dare be seen
 Adorn'd with virgin-white or willow-green.
 Their ready insolence can all things dare,
 Secured from every law but that of war;
 Whose stern, unhallow'd rudeness could molest
 The soft asylum of a maiden breast.
 The city's ruler, arbitrary, pours
 His civil vengeance on the traitor-flowers:

Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
 And from our judges vindicate the laws.
 Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost;
 A crown, though late, thy sacred brow may boast.
 Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree;
 Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that, when, profusely gay,
 Our well-dress'd rivals graced their sovereign's day,
 We stubborn damsels met the public view
 In loathsome wormwood and repenting rue?
 What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band
 In virgin roses whiten'd half the land?
 Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,
 When oaken bows mark'd every loyal breast?
 Less scared near Medway's stream the Norman stood,
 When cross the plain he spied a marching wood,
 Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
 The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade.

Nor pink nor primrose can be safely worn ;
 Nay, every bush which snowy flowers adorn
 Is Popish deem'd as Glastonbury thorn.

}
 }

Your hopes imaginary succours feign :
 Our enemies have seized on Drury-lane.
 To force the strong intrenchments we despair ;
 For half the royal army quarters there,
 Whose virtuous squadrons guard the friendly doors
 Of veteran bawds and regimental whores.
 There patriots flock, their loyalty to prove,
 And throng the temple of the land of love ;
 Where Steele well-paid presides, adventurous knight !
 Nor checks the progress of obscene delight.

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
 May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
 The female bands, O prince, by fortune cross'd,
 At least more courage than thy men may boast ;
 Our sex has dared the mug-house chiefs to meet,
 And purchased fame in many a well-fought street.
 From Drury-lane, the region of renown,
 The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
 Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight
 With all their poles the guardians of the night,
 And borne, with screams of triumph, to their side
 The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
 Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought.
 Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
 Sore " smitten " for " the love of sacred song,"
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
 And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.

There modest vestals laugh at Congreve's play,
 Who sink with blushes at the farce of Gay ;
 Yet lewd Vanbrugh can with applauses see,
 And smile barefaced at impious Wycherley.
 At blackest scenes of vice they crowd the ring,
 Blaspheming God, but honouring their king.
 Did all the prostitutes for James declare,
 Soon were the conquest gain'd without a war :
 No change of chiefs could sinking George defend ;
 For every soldier would the dames befriend.

AN EPISTLE TO MY LORD ORRERY, 1738.*

FROM banks of Ex or Loman shall I soar ?
 Where bard of Westminster ne'er sang before ;
 And where, if angry foes their threats maintain,
 No Westminster shall ever sing again.
 No climate this to tempt heroic flight.
 Or raise a genius up to Pindar's height :

* The accomplished and honourable Charles Boyle, while at Christ-Church, Oxford, published an edition of *the Epistles of Phalaris* ; the genuineness of which being questioned by Dr. Richard Bentley, was defended by Boyle and his learned Oxonian co-adjutors ; among the principal of whom was his Tutor, Dr. Francis Atterbury, then dean of Christ-Church. Though a little older than Mr. Wesley, he was one of his most intimate friends ; and to him, when he became earl of Orrery, were addressed the affecting verses on the death of his first wife, (page 243,) as well as the congratulatory lines in this Epistle on his second marriage.—EDIT.

Yet even here I'll try, in humbler style,
To please you as a friend, if not as Boyle.

A friend! what 's that? what can the word
intend?

Who can explain the barbarous term "a friend?"

'T is hardly English: glossaries profound
May teach the' importance of the sacred sound;
But not to you, who friendship dare to show
To fortunes moderate, and to fortunes low;
From modest worth disdaining to recede,—
Southern in years, or Sheridan in need.

Let miscreants, cast in base, inferior mould,
Avoid the needy, and despise the old:
Though he that virtuous age with judgment eyes
Will find more cause to envy than despise;
While willing nature gently wears away,—
The calm, still evening of a cloudless day;
Nor scenes of guilt perplex the dying hour,
Ill-weaved ambition, or ill-managed power.

Say, how shall wisdom's care our lives dispose,
To end with safety, and with rapture close?
In duty's paths unfailing hope is found,
Built by sound learning on religion sound.
For this from Ireland Orrery repairs,
To trust to' Eliza's walls his darling heirs.
She favour'd musty books and grammar-rules,
And liked the' impartial levelling of schools,
Where boys with prayer-books and with psalms
they breed,
And teach to reverence and rehearse their creed;

Nor teach in vain, when public care we find
With private prudence and affection join'd ;
When the pleased father leads the ready son
At once by precept and example on,
And female sweetness trains the rising mind
To all the softer virtues of mankind.

Twice-happy Boyle ! again ordain'd to prove
The chaste endearments of connubial love !
Twice-happy sons ! again allow'd to share
The tender safeguard of a mother's care !
For not that sacred title truth denies,
Where love all-powerful nature's place supplies.
A stepmother exact, exempt from fault,
'T is easier *to be* than *to be thought*.
Yet many fair have risen in spotless fame,
Whom calumny back-wounding durst not blame.
Such may your consort long your household bless,
Diffusing and receiving happiness ;
From *their* reserved fanatic sourness far
Who wage with laughter everlasting war ;
Who purest faith in deepest frowning place,
And take ill-nature for a sign of grace ;
Who cause the straying feet yet more to stray,
And vex with needless thorns the narrow way !
In *HER*, true, genuine cheerfulness you see,
Not stifling, but adorning, piety ;
While inward joys in open looks appear,
And the clear conscience makes the forehead clear.

Perhaps you'll ask me, how so well I know :
I answer short, " Her husband told me so."

Proof plain and strong ! for, if he pass his word,
I dare believe him, though a wit and lord.
Suggested thus by him, a stranger's line
As *his* may please her, though it fails as *mine*.

PROLOGUE TO MR. BRADY'S COMEDY,

CALLED, "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY ; OR, THE
RAKE DISAPPOINTED :"

SPOKEN BY HIMSELF, WHO ACTED THE CHIEF PART.

THIS young gentleman was the son of the Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., vicar of Richmond, Surrey, who, in conjunction with Tate, the Poet-Laureat, executed the New Version of the Psalms.—EDIT.

You've seen me oft enough to know me here :*
"Young Nick"'s my name, and "fool" my character.
Besides, my voice is heard, and phiz is shown :
I need not throw my cloak off to be known.†
An old man's garb is a disguise too thin ;
The cloak can seldom keep the fool within.

* He used to rehearse to all the women in Richmond.

† He writ an epilogue for himself to speak in the person of an old man ; where he throws off his cloak and tells them,

———" You like the trick :

I am no more old Interest, but young Nick."

A lion's skin the silent ass may case,
 But length of ear the solid brute betrays ;
 For, while his ears remain, an ass will be an ass. }
 Howe'er, our farce shall well be represented :
 Nor is my acting here unprecedented.
 Shakespeare in his own plays a part would bear,—
 Some meal-faced ghost or black-wigg'd murderer :
 But the top-characters surpass'd his skill ;
 For, what he well could write, he acted ill.
 Thus to acquire renown and please the fair,
 I come, like him, a playwright and a player.
 Nor do my works and action disagree ;
 (In which you 'll own I 'm happier far than he ;) }
 For I alike excel in each capacity.
 None but myself can in so just a light }
 Each different humour place to open sight ;
 And none but Nick should play what none but }
 Nick would write.
 Say, every single she in Richmond, say,
 Have I e'er fail'd to show or read my play,
 Or act it all myself, on each glad holiday ? }
 Have I e'er fail'd, soon as released from schooling,*
 To change my tragic birch for comic fooling ?
 In public, then, forbear my work aspersing :
 'T has pass'd your private judgment in rehearsing.
 Of the unlearn'd let it not feel the fury
 That stood the verdict of an Oxford jury :

* He was the Doctor's son, and assistant in teaching school.

For 't has at Oxford had its hearing too,
 Rehearsed at once to twelve good men and true.*
 I would not have you clap,—though it may
 happen

There mayn't be much occasion for your clapping.
 But if you fain your private sense would utter,
 Rattling with modish rage your fans must flutter :†
 They must, or else my schemes are all disjointed,—
 The Fool, as well as "Rake," is "disappointed."

Well, for myself I'll say,—and mark, d' ye see ?
 I shall for once speak without vanity,—
 Young Nick to-night does Falstaff's self transcend,
 Though play'd by Betterton, by Shakespeare penn'd.
 The best-drawn copy to delight must fail,
 With *me* compared,—a mere original.
 For never yet on any stage was shown a
 Coxcomb so true *in propria personâ*.

LINES

ON A REPORT THAT DUKE WHARTON WAS EXPELLED
 A LODGE OF FREE-MASONS.

DUKE WHARTON, on the tenth of June,
 Whistled a treasonable tune ;

* He read his play, at St. John's in Oxon, to twelve in
 company, most of them strangers.

† The two last verses in his "Prologue to the Ladies" are,
 "Lest rustic claps should hurt your tender hands,
 Take the Spectator's rule, and flourish with your fans."

Nay, more, half-drunk, in merry vein
The health of James the Third began.
This each mysterious Lodge alarms,
And all the Masons rise in arms.
The reverend Deputy acquaints
The Master of a Lodge of saints,
It highly would become their zeal
Their late Grand-Master to expel.
One frantic health thus cost him more
Than all his blasphemies before.
What, though he made hell-fire his mirth,
Devil incarnate upon earth ;
The volleys of whose impious tongue
Have through the land with horror rung ?
Yet, this consistent was allow'd
With Mastership and Brotherhood.
The prelate-brethren had forgiven
His treasons 'gainst the King of heaven ;
Which Presbyterians bore with ease,
For all their tender consciences.
And is it thus, you Masons Free,
You prove your ancient pedigree ?
Could acts like these be ever done
By Moses or by Solomon ?

ON A LINE IN "THE CHARACTER OF A
COUNTRY PARSON:"

"And shakes his head at Dr. Swift."

I.

WHEN Jonathan his wit displays
In satire and sometimes in praise,
Much I admire his matchless gift,
Yet shake my head at Doctor Swift.

II.

When he discovers, vain and mean,
The' amour betwixt a fair and dean ;
Though private life I scorn to sift,
I shake my head at Doctor Swift.

III.

Whene'er he leaps religion's bound,
When rattling oaths in volleys sound ;
My hands and eyes I then uplift,
And shake my head at Doctor Swift.

IV.

When he with lewdness lards his jokes,
In ordure and in urine pokes ;
To' avoid a puke I make a shift,
But shake my head at Doctor Swift.

V.

If e'er, forgetting Ireland's cries,
In England he attempt to rise,
I'll grieve to see the paltry drift,
And shake my head at Doctor Swift.

TO MR. THOMAS.*

ONCE disappointed, yet again
I dare in verse to try my pen.
Though Bob my grovelling genius knows,
Unfit to make a speech in prose ;
He has not yet, whate'er he may,
Bid me not sing, as well as say.
Though, if he did, 't were very right,
Could he prevent my speaking by 't ;
Since, if *his* thousands it would bring,
Like him I would not say or sing,
Or cease at those to stretch my throat
Who change their party and their note,
 Yet leaving seekers, high or low,
At present to their cringe and bow,
My business let me not forget,
As authors use, to show their wit.
I beg this letter may atone
For rudeness I have never shown.
I shall not, in the common way,
My fault upon another lay,

* The friend to whom these lines were addressed, had sent a hasty and almost illegible note to Mr. Wesley, requesting him to dine with Edward earl of Oxford, whom he had designated merely by the letter M, as earl Mortimer. They convey his humorous apology for not being able to decipher Mr. Thomas's writing.—EDIT.

Because from fault I'm wholly free ;
The blame was yours that fell on me.
I read your invitation straight ;
Nay,—though I say 't that should not say 't,—
Though business I had then good store,
Yet twice or thrice I read it o'er ;
But could not find a single word
Or tittle in 't about my lord.
I dare affirm, there's no such thing,
Except you use deciphering :
For then, perhaps, an M is there,
Which stands point-blank for *Mortimer*.
How could I otherwise divine
An earl expected me to dine ?
An earl three hours for *me* to wait,
Unworthy tendance from the great !
More honour than if proudest knight
Three days had waited for my sight ;
Or Townshend should obsequious stand,
And humbly beg to kiss my hand !
As soon I might have thought to spend
A week at board with Doctor Freind ;
Or dream my merit might this year
Me to a bishopric prefer,
Through interest of such loyal men
As Edmund, Lancelot, and Ben.*

* Dr. Edmund Gibson, bishop of London ; Dr. Lancelot Blackburne, archbishop of York ; and Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of Winchester.—EDIT.

These fancies, or perhaps as vain,
 Might fall into my crazy brain :
 But frenzy could not rise so high,
 While loose and out of Bedlam I,
 To slight a happiness so great,
 Or Harley with neglect to treat,
 Or thought of disrespect to bear
 To Oxford's earl and Oxford's heir.

TO CAPTAIN EARLE.

THESE familiar verses ("half in earnest, half in jest") display the affectionate bearing of the author's thoughts, when he reflected on the additional comforts which he might have been enabled to procure for his parents in the decline of life, had he not been a violent political partisan ; and thus beclouded his fair prospects of ecclesiastical preferment. I have placed them here as a good introduction to the sub-joined collection of satirical poetry, in almost every grade of versification, from the ode, downward to the epigram, against Sir Robert Walpole and his administration.—EDIT.

DEAR SIR, I must entreat from you
 A boon as friend and schoolfellow,—
 That great Sir Robert you would see
 For me,—nay, never stare,—for me !
 Not that I want his hand to kiss
 For pension, place, or benefice ;
 But should rejoice, could I procure
 Some guineas for a father poor.

I shall not put you off with flams
'Bout satires, songs, and epigrams ;
Nor, to gain favour, cringe and lie :
I neither own them nor deny.
More generous will his bounty show,
The more he takes me for his foe.
But were I ten times worse than he
Has heard or others fancied me,
Some kindness to my sire be done,
If but for having such a son ;
Who, sure, the greater his distress,
Deserves more pity, and not less ;
As true to Brunswick and his heirs,
As any He that Britain bears.
When the whole nation seem'd to be
Mad with the losses of South-Sea ;
Cato and Brutus, monarchs' foes,
Their country's evil genii rose ;
My father then with unpaid hand
For kings and ministers durst stand ;
A man that never flatter'd yet,
And ne'er forgot a benefit.
Now, if in vain I should not sue
For what, I think, myself would do,
Could I ascend to high degree,
And Walpole ever sink to me ;
I honest gratitude shall show ;
No courtier I, as well you know.
My promises shall be but few,
And therefore likelier to be true.

The timely obligation shown
On just occasions I shall own,
And to my power and in my way
With fullest interest will repay.

SATIRICAL POETRY

AGAINST SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S ADMINISTRATION.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, an able and bold statesman, lived in an eventful period of our history ; and contrived, with consummate skill, to preserve this country for many years in a state of profound tranquillity, when the continuance of peace appeared to be the chief requisite for our national prosperity. The means which he adopted for effecting some of his purposes, have often been the topics of severe and merited reprehension. But those who may have accounted him blameworthy for his open acts of bribery, forget the immense sums of money with which a restless Popish faction on the Continent had plied many of the most venal of our countrymen, from the Restoration down to the reign of George II. To counteract those insidious designs against our free constitution, the Prime Minister may indeed seem to have been too profuse of the public money. But the ordinary ground of accusation against him is, in reality, a compliment to the frankness of his character; for it is generally allowed, that the principal difference between his species of corruption and that of his rivals consisted in its having been less secret and concealed. Every virtuous mind shrinks with instinctive abhorrence from the bare contemplation of both secret and avowed bribery ; but, though it is right to indulge in feelings and expressions of virtuous indignation against such degrading practices in any and all of their changeful forms, we must always remember the natural aptitude and predisposition, in

men of aspiring minds and low fortunes, to accept pecuniary favours: a constitution of unsanctified human nature, which no one understood better than did Walpole. But while we pass a righteous sentence upon such statesmen as he was, we are not precluded from admitting matter of palliation in mitigation of punishment. The circumstances in which he was placed were peculiarly difficult, and differed materially from any that have since occurred; and it is not an easy task for us to throw ourselves into them, and to comprehend their diversified bearings. We find him called to rule in a Court that had to contend with the foreign and domestic friends of the Pretender, and that indulged itself in hurtful reveries concerning German treaties and electoral aggrandizement. The small portion of revenue which a clever minister could save from these paltry objects and local predilections, was certainly more usefully bestowed in purchasing the influence of the most powerful members of Parliament, and in enlisting in the service of their country, and in the defence and consolidation of public freedom, such eminent literary men as were among the last of those who were bought over from the opposite party. The extent to which it was possible to carry out ministerial liberality, was then much narrower and more restricted than our modern notions would induce us to imagine. The appointments arising out of the gradual increase of our colonial possessions, and especially of the East Indies, that wonderfully prolific source of indirect ministerial patronage, were then but few and ill-remunerated; and many of our home-institutions connected with government, which have in recent times sent forth vast and profitable ramifications, were then either entirely unknown, or had not reached those magnificent proportions to which they have subsequently attained. In the immense range of public business every variety of talent can now be advantageously employed, without the semblance of undeserved recompence, or the sacrifice of honourable principle. A modern Prime Minister is thus enabled to satisfy the very natural cravings of those who have

embarked their interests with his on the fickle ocean of state-policy, by means which cannot be considered disreputable, and without abstracting the smallest fraction from the public purse for the purposes of bribery.

Those who wish to obtain more ample information respecting Walpole's peculiar position, and to peruse the most impartial character of him that was ever written, may consult an able critique on *Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, in "the Edinburgh Review" for October, 1833, (No. 117, pp. 241—258,) written with consummate ability, by the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay, M. P., and inserted in the second volume of his collected "Essays." I subjoin a few sentences from that article, in elucidation of some of the allusions in Mr. Wesley's verses :—

"He had, undoubtedly, great talents and great virtues. He was not, indeed, like the leaders of the party which opposed his government, a brilliant orator. He was not a profound scholar, like Carteret; or a wit and fine gentleman, like Chesterfield. His manners were a little too coarse and boisterous, even for that age of Westerns and Tophalls. When he ceased to talk of politics, he could talk of nothing but women; and he dilated on his favourite theme with a freedom which shocked even that plain-spoken generation, and which was quite unsuited to his age and station. But, however ignorant he might be of general history and of general literature, he was better acquainted than any man of his day with what it concerned him most to know,—mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons, and his own office. He was an excellent parliamentary debater, an excellent parliamentary tactician, an excellent man of business. He was a good-natured man, who had for thirty years seen nothing but the worst parts of human nature in other men. He was familiar with the malice of kind people, and the perfidy of honourable people. He retired, after more than twenty years of power, with a temper not soured, with a heart not hardened; with simple tastes, with frank manners,

and with a capacity for friendship. No stain of treachery, of ingratitude, or of cruelty, rests on his memory. This would scarcely seem a high eulogium on a statesman of our times. It was then a rare and honourable distinction. The contests of parties in England had long been carried on with a ferocity unworthy of a civilized people. Sir Robert Walpole was the minister who gave to our government that character of lenity which it has since generally preserved.

“That he practised corruption on a large scale, is, we think, indisputable. But whether he deserved all the invectives which have been uttered against him on that account, may be questioned. Walpole governed by corruption, because, in his time, it was impossible to govern otherwise. The government could not go on unless the Parliament could be kept in order. And how was the Parliament to be kept in order? A hundred years ago it would not have been enough for a statesman to have both the Crown and the people on his side. The Parliament had shaken off the control of the royal prerogative. It had not yet fallen under the control of public opinion. A large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any administration except their own interest; and that in the lowest sense of the word. The fault was in the constitution of the legislature; and to blame those ministers who managed the legislature in the only way in which it could be managed, is gross injustice. They submitted to extortion because they could not help themselves. We might as well accuse the poor Lowland farmers, who paid *black mail* to Rob Roy, of corrupting the virtues of the Highlanders, as Sir Robert Walpole of corrupting the virtue of Parliament. His crime was merely this,—that he employed his money more dexterously, and got more support in return for it, than any of those who preceded or followed him. He was himself incorruptible by money. His dominant passion was the love of power; and the heaviest charge which can be brought against him is, that to this passion he never scrupled to sacrifice the interests of his country.”

Several of the following political verses were written when Mr. Wesley was a young man ; and are consequently to be read with indulgent candour. They strongly remind us of the unseemly violence and the unrelenting asperity with which party-warfare was then conducted ; and though we have occasionally seen a few slight indications of the same acrimonious spirit, yet we may dwell with complacency on the comparatively peaceful days in which we live ;—when personal rancour is seldom exhibited in debate ;—when political antagonists refrain from imputing base and unworthy motives ;—and when, no longer acting under the contemptible dread of injuring their own reputation, rival statesmen can ingenuously accord the meed of praise to the public measures propounded by each other, and to the sound principles on which they may be based. Had Harley and Walpole heartily entered into a powerful coalition, which was more than once attempted by the former, or had they learnt to display toward each other the courtesies of life, the fame of both might have been less tarnished, and their character stood higher in the estimation of posterity.—
EDIT.

I.—AN ODE TO MR. WALPOLE.

I.

WALPOLE, accept the lyric strain :

The strain is ever due to thee,
Thou saver of the Preston train,
And great restorer of South Sea !

II.

In vain, unfriendly to the lyre,
Thou seek'st to quench the poet's flame ;
In vain would Modesty retire
From glory which thy merits claim. •

III.

Begin ! the annals fair unfold
Of Walpole prevalently great,
When simple Tories gave the gold
That bribed their party from its seat ;

IV.

When Parliaments were doom'd no more
Than three short winters to remain,
Till wisdom deep prolong'd their power,
And bade them for a life-time reign.

V.

Through thee the free-born Briton braves
The' assaults of arbitrary power ;
Tortured with shackles, laughs at slaves ;
And boasts of freedom in the Tower !

VI.

Through thee may British kings possess
A more advanced revenue far
Than James or Charles enjoy'd in peace,
Than Anne or William in their war.

VII.

Merit, not number, now we see,
In all elections bears the sway ;
And fifty, when sustain'd by thee,
Can make five hundred fly away.

VIII.

Thy conduct no suspicion draws,
Nor friends of liberty alarms ;
Though arms are still increased by laws,
And laws are still enforced by arms.

IX.

Long daring to oppose thy power,
By thee the stubborn Francis fell ;
Resistless, when thine anger swore
The haughty prelate's pride to quell.

X.

Thy piercing eye through plots profound,
Almost unsearchable, can see ;
And depths which Harcourt cannot sound
Are plain to Pawlett made by thee.

XI.

To thee the' united senate bends,
And laws themselves confess thy power ;
The Charter of the Forest ends,
And Magna Charta is no more.

XII.

Through thee all court the stronger side ;
Protesting keen no more alarms ;
The haughty London veils her pride,
And Scots deliver up their arms.

XIII.

For thee their chests the misers drain,
And three per cent. rejoice to choose ;
To others faithful but for gain,
Obliged by Walpole when they lose.

XIV.

Thy pleasure *right* and *wrong* can make
To shift their limits to and fro :
Freind at thy nod as hell is black,
And Saint-John is as white as snow.

XV.

The Utrecht treaty, growing good,
That severs Austria's house from Spain,
'T was Oxford's *treason* to conclude,
'T is Walpole's *glory* to maintain.

XVI.

Thy mercy wise, for public ends,
To every sect indulgence shows,
To Quakers unbaptized extends,
And smiles on unconverted Jews.

XVII.

Thy yoke old rebels willing bear,
Obsequious to thy least command :
Nor wilt thou leave, to breathe the air,
A single Tory in the land.

XVIII.

One only wish the bard can give
 To raise thine honour yet more high :
 When fate permits no more to live,
 With equal glory mayst thou die !

II.—UPON THE JEWEL OF THE TOWER. 1716.

THESE verses were written at the close of 1716, when the earl of Oxford was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason. They were intended to constitute a contrast between that event and the committal of sir Robert Walpole in 1711.—EDIT.

I.

In glorious Anna's later time,
 When Whigs were stripp'd of sovereign power,
 Their wits extoll'd in ballad-rhyme
 A precious Jewel of the Tower.

II.

O might they now repeat their art !
 How Britain would rejoice once more,
 Could she but see the second part
 Of that same Jewel in the Tower !

III.

The second part to the same tune,
 To mend what was amiss before ;
 That greater care might now be shown
 To keep the Jewel in the Tower.

IV.

Case-harden'd Steele * it did surpass,
Yet still grew harder every hour :
And such a rarity, sure, was
No where so well as in the Tower !

V.

The gems were once, we know, purloin'd :
But now that trick can take no more ;
They 're safe in locks and bars confined :
And so should this, too, in the Tower.

VI.

But let the counterfeit be shown,
And *cant* abuse our ears no more ;
The gem became the case of stone ;
Walpole was Jewel of the Tower.

VII.

It was not George's gem, they said,
Nor of his partner Anna's store :
'T is pity, then, he kept his head,
Or e'er came living from the Tower.

VIII.

He ne'er deserved, we'll all agree,
The same that Cæsar did before :
Subjects the gems of crowns may be,
But Whigs the monsters of the Tower.

* An allusion to sir Richard Steele.—EDIT.

IX.

His claws at least should be secured
From ever doing mischief more,
When safe in dens for life immured,
Like other monsters of the Tower.

X.

So might his savage rage be stopp'd ;
So might he roar, but not devour ;
Or slaughter beasts alone when coop'd,
Like other monsters, in the Tower.

XI.

Murders at home and wars abroad
Must sate his thirst of human gore :
Monsters so greedy after blood
Appear but seldom in the Tower.

XII.

Since Whigs sang songs when you were in ;
Since, now you 're out on 't, Tories lour ;
There, all agree, you brightest shine :
Again be glorious in the Tower !

XIII.

Not only ballads should display
Thy merits, as they did before ;
But bonfires brighten all thy way,
And guns salute thee at the Tower.

III.—MERCY : AN ODE.

I.

OF cruel Power let others dream,
And charge the great with doing wrong :
Their Mercy, an unusual theme,
Is here the subject of my song.

II.

When Anne and Britain's glory died,
They scorn'd the cost of idle show,
Of mourning guards and velvet's pride,
Of peers and pageantry of woe ;

III.

Designing more than royal state,—
That all who dared their mistress love,
Impeach'd, might follow her in fate,
And bear her company above.

IV.

When first their monarch treads our shore,
The court its mildness soon declares,—
By stopping Ormond at the door,
Instead of throwing him down-stairs !

V.

Rewards to steady friends to give,
Impartial o'er the realm they range ;
That fees good Cowper might receive,
And bless the universal change.

VI.

Since Charles restored, none such appears
In any single life-time seen ;
Nay, count to make up seven years
The glorious Revolution in.

VII.

Harley, who never knew to yield,
Who gave the Brunswick race their power,
From rage of listed mobs they shield,
And safely lodge him in the Tower :

VIII.

Though ne'er to try him they intend,
But mourn he should in durance stay ;
Nor thousands would refuse to spend,
To bear his charge—to fly away.

IX.

The senate, who a golden store,
Unask'd, had pour'd on Brunswick's throne,
Nor met, nor were dissolved, before
The sovereign took his offer'd crown ;

X.

Lest they, perhaps, the pompous day
Had graced, and George's medals shared ;
Lest interest might have seem'd to sway,
When virtue was its own reward.

Cætera desunt.

IV.—THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE
KNIGHT TO THE KING.

SINCE now from all sides you 're address'd,
Permit me, Sir, among the rest,
An humble suppliant to stand,
And make my speech, and kiss your hand.
My business is to beg your Grace
Would not remove me from my place :
Which granted, in few words and plain
I mean to teach you how to reign.

From cares and toils you shall be free,
Rule but as viceroy under me.
Things at my whistle shall be done,
For any reason, or for none.
Of which an instance take most curious :
Because the world is grown luxurious,
And 'cause the king should by his station
Set an example to the nation,
We shall enable you by Bill
To eat and drink and * * * your fill ;
That, if you list, you may afford
To spread again the Green-Cloth Board ;
And make what duchesses you please
For public-private services.
Fear not your running up a score ;
It shall not be accounted for.
The Funds shall to your pocket sink,
And yet the public debt shall shrink.

Besides, no living mortal knows
Like me to' avenge you of your foes.
I mind not prating Jacks a straw :
If any tittle me "bashaw,"
I send with unresisted power
The free-born Briton to the Tower.
For, but to hint I do amiss,
The blackest of all treason is.
If you but cast an angry look
Upon a bishop or a duke,
Attainder sends him 'cross the seas,
Or Act for Pains and Penalties.
Impeach, imprison, try, and kill,—
It all shall be but MERCY still :
I'll hang the Jacobite by vote,
Who offers to affirm 't is not.
What wonders may not acted be
By him that remedied South-Sea ?
You shall not, under my command,
From regency excluded stand.
Nay, more : let me but gain my ends,
I'll give preferment to your friends,
And (if you beg to have it done)
Bestow a garter on your son.

O, be not from this glorious course
Seduced by evil counsellors !
No ear to wicked Tories yield,
To Pulteney or to Chesterfield.
If idle tales your heart should move
Of public good and people's love ;

Should you not open, frank and free,
The flood-gates of the treasury ;
Should your next parliament be new ;
My knighthood then might look but blue :
For if you let their votes alone,
You are a king, and I am none.

V.—*NOSCE TEIPSUM*: TO THE KNIGHT.

I.

DISCOURTEOUS and adventurous knight,
'T is your old custom, wrong or right,
To call each foe "a Jacobite."

II.

That ugly, saucy word keep in ;
For 't is mere vice correcting sin,
Cethegus blamed by Catiline.

III.

From the same charge yourself defend :
And, if that silly way you mend,
You 've cause to thank me as a friend.

IV.

The Preston tale need not be told,—
How rebels' lives you fairly sold,
Who had their purchase for their gold :

V.

Nor yet how, wonderfully good,
 For father Francis once you stood,
 When Sandys was panting for his blood :

VI.

Nor yet what hints from Mar you took :
 Nor how most manfully you spoke
 "For the good lord of Bolingbroke."

VII.

Nor yet your worth shall we accuse
 Of vile and treasonable views,
 For spending nights with Mrs. Hughes.

* VIII.

But still some faults will foes espy ;
 And fools ask questions by-the-by,
 To which your wisdom won't reply.

IX.

They ask, (and well it might amaze
 Those who can wonder at your ways,)
 What schemes you laid with madam Hayes :

X.

Since plots with ease you make appear,
 Though deep as hell, why don't you clear,
 Who sent to Rome your cousin Layer?*

* This is an allusion to some explanations into which sir Robert Walpole had to enter at the trial of George Kelly, May 2d, 1723, concerning three hundred and fifty pounds

XI.

Did ever those whom you miscall
Bestow preferment, great or small,
On Benedictine-general ?

XII.

Did wicked Tories suffer here
Jesuits *those* children to be near
Whom once their parents durst not rear ?

XIII.

Did ever Romish priest maintain
The English orders in their reign,
And lose a pension for his pain ?

XIV.

Did e'er their persecuting fury
So drop an honest man, to curry
Favour with cardinal De Fleury ?

XV.

What makes old Jacobites surprise
The world by praising to the skies
Your steps, as honest and as wise ?

XVI.

Whence your respect to Waldegrave shown ?
What makes him represent the throne ?—
His kindred's virtues, or his own ?

which sir Robert advanced to Neynoe, who offered to make important disclosures in reference to the conspiracy in which both Loyer and Kelly were concerned.—EDIT.

XVII.

To George why does your conduct raise
More foes in half a twelvemonth's space,
Than Will or Harry all their days ?

VI.—TO MR. LISTER,

ON HIS CONSTANT ATTENDANCE AT PARLIAMENT.

WHILE others poorly shrink away,
Like phantoms at approach of day,
Not sickness' self can Lister make
The well-fought combat to forsake.
Vain are the strong assaults of pain ;
His friends' persuasions are as vain.
His country's grief, too plainly known,
Prevents the minding of his own.
Nor morning-watch diverts his aim ;
O'erpower'd, outvoted,—still the same.
He falls, averse to fly or yield,
As Britons ought, upon the field.
Our Sodom might from fate be free,
Had she but fifty such as he.
But, ah ! so low our ebb, I fear,
Scarcely can ten be reckon'd there.

Still be your glorious course pursued :
Opposing ill is doing good.
With generous love to Britain fired,
Persist, unbroken and untired,

Till Winnington shall steady prove,
 Till Pulteney shall sir Robert love,
 And Oxford's earl a courtier be,
 And Shippen leave his honesty,
 And Wyndham common-sense forego,
 And Oglethorpe a coward grow,
 And northern folk refuse a place,
 And Billy blush in sign of grace,
 And courtiers loathe a money-bill,
 And Bob be tired with doing ill.
 May all these wonders first be view'd,
 Ere you be tired with doing good !

VII.—ON SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S SAYING

HE WOULD NEVER EMPLOY BOLINGBROKE TO WRITE
 FOR HIM.

No ; let not Saint-John plead a cause like thine !
 The man is fit for 't, but the pen too fine.
 Select some champion worthier to succeed,—
 Thy friend John Dunton, advocate in need.
 More apt supporters far thy wisdom knows,
 For dull, low rhyme, or pert, abusive prose.
 Let the High-German scribble for his fees ;
 And hire the' immortal author of "the Bees."
 Horneck unpadlock'd then may write his fill,
 And vice be still extoll'd by Mandeville.

VIII.—ON A CONFERENCE IN FRANCE.

POOR Horace, as the French assure ye,
Waited on cardinal De Fleury ;
Horace a strong protector needing,
Renown'd for wit as well as breeding.
“ Dear sir,” quoth he, “ our house remember :
Patch up some peace before December ;
Or else to Tyburn we are damn'd all
At Christmas next, by way of gambol.”

Dear cardinal, this supplication
Reject, and hear the British nation :
The brothers and their cause forsaking,
Promote our Christmas merry-making.
Their guilt would soon procure them scourges,
Unbutton but your cloak like Burgess ;
They 're gone, in friendship if you falter :
They 've had their swing without a halter
Now long enough ; O show the minute
That lets them take their swing too in it !

IX.—TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBOROUGH.

LET the knight on beauty lour,
Loveliest ornament of power ;
Let him, at a stager's nod,
Painted, prostitute, and proud,
Hate to real charms display,
Basely sworn to ruin Gay :

Who his hatred would not bear,
 Favouring smiles from you to share?
 Happy Gay! ordain'd to know
 Such a friend and such a foe!

What, though sense and wit to love
 Courtiers' idle rage may move?
 Calmly you unhurt retreat,
 Banish'd from the meaner great;
 Take your beauties thence away:
 Full revenge is to obey.
 Let the vulgar rank and face
 Borrow lustre from the place.
 There where friendship false beguiles,
 Basely murdering while it smiles;
 There where proud despotic will
 Boasts the power of doing ill;
 There where paltry gold outvies
 All the lustre of your eyes;—
 Generous and just and fair,
 Why, O why should you be there?

X.—ON THE STREET-ROBBERIES.

I.

THE robbers every day increase,
 And streets are nightly plunder'd:
 Yet he who takes a thief, oft sees
 Not sixpence in the hundred.

II.

Pay down the hundred pound in court,
 When culprit is convicted.
 This by the cock-pit, men report,
 Is fiercely contradicted.

III.

No moneys hastily must go
 To pay such calls as these are.
 What forms and business mean, they know ;
 What perquisites and fees are.

IV.

They value not the public ill ;
 Let them wear gold that win it.
 Let some folks rob without-door still,
 So some may rob within it.

V.

No treasurers prompt-payment love :
 They speak with fellow-feeling ;
 The precedent might dangerous prove,
 To punish men for stealing.

 XI.—EPIGRAM.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?

- FROM sunset to daybreak, when folks are asleep,
 New watchmen are 'pointed the 'chequer to keep :
 New locks and new bolts fasten every door,
 And the chests are made three times as strong as
 before.

Yet the thieves, when 't is open, the treasure may
seize ;

For the same are still trusted with care of the keys.

From the night to the morning, 't is true, all is
right :

But who shall secure it from morning to night ?

XII.—ANACREONTIC.

No disappointment, friend, has power

To make me sigh or pine an hour.

Should some inferior rival get

The start by not deserving it,

A Whig's prosperity should move

No more my envy than my love.

Say, should *this place* for Master know

At once an alien and a foe ;

I hope to view with mind serene

The ruin I have long foreseen.

Shall I for trifles grieve ? shall I,

Who saw my father banish'd fly,

And Walpole live, and Anna die ?

}

XIII.—ANOTHER.

IF e'er I cast a wishful eye

On the gilt chariot rolling by ;

Or pined to find my equals grow

To pomp, while I remain below ;

My breast if ever envy tore
To view my country's foes in power,
To see, while merit trampled lies,
A Walpole or a Hoadly rise :—
If e'er at objects mean as those
One pang, except of pity, rose ;
May I ere death so wretched be,
That even *they* may pity me !

XIV.—AN EPIGRAM.

A STEWARD once, the Scripture says,
When order'd his accounts to pass,
To gain his master's debtors o'er,
Cried, "For a hundred write fourscore."
Near as he could, sir Robert, bent
To follow gospel-precedent,
When told a hundred, late, would do,
Cried, "I beseech you, sir, take two."
In merit which should we prefer,
The steward or the treasurer ?
Neither for justice cared a fig ;
Too proud to beg, too old to dig ;
Both bountiful themselves have shown
In things that never were their own.
But here a difference we must grant :—
One robb'd the rich to keep off want ;
T' other, vast treasures to secure,
Stole from the public and the poor.

XV.—ANOTHER.

WHEN patriots sent a bishop 'cross the seas,
They met to fix the Pains and Penalties ;
While true-blue blood-hounds on his death were
bent,
Thy mercy, Walpole, voted banishment ;
Or forced thy sovereign's orders to perform,
Or proud to govern as to raise the storm.
Thy goodness, shown in such a dangerous day,
He only who received it can repay :
Thou never justly recompensed canst be,
Till banish'd Francis do the same for thee.

XVI.—ANOTHER.

THOUGH some would give sir Bob no quarter,
But long to hang him in his garter ;
Yet sure he will deserve to have
Such mercy as in power he gave.
Send him abroad to take his ease,
By Act of Pains and Penalties :
But if he e'er comes here again,
Law, take thy course, and hang him then.

XVII.—ANOTHER.

FOUR shillings in the pound we see,
And well may rest contented,
Since war—Bob swore 't should never be—
Is happily prevented.

But he, now absolute become,
May plunder every penny ;
Then blame him not for taking some,
But thank for leaving any.

XVIII.—ANOTHER.

LET Hal his treason now confess,
Display'd to every eye :
'T was base in Hal to sell a peace,
But great in Bob to buy.

Which most promotes Great Britain's gain,
To all mankind is clear ;
One sends our treasure 'cross the main,
One brings the foreign here.

But if 't is fit to give rewards
Or punishments to either,
Why, make them both together lords,
Or hang them both together.

XIX.—ANOTHER.

At scribblers poor, that write to eat,
Ye wags, give over jeering ;
Since, gall'd by Harry, Bob the Great
Has stoop'd to pamphleteering.

Would not *one* champion on his side
For love or money venture ?
Must knighthood's mirror, spite of pride,
So mean a combat enter ?

To take the field his weakness shows,
Though well he could maintain it :
Since Hal no honour has to lose,
Pray, how should Robin gain it ?

Worthy each other are the two :
Halloo, boys ! fairly start ye :
May he be hated worse than you
That ever tries to part ye !

XX.—ANOTHER.

If we may credit Newcombe's lay,
Sir Robert, unperplex'd,
Is Greek Demosthenes one day,
And Roman Tully next.

What, though their eloquence be lost ?
Their vices he may hold ;
The Roman's cowardice and boast,
The Grecian's love of gold.

XXI.—ANOTHER.

QUOTH sir Robert, "Our ribands, I find, are too
few,—
Of St. Andrew's the green, and St. George's the blue.
I must find out a red one, a colour more gay,
That will tie up my subjects with pride to' obey.
Though the 'chequer may suffer by prodigal donors,
Yet the king's ne'er exhausted, that fountain of
honours."

XXII.—A PANEGYRIC, 1731.*

WITH favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh, and coarse in his jest ;
Of favour and fortune unmerited vain,
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main ;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders ;

* In his "Epistolary Correspondence of Bishop Atterbury," the late John Nichols, Esq., expresses himself doubtful whether the authorship of these verses should be ascribed to the bishop or to his friend Wesley.—EDIT.

Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his country to purchase a place ;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news,
A prater at Court in the style of the mews ;
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber,
Of juries and senates the bully and briber !
Though I name not the wretch, you know whom I
mean ;
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain !

XXIII.—EPIGRAM.

To save a scoundrel, Scotch and English meet,
And dukes and statesmen for his life entreat,
Whose every deed deserves a halter well,
Excepting that, perhaps, for which he fell.
But say, what intercession do we hear
For the learn'd prelate and the gallant peer ?
Whose worth and virtues enemies allow,
Excepting that for which they suffer now.
For these what statesmen pray, what courtiers plead ?
Tell it, to future ages tell the deed,—
That those for Charteris did a pardon gain,
Who Rochester in banishment detain,
And bid the exiled Ormond die in Spain !

}

XXIV.—A LITANY.

FROM dethroning our prince for what ministers do ;
From a church false to kings, and a meeting-house
true ;

And from Whigs of all sorts, both the old and the
new ;

May we be deliver'd !

From rebellious obedience and Whig moderation ;
From our liberties saved by impris'ning the nation ;
And from murdering with or without proclamation ;

May we be deliver'd !

From a blind faith and zeal, both in church and in
state ;

From the meeting, at stake or on scaffold, our fate ;
And from re-reformation, or Rome at the gate ;

May we be deliver'd !

From an honest man's blame, and a villain's ap-
plause ;

From our using ill means to support a good cause ;
From decrying the gospel, and slighting the laws ;

May we be deliver'd !

From a Dutch commonwealth and a Frenchified
regence ;

From the preaching to queens, not to kings, an obe-
dience ;

And from holding resistance, and teaching allegiance ;

May we be deliver'd !

From priestcraft, and eke staff and shoes at the gate ;
From repealing of Bibles and Creeds by the state ;
And alike from a Quaker's and Cardinal's hat ;

May we be deliver'd !

From laws made or annull'd for a party alone ;
From riots on one side, on t' other side none ;
From a duke in a mob, or a duke in a throne ;

May we be deliver'd !

From making or murdering lords on occasion ;
From bought senates in red, or mob-administration ;
From the bishops' declaring and Mar's declaration ;*

May we be deliver'd !

From revenge in an office, and Papists in power ;
From justice impartial that stoops to a whore ;
From impeaching an Ormond, and not — ;

May we be deliver'd !

* On the Scotch Jacobites taking up arms, in 1715, in favour of the Pretender, the earl of Mar issued a Declaration in his name as James VIII. of Scotland. About the same time the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and a great number of the bishops, signed and published a counter Declaration, in which they expressed their abhorrence of the Rebellion ; and to which bishop Atterbury and his brother-in-law bishop Smalridge refused to affix their signatures.—EDIT.

TO THE
HON. BRIGADIER-GENERAL JONES,
AT BLETCHINGTON.

DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me thus accounts in part to clear
With Jones, the hospitable brigadier.
Such paymasters are rhymers mostly found,
Receiving substance and returning sound :
Though well you know, where nought is to be seen
The king must lose a debt,—nay, more, the queen.
Though fond of verse, all falsehood I defy,
Convinced that truth is truest poesy.
Old, musty whimsies are disdain'd by me,
Parnassus and Apollo's trumpery !
Let Pagans or let school-boys trifle thus :
I like Scot's horse far more than Pegasus ;
And Bletchington to me more pleasure yields
Than Virgil's prospect of Elysian fields,—
Dreams of the ivory gate :—That's right, say I,
He fairly tells us that he tells a lie.
Wherefore sincere my thanks you may suppose :
My verse is quite as hearty as my prose.
All fiction utterly renounced you see,
And incense of poetic flattery :
And as for truth, why should I spend an hour
Merely to tell you what you knew before ?
Your meals how plenteous, and how good your wine,
How sound the beer was, and the rack * how fine ;

* Some MSS. read "the' arrack."

How fair the garden smiled, not large, but neat ;
 The turf how verdant, and the bean how sweet !
 Books too I found by your indulgent care :
 The wild, diverting story of Voltaire ;
 Whose match in *writing* we but seldom find,
 In *life* the vilest scoundrel of mankind !
 With better title far may Berkeley please :
 His writings and his life are of a piece ;
 Secure in truth, though Mandeville should rise,
 Bold to defend the usefulness of vice ;
 Or impious Gordon show unpriestly wrath,
 Of reason "independent" as of faith.*

Nor yet must Anglesea† unmention'd go,
 Though my plain lines are uncorrect and low.
 I own, acknowledgments are justly due ;
 But leave all speeches, brigadier, to you :
 To you, who with address are fitly stored
 To please the courtly and uncourtly lord.
 Improper I : his herds I went not near ;
 I shunn'd his horses, but admired his deer.
 As for his converse,—hold ; I'll not entreat
 You 'll bear in memory what you can't forget.

* These two lines, as well as those in pp. 489, 528, refer to Gordon's tirades against the church in the "Independent Whig:" another reference also occurs (p. 605) to "the Letters of Cato;" in both of which productions he was the coadjutor of the notorious deist and free-thinker, John Trenchard, Esq.—EDIT.

† The earl of Anglesea, between whom and Mr. Wesley some distant relationship existed, seems to have had an estate in the neighbourhood of Bletchington.—EDIT.

O how I grieve the gout his limbs has laid,
 Unnerved, inglorious, in a rustic shade !
 While meaner peers their house and rank defile :—
 The courtier's friend and bishop's foe, Argyle ;
 Isla,* who plies for every purpose there ;
 While he, infirm, desists from public care,
 When the loud tempest wants the pilot's art,
 And much requires his head, but more his heart.

Happy who, far from court, and far from crime,
 And safe from statesmen, can enjoy their time !
 Long may you, sir, enjoy your sweet recess,
 In ease and health retain your happiness !
 I 'm sure you need not envy British kings,
 While Walpole serves them, and while Cibber sings,
 Truth dwells not near their thrones, nor can there be
 In all St. James's found one Anglesea.
 Your friend is better, and the world declares
Your poet is at least as good as theirs.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR OF —,
 1708-9.

SUCH is the fate of modern writers still,
 That those that least are able take the quill ;
 To fame by books they awkwardly aspire,
 And doom them to the press and not the fire :

* The earl of Islay was the duke of Argyle's brother. Both of them held lucrative offices in the government, and had been twice suddenly cashiered.—EDIT.

While you, by too much modesty confined,
Only in secret to yourself have shined ;
(Like lamps of urns with subterranean light,
Your fire as lasting, and your flame as bright ;)
Till, by some accident at length reveal'd,
You show the glories you had long conceal'd.
But, ah ! as soon as to the public shown,
Let not the lustre be for ever gone.
Write ! write again ! your youthful Muse display ;
Nor let there be a dawn without a day.

Valour has in your verse his journey run,
Bright as the' inspiring god of wit,—the sun.
Our heroine in noble lines we see,
And Boadicea turns Penthesile.
Poetic Greece and warlike Rome conspire
To raise the English hero's glory higher.
You scorn to tell us in a vulgar strain
The naked actions of a great campaign.
Your artful Muse in never-dying lays
Finds means to praise him in another's praise.
So Virgil, in an age like ours refined,
A prince's praise judiciously design'd :
No truths unveil'd throughout the whole appear,
No Actian navy or Philippic war :
Starting from Troy he to Hesperia tends ;
Begins at Venus, and at Cæsar ends.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

BENEATH, a sleeping infant lies ;
To earth whose ashes lent
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls and bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine !

THE EMBLEM.

SEE where they 've set Sacheverell up,—
Betwixt the devil and the pope.
They call'd him "cruel and uncivil"
For dooming Low-Church to the devil ;
"Uncharitable," when he said
Peter and Jack a league had made :
And yet their wise retaliation
Returns the railing accusation.
They 've dress'd him up in fireworks, too ;
As moderate Nero used to do
With Christians that, like him, were true :
And while their emblem would condemn
The picture he has drawn of them,
Their moderation 's known to be,
Not calmness, but hypocrisy.

}

Then let this picture hang in view,
 To prove the doctor's sermon true :
 Only with this small alteration,—
 “ This picture a rebuke to passion,
 Design'd and drawn by *moderation* ! ”

EPIGRAMS.

I.—ON THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF BUTLER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHILE Butler, needy wretch ! was yet alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give :
 See him, when starved to death, and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust !
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,—
 He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

II.—A CONTRAST.

WHEN Anna dies, what genuine grief appears !
 What mournful silence and ill-boding tears !
 When George expires, what multitudes employ
 Their shouts and bonfires to proclaim their joy !
 Hope not, ye Tories, from a coming reign ;
 Resume despair, and own the triumph vain :
 Another George may rise, but not another Anne.

III.—ON THE QUEEN'S HERMITAGE.

WHEN Charles the Austrian laid his grandeur down,
 He found retirement, but he lost a crown.
 Here both extremes together join'd are seen,—
 The cave, the court,—the hermit and the queen.

IV.—EPIGRAM.

WHEN nought diverts a peeress from her aim
 To brand a forger with his destined shame,
 The wretch complains no favour he could find,
 Pursued by unrelenting womankind :
 His arts with men had more successful proved ;
 His prayers, his interest, or his gold had moved.
 Undue regards perhaps might warp a male ;
 But when a lady holds the equal scale,
 Then Justice is herself, and cannot fail.

V.—ANOTHER.

You build, my friend, in honour of your time,
 Italian structures in an English clime ;
 The finish'd pile forbidding to be shown,
 While high-raised bricks immure the polish'd stone.
 Thus architecture rises worthy thee,—
 For none to' inhabit, and for none to see !

VI.—ANOTHER.

ONCE forms of conjuring were penal all,
 And prayers to Beelzebub were capital ;
 And once, when priests the nation over-awed,
 Gifts to the poor were reckon'd gifts to God.
 Now to give lands to God is counted evil ;
 But all have freedom to adore the devil.

VII.—ANOTHER.

SOME laugh, while others mourn ;
 Some toil, while others play ;
 One dies, and one is born :
 So runs the world away.

VIII.—ANOTHER.

You dare not marry, friend, you own,
 For fear your family should frown ;
 Why, wedlock would your freedom gain,
 Which others uses to enchain.
 You 'd better follow my advice,
 And marry once, than marry twice,—
 Betwixt your sister and your brother,
 Husband to one, and wife to t' other.*

* The following lines from page 469, express the same sentiment in other language.—EDIT.

“ Rather than give the dear one cause to grieve,
 A friend, a brother, nay, a parent, leave.
 'T is well if *two* for life-time can agree :
 None e'er should marry to a *family*.”

IX.—THE MONUMENT.

Post funera virtus.

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old,
 Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold ;
 Straight breathes his bust, straight are his virtues
 shown,
 Their date commencing with the sculptured stone.
 If on his *specious* marble we rely,
 Pity a worth like his should ever die !
 If credit to his *real* life we give,
 Pity a wretch like him should ever live !

EPIGRAMS : FROM THE GREEK.

I.—EPIGRAM.

THESE cups by Piso to his friends were given,
 Whose round presents the concave vault of heaven ;
 On *this* half-globe the northern stars appear,
 Engraved on *that* the southern hemisphere.
 Drink deep ; all heaven you 'll at the bottom see :
 Who would not wish to learn astronomy ?

II.—ON THE DEATH OF A PHYSICIAN.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOSEBIA.

TWICE, when Hippocrates and Galen died,
The Art of Physic, mourning, tore her hair ;
Now weeps in marble at Ablabius' side,
Ashamed with mortals longer to appear.

III.—ON THE DEATH OF DR. FREIND.

FROM THE PRECEDING.

WHEN Radcliffe fell, afflicted Physic cried,
"How vain my power !" and languish'd at his side.
When Freind expired, deep-struck, her hair she
tore,
And, speechless, fainted, and revived no more.
Her flowing grief no farther could extend :
She mourns with Radcliffe, but she dies with
Freind.

IV.—EPIGRAM.

No colours laid by pencil on
Can match her eye, her skin, her hair ;
Who paints the splendour of the sun,
May paint the splendour of the fair.

V.—ON PHILIP, THE FATHER OF ALEXANDER.

HERE rest I, Philip, on the' Ægean shore,
Who first to battle led Æmathia's power,
And dared what never monarch dared before.
If there be man who boasts he more has done,
To me he owes it ; for he was my son.

VI.—ON THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER.

LYSIPPUS' art can brass with life inspire,
Show Alexander's features and his fire ;
The statue seems to say, with up-cast eye,—
“ Beneath my rule the globe of earth shall lie ;
Be thou, O Jove, contented with thy sky.”

VII.—THE DECANTER.

O THOU, that high thy head dost bear,
With round, smooth neck, and single ear ;
With well-turn'd, narrow mouth, from whence
Flow 'streams of noblest eloquence ;
'Tis thou that firest the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the Nine ;
That mirth and soft delight canst move,
Sacred to Venus and to Love.

Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
 Thou 'rt not a boon companion fair :—
 Thou 'rt full of wine, when thirsty I ;
 And when I 'm drunk, then thou art dry.

VIII.—DIOGENES AND CRÆSUS.

ON Stygian banks, Diogenes the wise
 Bursts into laughter when he Cræsus spies ;
 And thus bespeaks, in threadbare cloak and old,
 The monarch famous for his gather'd gold :—
 " I, nothing leaving, all to Charon bear ;
 Thou, Cræsus, rich on earth, hast nothing here."

IX.—ON THE FOREGOING EPIGRAM.

THE Lydian prince is blamed for wealth alone,
 Though greater in his virtues than his throne :
 The cynic churl is praised, of fame secure,
 Though void of every grace, but being poor :
 Nor wonder whence this partial judgment springs,—
 Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.

X.—EPIGRAM.

To mountain-nymphs, and Pan that caverns loves,
 Satyrs, and sacred dryads of the groves,
 A hunter, missing his expected prize,
 Hangs up his dogs themselves in sacrifice.

XI.—EPIGRAM.

HAIL, Memory and Oblivion, glorious pair !
Our joy to lengthen, and to lose our care !

XII.—ANOTHER.

IF youth and beauty fade, my dear,
Impart 'em wisely while you may ;
If still they last, why should you fear
To give what none can take away ?

XIII.—ON XERXES.

HIS march, whom o'er main land his navy bears,
Who walks o'er ocean, changing nature's ways,
The Mars of Sparta with three hundred spears
Obstructs : blush, blush, ye mountains and ye seas !

XIV.—THE TOMB OF EUPHEMIUS.

A BLOOMING youth lies buried here,
EUPHEMIUS, to his country dear.
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With every Muse, and every Grace ;
About the marriage-state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

XV.—EPIGRAM.

DEATH snatch'd me in my tender years,
While innocent and void of cares.
Weep not for me, ordain'd to know
But little life and little woe.

XVI.—ANOTHER.

AT thirty-six, ye Powers Divine,
With life contented, I resign.
'T is then the flower of age is past ;
And three-lived Nestor died at last.

XVII.—FROM A HINT IN THE MINOR POETS.

I.

No, not for those of women born,
Not so unlike the die is cast ;
For, after all our vaunt and scorn,
How very small the odds at last !

II.

Him raised to fortune's utmost top
With him beneath her feet compare ;
And one has nothing more to hope,
And one has nothing more to fear.

XVIII.—AGAINST LIFE.

WHAT path of life by man is trod
Without repenting of the road ?
Business is tumult, noise, and jar ;
At home is weariness and care ;
The ocean storm and terror yields,
And painful toil and sweat, the fields ;

Abroad you're destitute, if poor ;
If rich, endanger'd by your store ;
By griefs the nuptial state is torn ;
The single, friendless and forlorn ;
With children, sorrows will increase ;
Childless, we moan our barrenness ;
Folly our giddy youth ensnares ;
And weakness sinks our hoary hairs.
The wise this only choice would try,
Or not to live, or soon to die.

XIX.—FOR LIFE.

WHAT path of life by man is trod
Without rejoicing at the road ?
From business wealth and wisdom flows ;
At home is quiet and repose ;
The ocean gainful traffic yields ;
And nature cheers us in the fields ;
Abroad you're less exposed, if poor ;
If rich, respected for your store ;
More bliss the nuptial state receives ;
The single more in freedom lives ;
The parent's heart with transport swells ;
And less of care the childless feels ;
Our youth, firm health and vigour shares,
And reverence crowns our hoary hairs.
The wise this choice would never try,
Or not to live, or soon to die.

TO MR. DAVY.

DEAR SIR,—FOR such you are, who show
You love me, and dare tell me so ;
Justly my verse to you I send,
Who prove in Devonshire a friend ;
Glad of a friend, though Robin knows
I ne'er was troubled much at foes.

How happy glides my life away,
I almost am afraid to say,
Lest overstrain'd it seem to be,
And too poetic poetry.
Yet take it as it is : Believe,
Had I a purpose to deceive,
I would not first begin with you,
To tell a lying story to.

My fortune moderate I confess :
I well could like it, were it less.
Contented with it as it lies,
I don't expect to fall or rise.
No anxious thoughts my mind engross
With hope of gain or fear of loss ;
Nor would I spend an hour to aim
At gaining that child's rattle, fame.
Plenty and peace my household bless,
And constant, cheerful cleanliness.
Here kings and lords and knights may see
True conjugal felicity.
No jars or jealousies are spread ;
No rivalship divides the bed ;

Nor time nor sickness can remove
The rooted friendship of our love.
My palace, built in Stuart's reign,
Ere Jekyl's Statute of Mortmain,
Pleasure affords without expense,
Retirement with magnificence.

Without, are beauteous prospects seen,
Gardens and river, hills and green.

Within, my books at will supply
Delightful, useful company.
And if there near my house could be
Neighbours like you but two or three,
Fancy itself could wish no more
Than to continue as before.

If you abroad would have me go,
I can but tell you what you know,—
That I 've alarm'd the country round
By raising board to twenty pound.
Huge provocation, I confess !
So great, it never will be less.
Poor Saunders drudged incessant here
The longer part of twenty year.
What riches did his kindred find ?
He left his Victor plate behind.
Full thirty years has Rayner stay'd,—
Rayner, oft praised, but never paid.
His boarders, though so gainful thought,
Cost hundreds more than e'er they brought.
Would I afford to spend like those,
Or else like later masters lose ;

And hold my tongue, and bite my lip,
For honour of the mastership ;
Spend on my gentry every groat,
Obliged prodigiously for nought ;
And, while I send my child to beg,
Pull off my hat, and make my leg ;
Me doubtless half the shire would own
The rarest master e'er was known.

But I, alas ! was born and bred
Just at preferment's fountain-head ;
Might have had patrons not a few,
Adorn'd with garters green and blue ;
Might long ere this have raised my style
To sing Newcastle or Argyle ;
Perhaps by chancellors been known,
From Cowper quite to Talbot down.
But let each mortal, friend and foe,
(Who knows it not already,) know
That if I flatter man for gain,
That man shall be my sovereign.
Who next ? I 'll tell when it comes to ;
Only it shall not be Sir Blue.

July, 1735.

TO W. COLMAN, ESQ., 1737.

DEAR FRIEND,—If I may call you so,
And not make each man else my foe
By whom these verses may be seen,
Because it is not *he* I mean :

I from a friend ne'er turn my face,
No, not in Atterbury's case ;
And 't is my grave desire to bear
Indelible that character ;
What party-rage soever fires
My betters,—lords and knights and squires.—
Who pay obeisance to the shoe-string,
And lick the spittle, of Sir Two-string.

I shall not now to plead for strive
My well-known lines of thirty-five ;
Impolitic, why, let them be,
And mean and poor in poetry :
Though there the world I still defy
To show one tittle of a lie ;
And where the shoe pinch'd, well I knew,—
Not speaking false, but speaking true.
A portraiture shall now be shown
Will please folks better than my own.
I'll try to draw, *in little*, here
A perfect master's character,
Admired, applauded :—you'll descry,
At the first sight, it is not I.

His speech is frequent, warm, and large,
About the' importance of his charge :
“ The nation's good depends on this,
As well as towns' and families'.
What virtues must the' instructor share,
Who such a burden knows to bear ! ”
Here let him shrug his sides, and make
As if he felt his shoulders ache.

This arduous task to undergo,
He asks advice of high and low ;
With meekness and attention hears
Sisters and aunts and grandmothers ;
Nay, with soft smile and accent mild,
Inquires the temper of the child,
Who best by kindness will be led ;
Then chucks the chin, and strokes the head.
Distinction nice he still can make
For parents' and for fortune's sake.
" One must be favour'd, and so forth,
Because his friends are men of worth.
The rich more honour must have done 'em,
Because there more depends upon 'em :
For by experience 't will be found
That he who has a thousand pound
Has twice the weight in any place
Which he that but five hundred has."
At proper times he seems to blame
" The poor who dare at learning aim,
And can't the whole expense afford :
The world, you know, is overstored."
His skill the' affection can engage
Of youth approaching manly age ;
Who greater freedom now enjoys,
As past the discipline of boys ;
And learns to grow to man the faster
By conversation with the master.
He grieves that " custom over-rules,
And keeps that whipping up in schools.

Let wicked rods be thrown aside,
And canes or ferulas applied ;
Or let each schoolmaster invent
Some more ingenuous punishment :
For, doubtless, in bare skins to deal
Appears but coarse and ungenteel.”
He never could be reconciled
To—“Spare the rod, and spoil the child.”
He wonders much “men should not find
Methods to’ instruct a growing mind
Far speedier than the common road ;
Since tedious work it is allow’d
Latin and Greek for years to stammer
By help of dictionary and grammar.”
Hence all grammarian-quacks he buys,
Of every sort and every size,
That readier paths of learning show,
From Hoole to paltry Clarke and Low.
He grants but very rarely plays ;
“For schools are spoil’d by holidays.”
He thinks the church has given store,
And rather wishes less than more ;
For who the idleness can bear
Of Eton or of Westminster ?
On the old truth it is agreed,
“The master’s eye makes fat the steed :”
And ’t is as easily discern’d,
The master’s eye makes scholars learn’d.
And hence they scarce must leave his sight,
At meat or play, by day or night ;

Nor go, except beneath his eye,
Where kings can't go by deputy.
To prove his diligence complete,
His boys by six at latest meet.
Short days he pieces up with night,
And seeks for truth by candle-light.
Who would not industry adore,
That toils so oft while others snore ;
Though it sometimes its turn should take,
And snore as well when others wake ?

In converse no man less to seek
To praise a Roman or a Greek,
And pity those who strangers be
To writings of antiquity.
Betwixt contending parties mild,
He wishes both were reconciled.
He " worthy men in both can show ;
And faults on both sides are," you know :
Which you may take upon his troth ;
He best should know, who is of both.
An umpire often in debate
Immoderately moderate ;
And, of his candour to assure ye,
A furious enemy to fury.
Constant as the revolving sun
Christmas or Whitsuntide brings on,
He spreads his glory far and wide,—
As far, at least, as he can ride.
Since people often are in doubt
Where best to place their children out,

'T is but the office of a friend
To show on whom they may depend.
Full thirty miles of dirty road
He reckons in his neighbourhood.
But parents wise desire to know
How children fare, and what they do :
And well he understands to please
With tales of rising geniuses ;
Describing how he finds their vein,
Explaining how he can explain.
For truth of fact that none may doubt him,
He bears his vouchers still about him :—
“ That Latin by a child was made
Of seven years old,” without his aid :
“ A spirit in this verse is seen
Beyond the standard of fourteen : ”
“ This declamation scarce you 'll see
Excell'd at university ! ”
“ *And all this by themselves was done ?* ”
“ O, that you may depend upon.”

For fear your patience I oppress,
I here break off the' unfinish'd piece ;
And only add,—Whoever tries
By virtue such as this to rise,
My life for yours, will make his way,
Sure as the vicar could of Bray !

